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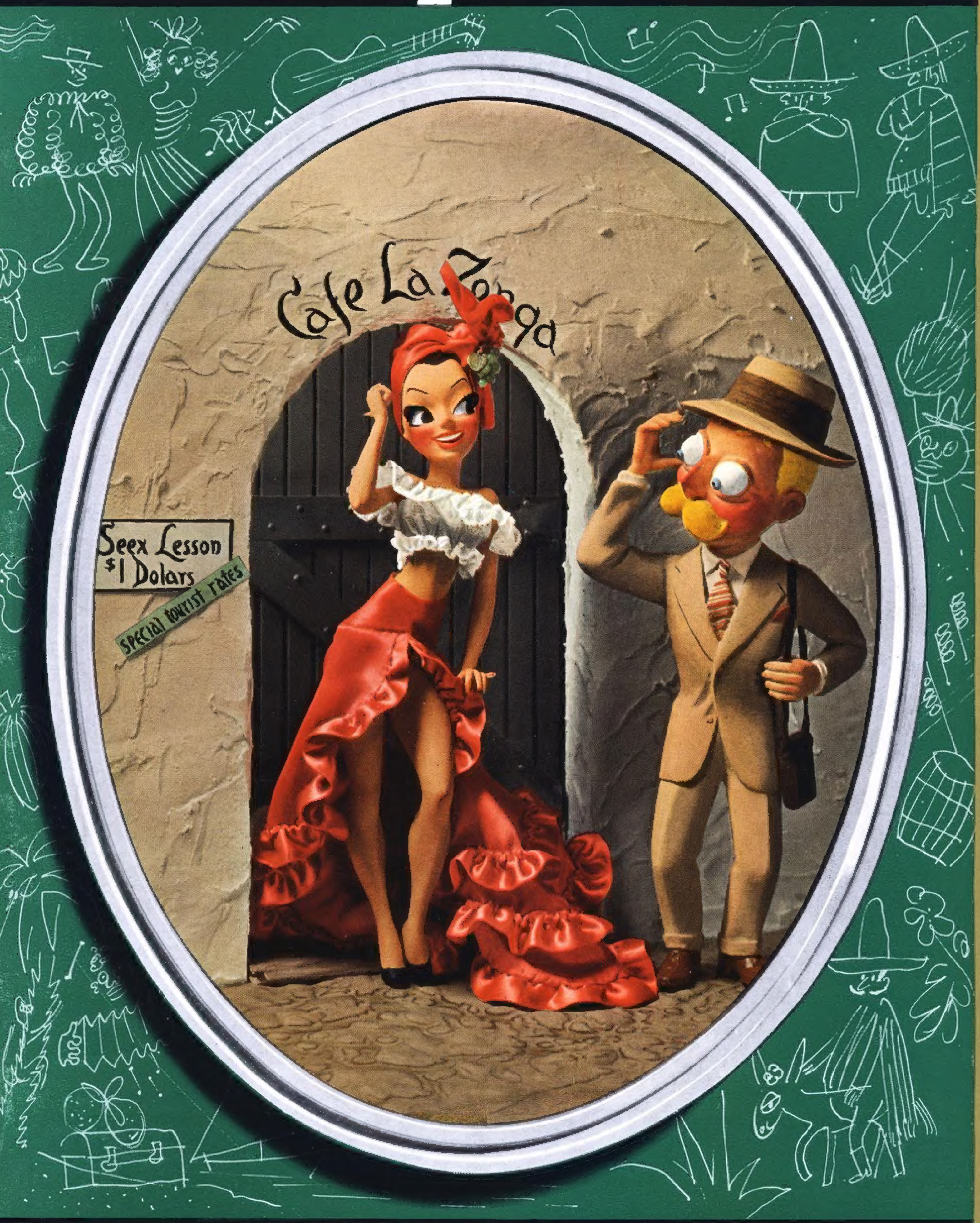

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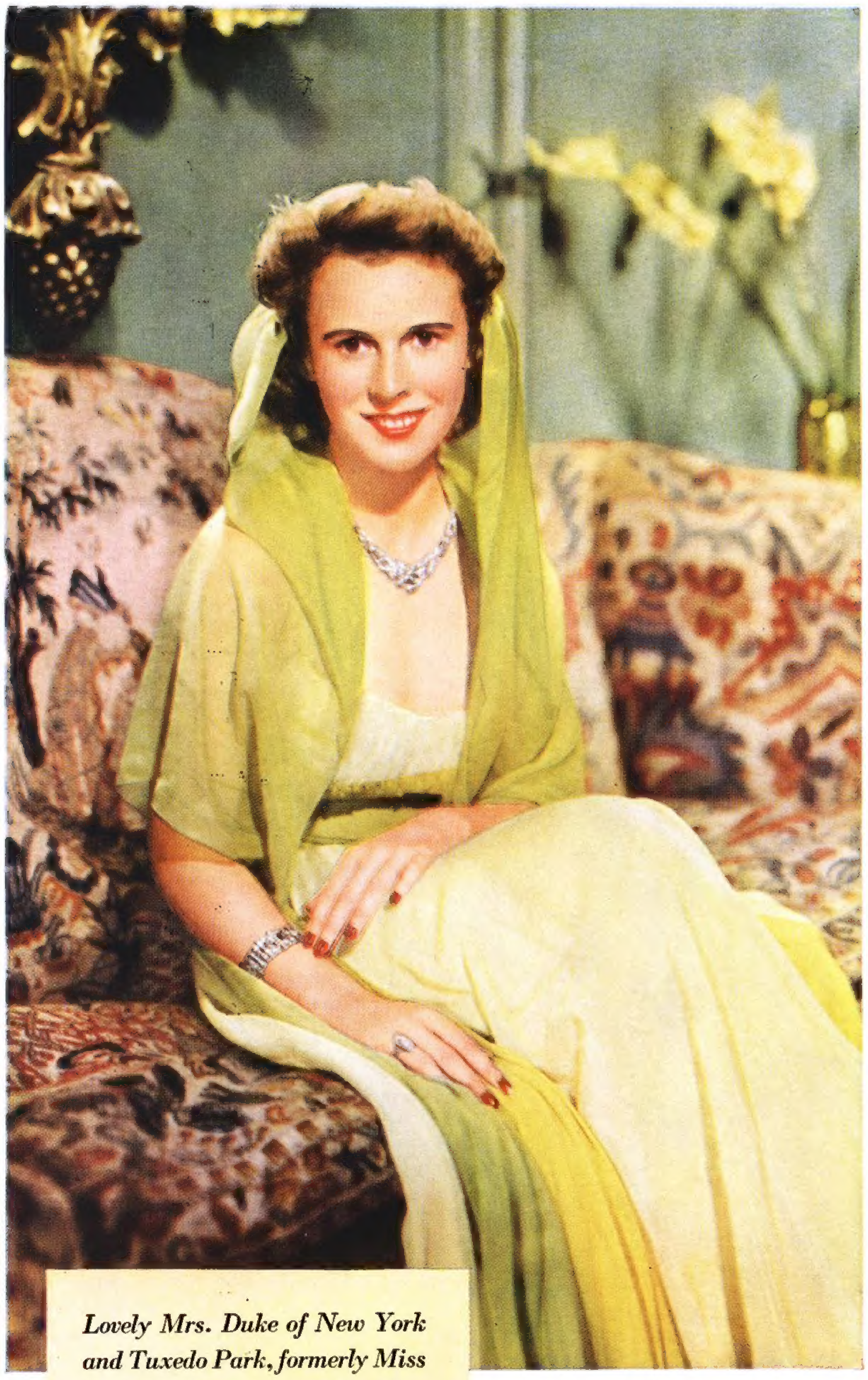
INDEX ON PAGE 5



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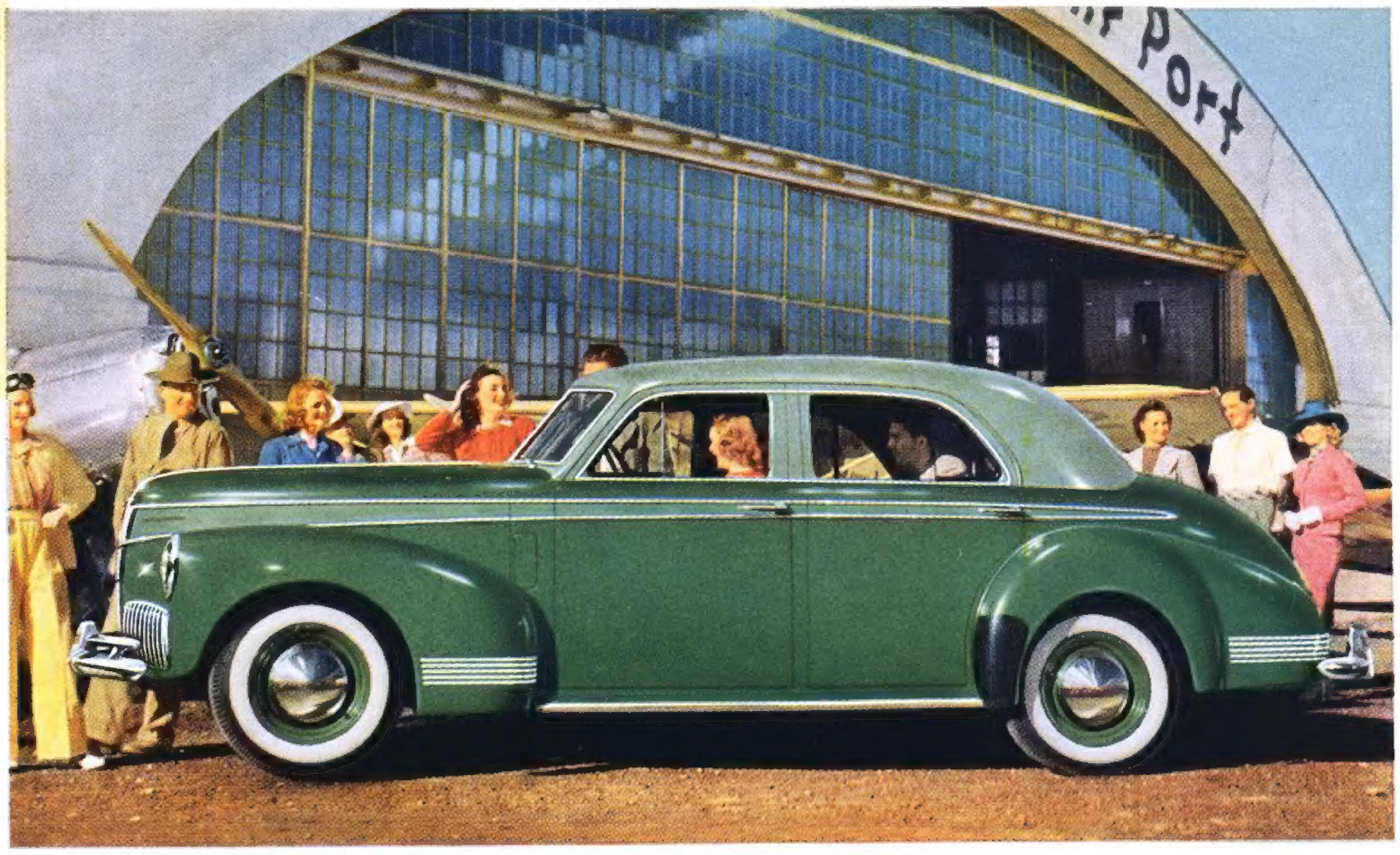

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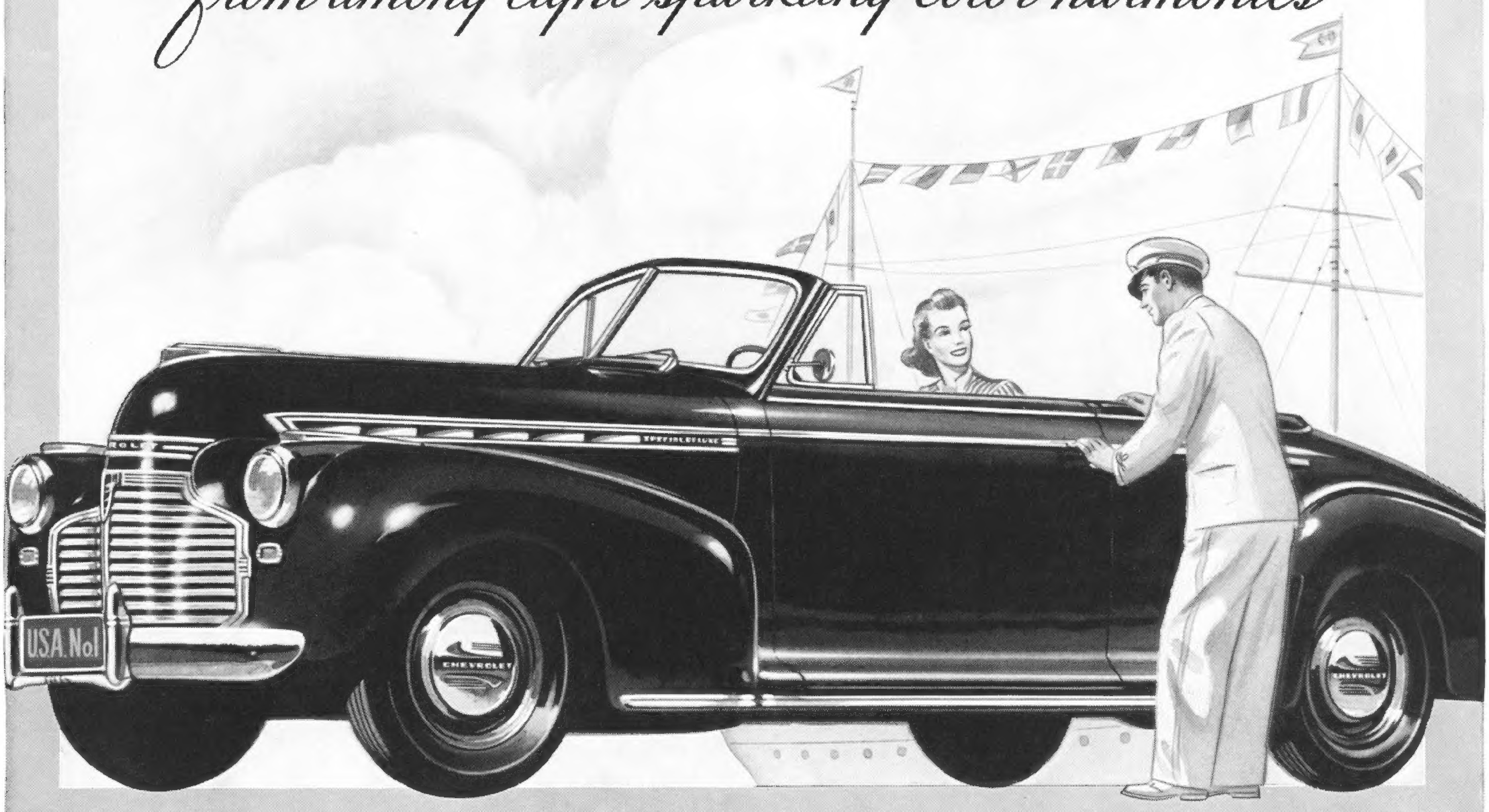

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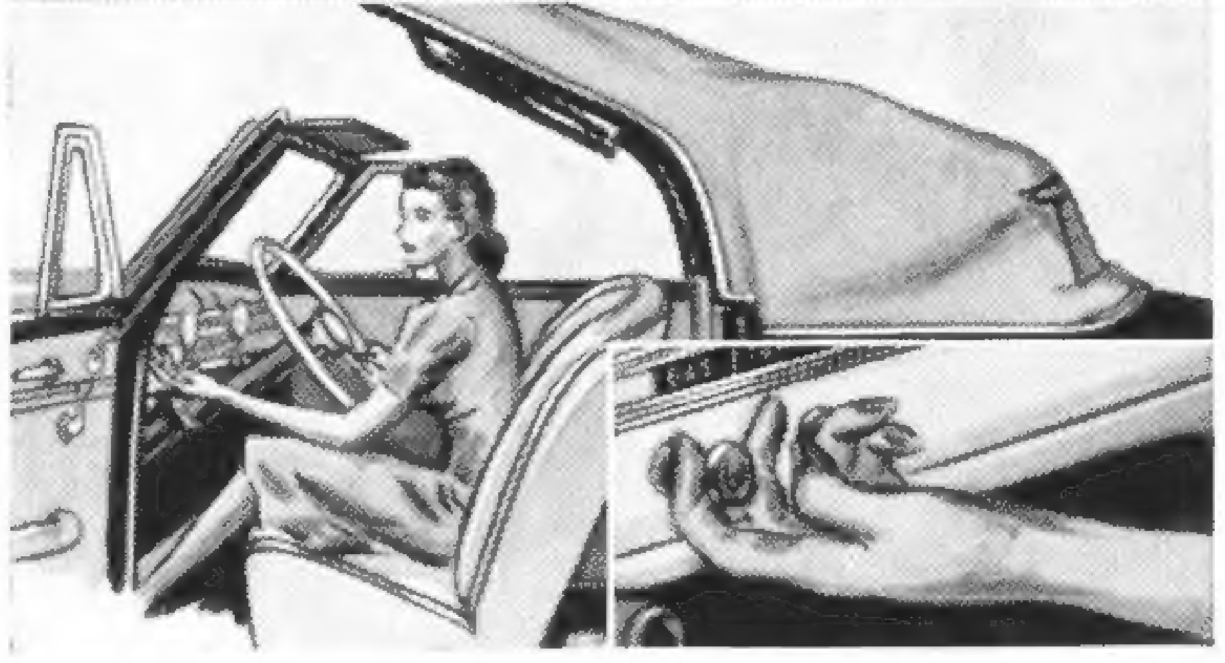

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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CONTENTS FOR MARCH, 1941

Page

ARTICLES

The Last of the Confucianists. . *Ku was a puzzle to some, a fake to others, but to his friends a great Chinese philosopher and teacher* . . . . Lin Yutang 27
World Revolution in Weather. . *If Nature is preparing her own offensive, London, Paris, Rome, Berlin may be drowned beneath the sea* . . . . . . Martin Stevers 28 ℞
Sex Sells for the Musclemen . . *The physical trainers who streamline some of the country's Biggest Shots do it with full-length mirrors* . . . . Herb Graffis 34
The Cowboy Is a Gentle Guy. . *Debunking the cinema conception of stunt-riding, hard-drinking, quick-shooting, Hell-raising ranch hands* . . . . . Don Merriam 42
Our Coast Is Guarded . . . . *Describing the tripartite action of the United States Coast Guard, on its mark for the second World War* . . . . Philip Harkins 47
Trouble-Shooter on the Bench. . *Federal Judge William Clark outsmarted Dutch Schultz, broke the Insull scandal, made Jersey safe for democracy* . . . . J. L. Brown 55
Growing Wilder in Tahiti . . *Severed from France, with trading nil, Tahitians enjoy a shortage of manufactured products, including pareus* . . Donald Barr Chidsey 68
Someone May Have the Answer . . *Defendants in auto accident cases get stuck for preposterous damages, through whims of sentimental juries* . . . Thomas M. Nial 77

Cafe La Zonga

DEPARTMENTS

Correspondence: The Sound and the Fury . . *You, the readers, speak* 8
Contributors: Backstage with Esquire . . *Our writers tell on themselves* 20
Theatre: First Nights & Passing Judgments. . *Ribbing Disney's* Fantasia . . . . . . George Jean Nathan 82
Motors: A Key to Coaching. . *Metropolitan exhibit of carriage designs* . . . . Robert W. Marks 84
The Lively Arts: The Two-Thirds Masterpiece. . *On movies that just miss reality* . . . . . Gilbert Seldes 89
Books: Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf. . *All honor to American women writers* . . William Lyon Phelps 90
Potables: Snifter Satisfactions. . *Pre-taste of American brandies* . . . . Lawton Mackall 93
Music: Roulades and Cadenzas. . *Chicago Opera is damned with faint praise* . . . . Carleton Smith 94
Records: Esquire on the Record. . *Paderewski esteems his country over art* . . . . Carleton Smith 101
Edibles: Man the Kitchenette. . *America is a Babel of recipes* . . . . Iles Brody 102
Wearables: Timely Tips on Topcoats. . *They're shorter this spring* . . . . Fashion Staff 103

FICTION

A Pair of Vikings . . . . *An untamable purity distinguished the handsome boy and girl who rode their motor-bicycles in the Drome of Death* . . . . . Conrad Aiken 30
Soldier of the Realm . . . . . . *Tale of fifth-century savages, akin to the Nazis, spurred by a fanatic leader to plunder and kill* . . . . James Ramsey Ullman 36 ℞
Murder In Fly Time . . . . . . *The housefly was a pretty little piece, and even a blowfly will do wonders when his chivalry's aroused* . . . . John Russell 44 ℞
At the Fertility Sing . . . . . . *Only Many Goats, who prayed for a child, and Tall Singer's young assistant, seemed serious about the ceremony* . . . . Eric Howard 48
Two Old-Timers . . . . *Pat Hobby didn't mind an hour in the jug, but he wouldn't be snubbed by that ham actor of the Silents* . . . . F. Scott Fitzgerald 53
A Lady to the Last . . . . *An ocean crossing meant luxury and pleasant flirtations to this attractive hussy, who had no pity for refugees* . . . . Sándor Hunyady 58
Come, Follow Me! . . . . *Levi had learned to hate his position as collector of revenue, and strongly desired to talk to the Master* . . . . Manuel Komroff 67

PERSONALITIES

Nobody Home? (Marie Wilson) . . *Despite what they say about Marie Wilson, she has a mind that is more than adequate to the occasion* . . . . . Donald Hough 65
Dieterle Among the Lilliputians. . *He's that rare and wonderful bird in Hollywood, a director who has made artistic pictures that made money* . . Sidney Carroll 70
Nordfeldt: Little Swede in Art. . *An able artist with a strong core of integrity, he is interested in painting for art's sake, not for commerce* . . . . . Harry Salpeter 96

PICTORIAL FEATURES

Cover Design . . . . *Esky enrolls for LaZonga's lessons* . . . . *Modeled by* L. S. Soderstrom
Petty Girl . . . . *We've got nothing on her* . . . . *Painting by* George Petty 39
Lawson Little, Jr. . . . . *The Big Little Man in Golf* . . . . *Carica-trait by* Hod Taylor 61
Marie Wilson . . . . *Currently in Paramount's* Virginia . . . . *Color Photography by* Jules Buck 64
Varga Girl . . . . *Diana—a hymn for every him* . *Verse by* Phil Stack—*Painting by* Varga 75
Post-Renaissance Coaches. . *At the Metropolitan Museum* . . . . . . *Kodachromes by* Robert W. Marks 85
English Setter . . . . *A dog worthy to be "shot over"* . . . *Color photograph by* Henry Waxman 88
Doreen McKay . . . . *You'll hear from her during '41* . . . . *Photograph by* Hurrell 91
Helen Vinson . . . . *Ex-Mrs. Fred Perry plays the "other woman"* . . . . *Photograph by* Hurrell 92
A Group of Paintings . . . . . *From the Lilienfeld Galleries* . . . . *by* B. J. O. Nordfeldt 97
Horning in on Hollywood. . *Stars—1941 A.D. (After Dark)* . . . . *Candid Camera Shots by* Jules Buck 100
Warning! . . *To a Recalcitrant Bitch* . . . . *Verse by* Phil Stack—*Drawings by* E. Simms Campbell 104

SATIRE

Sign First; Read Afterwards. . *Disaster smacks the skeptics who bother their heads with the "If's" and "Whereas's" of legal documents* . . . . . . Tracy Perkins 41
"The Gentle Rain" . . . . . . *Incident at the Savoy during World War I proving it takes more than bombs to disturb an English gentleman's supper* . . Stanley Logan 50
Speaking of Public Speaking. . *For years our schools and colleges have been training people to leap to their feet and speak at the drop of a fork* Howard Erickson 56
A Quiet Wedding . . . . *Bella informed the press she would marry whoever won the wrestling match on Saturday night* . . . . Wm. Hazlett Upson 79

SPORTS

Mob Rules in Sport . . . . *A definite unity of behavior characterizes the followers of every sport, from tennis to hockey* . . . . Bob Considine 33 ℞
Golf's Finishing School . . . . *Pros outdistance the amateur players due to winter events in which only a few top amateurs compete* . . . . . . Lawson Little, Jr. 60
Mayhem at the Box Office. . *Due to abolition of the center jump and other changes, basketball is "burning out" the school kids who play it* . . . . . . Leo Fischer 72
Football's Fifth Column. . . *Major universities now recognize scouting, once classed as espionage, as a legitimate feature of the game* . . . Hermann B. Deutsch 80 ℞

TRENDS IN DRESS

New Clothes, Accessories, *sketched by* Goodman, Pachner, Hughes, Fellows, Siegel, beginning on page 37

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EDITORIAL: Salute and Farewell to F. Scott Fitzgerald

ONE night in 1934 John Gunther and this editor were discussing American writers. Mr. Gunther, whose name at that time was hardly a household word, was in Chicago on vacation from Vienna, his then post on the foreign staff of the *Chicago Daily News*. On that trip home, his last before becoming famous, he had met the new boss of his newspaper, Frank Knox, and he had arranged a contract with Harpers, to bring out "a book about Europe." The book, of course, was to be *Inside Europe*, that hardy perennial which has been to the best-seller lists what *Tobacco Road* has been to the box-office records.

At that time, before going back to Vienna, there was one American whom John Gunther wanted especially to meet. He was willing to make a side trip to Baltimore, for the purpose, on his way back to New York to sail, and this editor was going to arrange the meeting for him. For the one American John Gunther then wanted most to meet was F. Scott Fitzgerald.

Discussing this, that night, he said, "Hell, I'm just a good newspaperman with a job, or maybe I should say I'm just a newspaperman with a good job, but Scott Fitzgerald's a genius."

It was and is without disrespect to John Gunther that we agreed with that statement then and would again now.

But we couldn't help recalling it with a certain wry bitterness, this Christmastime, when we read the perfunctory obits with which American newspapermen shrugged out the news that Scott Fitzgerald was dead. There may have been some honorable exceptions here and there, but if there were we missed them. All the news stories and editorial comments that we saw ranged from niggardly to nonsensical, as estimates of the stature of Scott Fitzgerald in American letters. From Westbrook Pegler down (or up, depending on which end of the telescope you use in looking at Pegler) everybody seemed bent on remembering him for his worst book, *Flappers and Philosophers*, and forgetting all about the book by which he will be remembered. In most of the newspaper stories *The Great Gatsby* was given mere passing mention, if any at all, while most of the space was devoted to *This Side of Paradise* which compares to *The Great Gatsby* about as George Moore's *Confessions of a Young Man* compares to his *Esther Waters*. And it took the *New Yorker* magazine to tell the great *New York Times* that *The Beautiful and Damned* was *not* "a book of short stories," nor was its name *The Beautiful and THE Damned.*

In general, the American press dismissed the death of the author of *The Great Gatsby* as if he were merely a sort of verbal counterpart of John Held Jr. Even our own favorite newspaper, the *Chicago Daily News*, could find no more to say of him than this:

"When he died at 44, F. Scott Fitzgerald, hailed in 1922 as the protagonist and exponent of the Flapper Age, was almost as remote from contemporary interest as the authors of the blue-chip stock certificates of 1929. He was still writing good copy, but no one was mistaking a story writer for the Herald of an Era."

Well, the *Chicago Daily News*, which is a highly civilized newspaper, should hardly need reminding that in literature there is no more insecure grip on immortality than that of a Herald of an Era, while a story writer may very well live forever.

* * *

It is doubtful that more than one novel and a handful of short stories will endure, out of Scott Fitzgerald's many writings over the past twenty years. Yet nobody, of all the writers of our time, could write as well as he. Almost everybody had as much, or more, to say, but almost nobody could ever say it as well. Scott Fitzgerald drew the finest and purest tone from the English language of any writer since Walter Pater, who also, as fate would have it, never had anything to say half worthy of his incomparable ability to express it.

The great tragedy of Fitzgerald's life was not any one of the several minor tragedies on which, successively, he was wont to blame the wreckage of his life. Other writers have lived lives more sorrow-filled and disappointment-packed than his, with spiritual enrichment to themselves and the world as a result. The Charles Lamb-like career and writings of the late Clarence Day constitute just one of a number of cases in point.

But Scott Fitzgerald's big trouble was that he was a perfectionist in his living as in his writing. He wanted to live his best stories more than he wanted to write them. And in a sense he almost always wrote for his living, at least whenever it came to a choice between that and living for his work.

Then, too, he had a queer Keltic tendency to enjoy ill-luck as some people enjoy ill-health. He liked to dramatize to himself the inevitability of both his latest and his next defeats.

If anything was wrong in his life, and something always seemed to be, even during his Long Island and Riviera days when the world appeared to be his oyster, then everything was all wrong, and he seemed rather to enjoy saying so. He was the same way about a story. In life and letters both he was such a perfectionist that he was always prone to exaggerate minor excellences and minor defects away out of their proportionate importance to the average perception.

Here at Esquire he was the seven-year despair of our proofroom. Very seldom did we manage to get to press with any of his writing without receiving from one to four revised versions after the original had been set in type. And every time he wrote a new Pat Hobby story he would want the order of appearance shuffled all over again on all those awaiting publication. More than once we received revised versions of the Hobby stories either on or after the date of their actual appearance on the newsstands. Each time that happened he would act as if his whole career had been torpedoed without warning. Finally we had to send him a sort of ultimatum laying down the deadlines for revision on the various stories in the series. As this is written two of those time-limits have not yet expired. In addition to the two remaining stories that round out the series we have two other Fitzgerald stories, written during the Pat Hobby period but held for later publication to avoid breaking or conflicting with the continuity of the Hobby stories.

So now we have but four more months to devote to keeping his memory green. Two of the stories are up to his best level. Probably neither of the Pat Hobby stories would have pleased him exactly as they stand. Yet, as it happens, they are considerably better than a couple that have appeared in that series to date. For that matter, he didn't like the Pat Hobby story in this issue very well, and twice shoved back its publication date, yet from the time its first version first came in it has been one of our own favorites in the series as a whole. In any case, every word of every one of these last stories has suddenly come to seem precious to us, since his death, and we hope that it will be with some measure of that same feeling that you will read them.

Certainly this sequence of Pat Hobby stories adds up to something considerably short of being a masterpiece. Yet it could hardly be more fitting, as Scott's last word from his last home, for much of what he felt about Hollywood and about himself permeated these stories. Both the first and the last time he left for Hollywood he set out with a sad proud air of resignation, like a young Russian nobleman being banished to Siberia.

Failure always fascinated him. That's why he enjoyed writing about Pat Hobby more than almost any character that came from his pen since that first far away and long ago Amory Blaine. (We are suddenly reminded of a truism with which Scott began one of his early short stories: "Start out with an individual and you find that you have created a type—start out with a type and you find that you have created nothing.") And if your memory goes away back twenty years to *This Side of Paradise* you may be interested to hear that his own favorite scene in that first book of his was the one where the boy holds his classmates breathless while he opens the envelope in which a pink slip will tell him that he stays in Princeton, or a blue slip that he must leave. Waving the failure slip he says "blue as the sky, gentlemen"—a gesture worthy of Cyrano and his plume at heaven's gate.

His last letter to this office, a matter of days before his death, spoke of his new novel, still unfinished in its first draft, as "a book I confidently expect to sell all of a thousand copies." If he had gone on from that one remark for pages more he could not possibly have given better expression to the attitude that was so typical of him, a blend of insouciance and despair.

Remembering how much more he enjoyed living than writing, before the first of those emotional blackouts that used to leave him unfit to enjoy either, and remembering how the bent of his wild and wilful nature always inclined to defeatism, frustration, negation and failure, it is a matter of wonder that he left any perfectly realized work at all, and not that he left so little. The four novels will always be worth reading, but it is doubtful that more than one of them will always be read. *The Great Gatsby* will undoubtedly be read and studied a century hence, when *Gone with the Wind* has long since lived up to its title. Among the four volumes of short stories there are probably not more than a half-dozen tales that will appeal to anthologists of our great-grandchildren's day as being (to use Scott's own early phrase) "worth preserving a few years—at least until the ennui of changing fashions suppresses me, my books, and them together."

Oddly enough, or perhaps appropriately enough, his most beautiful book, *Tender is the Night*, was also his most ugly and was the least perfectly realized piece of work of all four of his novels. It was a magnificent failure in many ways, and it contains passages of haunting loveliness, but it suffered from the very phenomenon with which it was concerned, a split personality. It was really the malformed twin embryo of two books, one of which might have been a masterpiece. That book, which ought to have a prominent place on the shelf of the great unwritten books of lost time, was to have been titled simply *Richard Diver*. It might have been an even better book than *The Great Gatsby* but the story got lost and twisted and came out imperfectly and misshapenly as an unassimilated half of *Tender is the Night*.

* * *

Well, he's gone and we shall miss him. We shall miss both the writer that he was and the one that he might have been. We've no idea what epitaph he might have liked, but we feel that Marlowe's mighty lines were not too good for him, those lines that run: *Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight, and broken is Apollo's laurel bough.*

At any rate we know that he deserved a far better press than he received, although it probably was precisely the kind of press that he himself would have expected. That was the kind of cruel jest that would have given him sardonic satisfaction, in the realization that at least and at last and for once he had not kidded himself.

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Beal(e)-Beall
Beam-Beem
Bean(e)
Beard
Beatty-Beattie
Beaver(s)
Beck
Becker
Beckman(n)
Beckwith
Beebe
Beer(s)
Belcher
Bell
Benedict
Benjamin
Benner
Bennett
Benson-Bensen
Bentley
Benton
Bergen-Bergin
Bernard
Berry
Best
Betts
Beyer
Bigelow
Bigg(s)
Billings
Bingham
Birch
Bird
Bishop
Black
Blackburn(e)
Blackwell
Blair
Blake
Blanchard
Bland
Blank(s)-Blanck
Bliss
Blount-Blunt
Blue-Blew
Boehm-Bohm
Bogart-Bogert
Boggs
Boland
Bolton
Bond
Bonner
Booker
Boon(e)
Booth(e)
Borden
Boswell
Bowen
Bower(s)
Bowles-Boles
Bowman
Boyce-Boyes
Boyd
Boyer-Bowyer
Boyle(s)
Bradbury
Bradford
Bradley
Bradshaw
Brady
Bragg
Branch
Brand
Bran(d)t
Bray
Breen
Brennan
Brewer
Brewster
Bridges
Briggs
Brigham
Bright
Brink
Britt-Brett
Britton-Britten
Brock
Brody-Brodie
Brooks
Bro(u)wer
Brown(e)
Brownell
Browning
Bruce
Brun(n)er
Bryan-Brian
Bryant
Buchanan
Buck
Buckley
Buckner
Bull
Bullard
Bullock-Bulloch
Bunnell-Bonnell
Burch
Burger
Burgess
Burk(e)
Burnett
Burnham
Burns
Burr
Burrell-Burrill
Burrows
Burroughs
Burt
Burton
Bush
Buss(e)-Bussey
Butcher
Butler
Butterfield
Butt(s)
Byer(s)
Byrd
Byrne
Cady-Cade
Cahill
Cain(e)
Caldwell
Calhoun
Callahan
Calvert
Cameron
Campbell
Camp(e)
Canfield
Can(n)on
Carey
Carl(e)-Carll
Carl(e)ton
Carlisle
Carmichael
Carney
Carpenter
Carr
Carroll
Carson
Carter
Cartwright
Carver
Cary
Case
Casey
Cassel(l)
Cassidy
Castle
Cavana(u)gh
Chadwick
Chamberl(a)in
Chambers
Chandler
Chapin
Chapman
Chappell
Charles
Chase
Cheney-Chaney
Cherry
Child(s)
Chisholm
Christian
Christie
Christy
Christman(n)
Christopher
Church
Churchill
Clapp
Clark(e)
Claus(s)en
Clay
Clayton
Cle(a)veland
Clement(s)
Clemens
Clifford
Clifton
Cline
Close
Clough
Coat(e)s
Cobb
Cochran(e)
Cody
Coe
Coffey-Coffee
Coffin
Co(l)burn
Colby
Cole-Coale
Col(e)man
Collier
Collins
Colvin
Combs-Coombs
Compton
Comstock
Cone-Coan
Conklin(g)
Conley
Conn
Connell
Connolly
Connelly
Connor-Conner
Conover
Conrad
Conway
Cook(e)
Cooley
Coon(s)
Cooper
Cope
Copeland
Corbett
Corbin
Cor(e)y
Cornelius
Cornell
Cosgrove
Cote
Cotter
Cotton
Cottrell
Couch
Coulter
Courtney
Cowan-Cowen
Cowles-Coles
Cox(e)
Craft-Croft
Craig
Cramer
Crane-Crain
Craven
Crawford
Crew(s)
Crocker
Crockett
Crook(s)
Crosby
Cross
Crouch
Crowder
Crow(e)
Crowell
Crowley
Cullen
Culp-Kulp
Culver-Colver
Cummin(g)s
Cunningham
Currier
Curtin
Curry-Currie
Curtis
Cushing
Cushman
Cutler
Dale
Dal(e)y
Dail(e)y
Dalton
Daniel(s)
Darby-Derby
Darling
Daugherty
Davenport
Dav(e)y-Davie
David(s)
Davi(d)son
Davi(e)s
Dawson
Day
Dean(e)
Decker(t)
Delan(e)y
De Long
Dempsey
Denn(e)y
Dennis
Den(n)ison
Denton
Dewey
De Witt
Dexter
Dick(e)
Dickerson
Dickey
Dickinson
Dickson
Diehl-Deal
Dietrich
Dill-Dell
Dillon
Dixon
Doan(e)
Dodd(s)
Dodge
Dodson-Dotson
Doherty
Donahue
Donohue
Donaldson
Donnell-Donald
Donnelly
Donovan
Do(o)lan
Dorr-Dore
Doty-Doughty
Dougherty
Douglas(s)
Dow
Dowd-Doud
Dowling-
Down(e)s
Downing
Doyle
Drake
Draper
Drew
Drummond
Drury-Drewry
Du Bois
Dudley
Duff
Duffy
Dug(g)an
Duke(s)
Dunbar
Duncan
Dunham
Dunlap-Dunlop
Dunn(e)
Dunning
Durant-Durand
Durham
Dutton
Duval(l)
Dwyer
Dye
Dyer
Earl(e)
Earl(e)y
Eastman
Easton
Eaton
Eberhar(d)t
Eddy
Edgar
Edmon(d)son
Edwards
Elder
Eldridge
Eldred(ge)
Elkin(s)
Elliot(t)
Ellis
Ellison
Ellsworth
Elmore-Elmer
Ely
Emerson
Emery
Emmons
Engel-Engle
England
English
Ennis
Erwin
Estes
Evans
Everett-Everitt
Ewing
Fair-Phares
Fairbank(s)
Fairchild
Fanning
Farley-Fairley
Farmer
Farr
Farrar
Farrell-Ferrell
Faulkner
Fay
Fellows
Fenton
Ferguson
Ferris-Farris
Field(s)
Finch
Finley-Finlay
Finney
Fish
Fisher
Fisk(e)
Fitch
Fitzgerald
Fitzpatrick
Flanagan
Flem(m)ing
Fletcher
Flint
Flood
Flower(s)
Floyd
Flynn-Flinn
Foley
Foote
Forbes
Ford
For(e)man
Forrest
Forsyth(e)
Foss
Foster-Forster
Fowler
Fox
Francis
Frank(e)
Franklin
Fraz(i)er
Fraser
Fred(e)rick
Freeman
French
Frey
Friend
Fries(e)
Fritz-Fritts
Frost
Fry(e)
Fuller
Fulton
Funk
Gage
Gaines
Galbraith
Gale
Galla(g)her
Galloway
Gamble
Garber
Gard(i)ner
Garland
Garner
Garrett
Garrison
Garvin
Gates
Gay
G(e)ary-Gerry
George
Gerber
Gibbon(s)
Gibbs
Gibson
Gifford
Gilbert
Gilchrist
Gile(s)-Gyles
Gill
Gillespie
Gillett(e)
Gilliam-Gillam
Gilli(e)s
Gil(l)man
Gilmore
Girard-Gerard
Given(s)
Glass
Gleason
Glen(n)
Glover
Goddard
Godfrey
Goff(e)-Gough
Gold
Goldsmith
Good(e)
Goodman
Goodrich
Go(o)dwin
Gordon
Gore
Goss(e)
Gould
Grace
Graham
Granger
Grant
Gray-Grey
Gr(e)aves
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Greenwood
Greer-Grier
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Gregory
Griffin
Griffith
Grigg(s)
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Griswold
Gross-Gros(s)e
Grove
Grover
Groves
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Gunt(h)er
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Haig(h)-Hague
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Haley
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Hammond
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Hancock
Hand
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Hankin(s)
Hanks-Hank(e)
Hanna(h)
Hanson-Hansen
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Hardy-Hardie
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Harlow
Harmon
Harman
Harper
Harrington
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Harrison
Hart
Hartley
Harvey
Haskell
Haskin(s)
Hastings
Hatch
Hatcher
Hatfield
Hathaway
Hauser
Hawes
Hawk(e)
Hawk(e)s
Hawkins
Hawley
Hay
Hayden
Hay(e)s
Haynes
Hayward
Head
Heal(e)y
Hearn(e)
Heath
Heaton
Hebert
Hedge(s)
Hedrick
Heller
Helm
Henderson
Hendrick(s)
Hendrix
Henning
Henry
Herbert
Herman
Herrick
Her(r)ing
Her(r)on
Hess(e)
Hewitt-Hewett
Hickey
Hickman
Hicks
Higgins
Hillman
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Hine(s)-Hind(s)
Hinkle-Henkel
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Hite-Hight
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Hobbs
Hobson
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Hodgson
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Hoffman(n)
Hofman(n)
Hogan
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Holcomb(e)
Holden
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Holl(e)y
Hollingsworth
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Holloway
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Joyner-Joiner
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Kearns-Kerns
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Keen(e)
Kean(e)
Kehoe-Keough
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Keller-Kellar
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Kendall
Kendrick
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Kerr
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Kirkpatrick
Kiser-Keiser
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Knowlton
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Kolb
Kramer
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Kuhn(s)
Kur(t)z
Kyle-Keil
Lac(e)y
Ladd
Laird
Lake
Lamb
Lambert
Lancaster
Land(e)
Lander(s)
Landis-Landes
Lane
Lang
Lan(g)don
Langford
Langley
Lantz-Lance
Larkin(s)
Latham
Lathrop
Lat(t)imer
Lauer-Lawyer
Law
Lawler-Lawlor
Lawrence
Lawson
Lawton
Lay-Ley
Layton
Leighton
Leach-Leech
Leary
Leavitt-Levitt
Lee
Lehman(n)
Leigh-Lea
Lem(m)on
Len(t)z
Le(o)nard
Leslie-Lesley
Lester
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Lill(e)y-Lillie
Lincoln
Lind(e)
Lindsay
Lindsey
Link(e)-Linck
Linn(e)
Little-Littell
Littlefield
Livingston
L(l)oyd
Lock(e)
Lockhart
Lockwood
Logan
Long
Loomis
Lord
Lott
Love
Lovell
Lovett
Low(e)
Lowr(e)y
Lowery
Lucas
Luce-Lucy
Ludwig
Lund-Lunt
Luther
Lyle(s)-Lisle
Lyman
Lynch
Lynn(e)
Lyon
Lyons
Maas
M(a)cArthur
M(a)cDonald
M(a)cDougal(l)
Mace-Macy
M(a)cFadden
M(a)cFarland
M(a)cFarlane
M(a)cGregor
Mack
Mackay
M(a)cKenzie
M(a)cKinnon
M(a)cLaughlin
M(a)cLean
M(a)cLeod
M(a)cMahon
M(a)cMillan
M(a)cMullen
M(a)cNamara
M(a)cPherson
M(a)cRae
Madden
Maddox
Madison
Magee
Maguire
Mahon(e)y
Main
Major
Mal(l)oy
Malone(y)
Manl(e)y
Mann
Manning
Mansfield
March
Markham
Mark(s)
Marsh
Marshall
Martin
Marvin
Mason
Massey-Massie
Master(s)
Mat(t)hews
Mat(t)son
Maxwell
May
Mayer
May(e)s
Maynard
Mayo
McAdam(s)
McAllister
McCabe
McCall
McCart(h)y
McClain
McClellan(d)
McClintock
McClure
McCollum
McCord
McCormick
McCormack
McCoy
McCrea-McCray
McCr(e)ary
McCullough
McCulloch
McCune
McCurdy
McDaniel(s)
McDermott
McDonnell
McDonough
McDowell
McElroy
McGee
McGill-Magill
McGinnis
McGowan
McGrath
McGraw
McGuire
McHenry
McHugh
McIntosh
McIntyre
McKay
McKee
McKenna
McKinley
McKinney
McLain-McLane
McNally
McNeil(l)
McNulty
Mead(e)
Meadow(s)
Means
Meeker
Meek(s)
Melton
Melvin
Merc(i)er
Meredith
Merrill
Merritt
Metcalf(e)
Meyer(s)
Michael
Michel(l)
Middleton
Miles-Myles
Millard
Miller-Millar
Milligan
Mills
Miner-Minor
Mitchel(l)
Monroe
Montgomery
Moody
Moon(e)
Mooney
Mo(o)re
Moran
Morey
Morgan
Morley
Morrill
Morris
Morrison
Morrow
Morse
Morton
Mos(e)ley
Moses
Mos(i)er
Mosher
Moss(e)
Mott
Moulton
Moyer-Mower
Mu(e)ller
Muir
Mullen
Mullin(s)
Mulligan
Munro(e)
Munson-Monson
Murdock
Murphy
Murray
Myer(s)
Nagel-Nagle
Nash
Naylor
Neal(e)-Neil(l)
Needham
Neel(e)y
Neff
Nelson
Neville
Newcomb
Newell
Newman
Neuman(n)
Newton
Nicholas
Nichol(l)s
Nicholson
Nickerson
Nixon
Noble
Noel-Nowell
Nolan
Norman
Norris
North
Norton
Noyes
Nugent
Nye
Oak(e)s
Oakley
O'Brien
O'Connor
Odell
Ogden
O'Hara
O'Leary
Oliver
Olmste(a)d
O'Neil(l)
O'Neal
Orr
Osborn(e)
Oswald
Otis
Ott
Overton
Owen(s)
Pace
Page-Paige
Pain(e)
Painter
Palmer
Parker
Park(e)s
Park(e)
Parr
Par(r)is
Par(r)ish
Parry
Parsons
Partridge
Patrick
Pat(t)erson
Pat(t)on
Patten
Paul
Payne
Peacock
Peak(e)-Peek
Pearce-Pearse
Pearson
Pease
Peck
Pendleton
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Penn(e)y
Pennington
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Perrin(e)
Perry
Person(s)
Peter(s)
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Petty
Peyton-Payton
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Pickering
Picket(t)
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Plum(m)er
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Porter
Post
Potter
Pott(s)
Powell
Power(s)
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Price
Priest
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Ransom-Ranson
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Reilly
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Richardson
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Riggs
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Ritter-Rutter
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Roberson
Roberts
Robertson
Robinson
Robison
Rob(e)son
Roche
Rock(e)
Rockwell
Rodgers
Roe
Rogers
Rollins
Ro(o)ney
Root
Roper
Rose
Ross
Roth(e)
Rous(e)
Rowe
Rowland
Rowley
Roy
Rucker
Rudolph
Rupp
Rush
Russ
Russel(l)
Rust
Rutherford
Rutledge
Ryan
Ryder
Sadler
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St. John
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Salisbury
Sam(p)son
Samuel(s)
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Sand(s)
Sanford
Sargent
Sa(u)nders
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Schaf(f)er
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Schen(c)k
Scherer
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Schumacher
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Schwab
Schwar(t)z
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Seel(e)y
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Sewell-Sewall
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Shank(s)
Shannon
Sharp(e)
Shaw
Shea-Shay
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Sheldon
Shell(e)y
Shelton
Shep(p)ard
Shepherd
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Shipley
Shirley
Shoemaker
Shore(s)
Short
Shultz
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Simmons
Sim(m)s
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Simons-Symons
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Slaughter
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Smart
Smith
Smyth(e)
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Snodgrass
Snow
Snyder-Snider
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Somers
Spangler
Spark(s)
Spa(u)lding
Spear(s)-Speer
Spence
Spencer
Spicer
Sprague
Springer
Squire(s)
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Staley
Stanford
Stanley
Stanton
Staples
Stapleton
Stark(e)
Star(r)
Stauffer
Ste(a)dman
Stearn(s)
Steel(e)
Steiner
Sterling
Stern(e)
Stevens
Stephens
Stevenson
Stephenson
Stewart
Stiles-Styles
Stinson
Stock(s)
Stoddard
Stokes
Stone
Stoner
Stor(e)y
Stout
Stover
Stratton
Street
Strickland
Strong
Stroud
Stuart
Stubbs
Stump(f)
Sullivan
Summer(s)
Sumner
Sutherland
Sutton
Swain-Swayne
Swan(n)
Sween(e)y
Sweet-Swett
Swift
Sylvester
Taber-Tabor
Taft
Taggart
Talbot(t)
Tall(e)y
Tanner
Tate-Tait
Taylor
Temple
Terrell-Terrill
Terry
Tha(t)cher
Thayer
Thomas
Thom(e)-Thoms
Thom(p)son
Thomas(s)on
Thorn(e)
Thornton
Thorp(e)
Thurston
Tillman
Tilton
Titus
Tobin-Tob(e)y
Todd
Tomlinson
Tom(p)kins
Tower(s)
Townsend
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Travis
Tripp
Trotter
Trout-Trott
Tucker
Turner
Tuttle-Tuthill
Tyler
Tyson
Underwood
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Vance
Van Dyke
Van Horn(e)
Vaugh(a)n
Vernon
Vincent-Vinson
Voss-Vos(e)
Waddell
Wade
Wadsworth
Wag(e)ner
Wag(g)oner
Wait(e)
Wakefield
Walden
Waldron
Walker
Wall
Wallace-Wallis
Waller
Walsh
Walter(s)
Walton
Ward
Ware
Warner
Warren
Washburn(e)
Washington
Waterman
Watkins
Watson
Wat(t)ers
Watt(s)
Way
Weaver
Webb
Web(b)er
Webster
Week(e)s
Weir
Weiss(e)
Weis(e)
Welch-Welsh
Weldon-Welden
Weller
Wellman
Wells
Wentworth
West
Wes(t)cott
Weston
Whal(l)ey
Wharton
Wheeler
Whipple
Whitaker
Whitcomb
White
Whitehead
Whit(e)man
Whiting
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Wild(e)
Wilder
Wiley
Wilk(e)s
Wilkin(s)
Wilkinson
Willard
Willet(t)
Will(e)y
Williams
Williamson
Willis
Wills
Wilson
Wing
Winn(e)
Winslow
Winston
Winter
Wise
Wiseman
Witt
Wolcott
Wolf(e)-Wolff
Woodruff
Wood(s)
Wood(w)ard
Woodworth
Wool(l)ey
Workman
Worley
Worthington
Wray
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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

OBJECTION SUSTAINED

Now there is no one like Irwin Shaw, at least almost no one. And the editors of Esquire are nothing if not intelligent and discerning, else how would a poignant nifty like *Eighty Yard Run* get published in the January issue?

The story, the writer, the editors, indeed, the magazine exemplify all that is urbane and informed. Of course all of us sympathized with but felt somewhat superior to the hero of *Eighty Yard Run*, poor old Christian Darling, who did not advance to the intelligentsia along with his wife, particularly when she turned on the heat about who-wrote-what and stuff. And remember the bleak moment when poor old Darling (the dope) didn't know a famous literary figure like the English poet Ernest Dobson? We allowed as to how that was a shame, too. Yes. Yes. After all, how were we (author, editors, readers) to know that there isn't, fact is, never was, such an English poet? Ernest Dobson? Huh uh, Ernest Dowson. Now that's a mite *better*.

Wish I could go out and hunt up poor old Darling and have a couple of fast ones with him at the nearest pub. Just a couple of stuffed-shirts on a binge. I haven't felt this smug in years. Yours,

Shamokin, Penna. Robert A. Lee

Editor's Note: *Gad, poor old Darling was a dope, wasn't he? Probably never heard of either Ernest Dobson or Austin Dowson!*

THE BEAUTIFUL AND DAMNED

What's the idea of building us up to an awful letdown? In the December issue glowing promises regarding the appearance of *both* Petty and Varga whetted my appetite for the coming issue. When it arrived I was ready to renew my acquaintance with Betty Petty and what do I find? She's hiding all her feminine "attributes" behind a flowing evening dress and to top it off she had a smug smile and the nerve to ask, "Remember me?" The answer is "Not that way."

Not giving up hope I turned to Varga's drawing. He at least gave a hint of things to come but after his splendid calendar in the Christmas number his current drawing is a disappointment.

Come, come let us have some of the "joie de vivre" in future issues. Let the exponents of "dangerous curves" and "soft shoulders" do their stuff. As a two year subscriber (and another on the news-stands) I have the right to demand better service. The other members of the household echo this plea.

The Gears of Doom in the December issue was an intensely dramatic story. Tales of this type besides being up-to-date have that certain "something" which fires the imagination of all red-blooded men. Let us have more stories in this vein. Maybe it will help to get people to think about this crazy world of ours and get them to resolve that "it won't happen here."

Sincerely,

Brooklyn, N. Y. Jack P. Kramer

BLONDES GOT ONE BREAK TOO MANY

I'm aware of the fact that Esquire is a magazine for men, but at the same time, a lot of us women read it and get lots of enjoyment from it.

However, I'm plenty burned up about the article entitled *Blondes Get All the Breaks*. It just isn't so! Brunettes have twice and three times as much character, and most blondes I have ever seen have a vacant stare and a generally stupid attitude.

The main reason I am writing this letter though, is because you misrepresented one of my favorite fairy tale characters. Please let me remind you that Snow White was *not* a blonde, and if you read your fairy tales, when you were a child, whoever wrote this article, you would know that the author described Snow White, as a beautiful little girl, with skin as white as snow and hair as black as ebony. Yes indeed, just check up on your fairy tale books, and you will find this is true.

Thank you.

Sincerely,

Hollywood, Calif. Helen Travers

PRODIGAL'S RECEPTION

Remember you? Why honey, where have you been? Welcome home. The Varga Girl's pretty, but she isn't "Petty"!

Boston, Mass. Frank Ignatowicz

FROM ONE WHO CARES

No Esquire staff writer has irritated me as much as has Wm. Lyon Phelps in the few months he has been with you. "Beloved Billy Phelps!" I don't know through what policy or circumstance he came to displace Chas. Rutherford, whose stuff had vigor and honesty even though it sometimes seemed half-baked; but to me he is the epitome of that trend that is turning Esquire into a high-class catalogue with fillers. In an editorial comment at the time of his becoming one of you he was called a yea-sayer. If this term was meant to be classical for yes-man, O.K. But I call a yea-sayer a realist, someone who says yes to life in its terrors and delights from his inmost necessity, not a time-serving, stuffy, pseudo-academician with a sophomores's cosmic outlook and an an anecdotty, Milton Berlish sense of humor. Oh, I know he's a lovable old duffer.

Must George Jean Nathan have all that space every month even when he has nothing to say about the theatre? He is a most interesting critic when he is not being irrelevant and acrobatic. He might take lessons in brevity from the always readable Carleton Smith.

Parke Cummings efforts are too obviously efforts (both in production and consumption). And he will be topical if it kills him!

On second thought you will never rival the two leading mail order catalogues. That red ink that comes off on your fingers precludes a rudimentary use.

—But I'm still caring.

Brooklyn, N. Y. C. Riordan

FOR BIGGER AND BETTER EDITORIALS

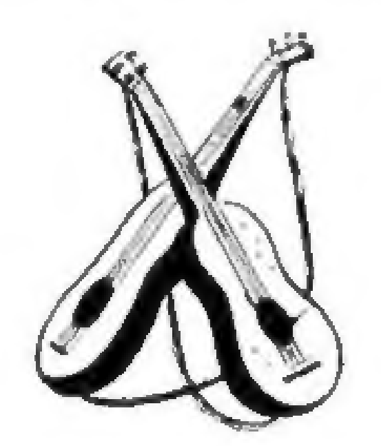
January issue to hand Saturday the 21st inst. Read your editorial on Page 5, then turned to Page 6. What an editorial! I wondered and wondered, as I read, what the boss of the editorial sanctum was driving at but was determined to drink in every word. At long last the light dawned on my befuddled brain, and was soon convinced that Petty, so long absent from the family of Esquire, is an out-of-doors man and a hunter of no mean calibre, who can point a gun as well as paint a picture. "Home is the hunter," together with that bewitching damsel who so mysteriously disappeared, leaving only the memory of her many charms—so nonchalant, yet so evasive, but January's Page 41 has dispelled all former forebodings and I can now settle down and feel she is safe.

My hearty congratulations to you, Mr. Editor, on your latest innovation, for you certainly deserve more space, and I feel certain 1941 Esquire, as far as editorials are concerned, will outclass all preceding years.

Chicago, Ill. Bennett Treloar

ECHO ANSWERS G. J. NATHAN

First, I wish to give 27 rousing cheers for *S. & F.* contributor O. B. Server of Kalamazoo for his telling off guitarolatrous schmaltzomaniac Stilwell. (I have to use long words; the only short ones I could think of wouldn't get by the postal authorities.) Give me a good old brass band (thank God and the Administration, they're coming back) and you can use your own judgment what to do with the guitars, those nancified purveyors of swishy static.



But to proceed to the current issue: Mr. George Jean Nathan is one of my favorite authors and I was reading some of his earlier works when the January number came out. Mr. Nathan wants to know why novelists cannot write good plays while dramatists can and do write good novels. (Or, rather, he said this was one of the things he didn't know). By an odd coincidence, in *The World in False-face* (A. A. Knopf, 1923), on page 12, section 30, Mr. Nathan says:

"Drama is literature. But literature is not necessarily drama. This is why good literary critics often prove themselves bad dramatic critics."

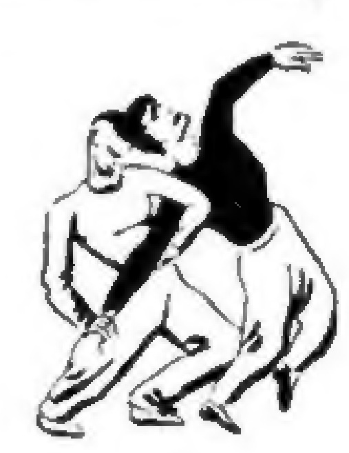
Maybe this doesn't answer Mr. Nathan fully, but surely he ought to be able to go on from there. Or can it be that he doesn't read his own works? He ought to; they're really pretty good. (If I could write as he does, I would have concealed the identity of the quotation until this point, when I would have said something like: "The author—George Jean Nathan.")

In reading these earlier works of Mr. Nathan, I noticed that one of his chief targets was Dr. William Lyon Phelps. I wonder how he likes having Dr. Phelps for a colleague.

Jacksonville, Fla. T. E. Oberdorfer

A BETTER AND SAFER TECHNIQUE

Your article on *Night Club Fighting* by Herbert Alexander read and noted. My old friend Foster was a ham in the ring, but he was four aces and the joker in a bar room battle. He could take anything the drunk had to offer and he once stood off a flying wedge in a Bowery Brawl and walked out under his own power. But a word of caution to the Young Bloods who crave gore and glory. Don't take to flight. A flying tackle will do as much damage to your pan as a clout on the kisser. A coward runs away but only a man can apologize. If you refer to his love as a "Bleached Hussy" and he gets sore, apologize. If you dump the caviar down his shirt front, apologize. If you loudly announce that anybody who will vote the Republican Ticket will suck eggs and steal sheep, and he takes offense, apologize. The sentence "I'm sorry. I was just trying to be funny. No offense, mister," has stopped more fights than the riot squad of the metropolitan police. You will get a black look but unless he is a perfect lout, that is all you will get. But if he is a perfect lout and he comes boring in, take heed of the Chinese Proverb: "An ounce of jiu jitsu is worth a ton of Queensberry rules." Alexander to the contrary, make him lead. If he won't, a kick on the shins will often start him. Grab his fist in both of yours, plant your foot in his solar plexus and go over backward. It won't hurt you but it will lay him out as cold as a herring. Get into a knock-down brawl and the bouncer will dump you on the sidewalk with no more ado. Floor your man with jiu jitsu and that same bouncer will suggest that if you will settle your bill, he will see that you get your coat. The difference is very significant. A jiu jitsu artist commands respect and bouncers have been known to go out on a shutter as well as patrons. And then there is the damage to you. A knock-out is very damaging to one's knuckles but a head lock or the Chinese head throw described above does little more to the operator than muss his hair.



Beverly, N. J. Ralph Shaw, Jr.

DARK LAUGHTER

He loves to *court* a blondish dame;
It's a *brunette* he gives his *name.*

Minnie M. Ronning

Willmar, Minn.
Re: Esquire, Jan., P. 29.

ADD TO GALLERY OF SELF-SATISFIED PORTRAITS

Upon reading your article in January's issue of Esquire "that women are lousy drivers" and know nothing about the mechanism of a car, as a women driver, I am writing in protest.

When I was learning how to drive a car I was also taught everything about the motor and what made it tick, as the saying goes, and I assure you when something goes wrong with any car that I happen to be driving I am quite capable of taking it apart, replacing whatever part does not work and making it go.

As far as "hogging" the road or speeding, in my seven years of driving I have never gotten a ticket or had an accident, which is more than most men can say.

I assure you, my fine sirs, that I am not writing this as a testimonial for myself, merely as a protest for those of my sex that really can drive and not the addle headed creatures you wrote about.

Incidentally I thought you might like to know that I am only a little girl weighing 108 lbs. It takes brains to do things, not brawn.

Yours very truly,

New York City Frances Mayer

PHOTO-ELECTRIC FINISH

In your December *Manhattan Round-Up* it is stated that Douglas Leigh patented the photoelectrically controlled sign. This gives the impression to the reader that Douglas Leigh is the inventor, as only the inventor can patent an invention; the inventor of this photoelectrically controlled sign, by which animated cartoons and silhouette films can be transmitted onto a bank of lamps, is the undersigned—Kurt H. Ross.

The basic developments were carried on by me in Europe in cooperation with a company of the group of the International General Electric. The Patent Holding Corporation in Sweden sent me to New York—with a complete sign—some years ago, to carry on demonstrations and further developments at which the General Electric Company assisted.

I signed a license agreement with Douglas Leigh on behalf of an American Patent Holding Company, American Epok, Inc., to which I had my patents assigned. Later on, this particular sign became the original Wilson Whiskey Sign—then incorporating 2,000 lamps.

In a capacity of consulting engineer, I developed the sign further on behalf of the licensee, carrying on developing work with various companies, in order to obtain new types of photocells and electronic tubes, which serve as the switches in the sign.

New York, N. Y. Kurt H. Ross

Continued on page 10

“. . . the power of magic over a typewriter”

“YOU have set foot in one of those places . . . in which the literary element in journalism has become a matter of gossip, of argument, of rivalry . . . where the author of the day's best literary blossom sits on the corner of a desk warmed by the admiring banter of ‘the boys.’”

★ ★

With these words the late Henry Justin Smith once sketched the old “upper story offices” of The Chicago Daily News. Even then, as Smith put it, the number of geniuses checking out was “as great usually as the number checking in so that no one who is conscious of the power of magic over a typewriter need hesitate to believe that some day he will be the hero sitting on the desk.”

and the picture hasn't changed

Like the current of a great river, the literary tradition of The Chicago Daily News has slipped from one century into another—its written words, like rippling waters, ever changing . . . its course steadfast and unchanged.

In the same river bed through which flowed the poetry of Eugene Field, the fables of George Ade and the inimitable satire of Peter Finley Dunne have eddied and swirled the writings of Charles H. Dennis, Slason Thompson, Keith Preston, Harry Hansen and Carl Sandburg.

Old snows melted giving birth to new waters sparkling with unquenchable names: Vincent Starrett, John V. A. Weaver, Ben Hecht. New generations of genius, “conscious of the power of magic over a typewriter,” poured words like water that raced the Seven Seas.

A world war exploded. And the waters of the stream mirrored a new tradition—“the power of magic over a typewriter” . . . under shellfire! The cast was impressive: Paul Scott Mowrer, first American ever to win the Pulitzer Prize for foreign correspondence, Edward Price Bell, Edgar Ansel Mowrer, Junius B. Wood . . . and later, John Gunther.

and still the tide rolled on

To the columns of The Chicago Daily News came Robert J. Casey, Howard Vincent O'Brien, Westbrook Pegler, Lloyd Lewis, Gene Morgan, Robert M. Yoder, C. J. Bulliet, Sterling North, Edwin A. Lahey, Clem Lane, Royal F. Munger, John P. Carmichael, James S. Kearns—writers with the ability to picture “the strange jumble of human events in strokes as vivid, as touching, as humorous as the brushmarks of a novelist.”

Magic over a typewriter! The liquid life of it flowed crystal clear in the writings of the Woman's Pages edited by Leola Allard. It surged through everyday stories, signed features and unsigned editorials.

literature spontaneous as a newspaper!

Then, as old wars smoldered, new wars blazed. And in 1939-40, as in 1917-18, The Chicago Daily News foreign service rode the crest of writing waves to world fame. Newspapers and magazines throughout America acclaimed it. When 1940 neared the halfway mark, the Saturday Evening Post stated:

“As this is written, the outside world knows no more about the betrayal of Norway than what it read three weeks ago in the dramatic dispatch of Leland Stowe, Chicago Daily News correspondent, the greatest news story of the war to date.”

Recently, William Hillman, European Director of Collier's and London commentator for NBC —writing as guest columnist in New York— said:

“The American newspaperman writing the liveliest prose on the Battle of London is Robert Casey of The Chicago Daily News. The Chicago Daily News lives up to its reputation of having the best all-around foreign staff in Europe—a reputation it has richly deserved for 20 years.”

So the tradition, like a great river, flows on. And “the power of magic over a typewriter” has reached new and unforgettable heights in the unparalleled war stories of Wallace R. Deuel, Edgar Ansel Mowrer, William H. Stoneman, John T. Whitaker, Richard Mowrer, Helen Kirkpatrick, A. T. Steele—yes, and in the work of foreign editor Carroll Binder.

who will be the author of tomorrow's best literary blossom?

Today 25 members of the staff of The Chicago Daily News are authors of published books. Tomorrow—as in the days of Eugene Field—some, of course, will check out, whether because life ends or because life calls elsewhere, but most will carry on. This way it always has been. The river of a great literary tradition flows on.

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

STORY WITH A MORAL

I do enjoy reading Esquire, which I think has a very refined and high-toned view toward life if you are not evil-minded. But I do think that your contributors have fallen into a slack way of writing the most pointless stories that leave you to figure out the moral for yourself—if indeed, they have a moral. Or if they point out the moral for you, you are not sure whether they are serious about it or are poking fun at somebody.

Now what I like to read, and I expect you are the same way, is a story that makes everything nice and clear and you know who the hero is and who the villain is and that they all get their just deserts. As I often say, I do love to read about people who are just folks like myself.

I like for a story to have a moral to it and I do not like one that I have to guess at. I like for the author to come right out and say what the moral is, because if you leave people to figure out the moral for themselves they will everybody come to a different conclusion.

So I am going to start Esquire off on the right track for 1941 with a little tale that has a moral and is also true, which is more than some of your other contributors can say. Well, this really happened to a friend of mine; or rather to a friend of hers and she was with her at the time. Well, anyway, these two ladies got on the street car and all the seats were occupied and so they were holding onto the straps, (they are not old); and this friend of this friend of mine's had her handkerchief stuffed in the cuff of her sleeve. She has lost many a handkerchief carrying it this way, and so this one fell out of her sleeve into the lap of the gentleman she was standing over. And as he was reading a paper he did not notice it.

She is a very modest lady and she did not like to speak to a stranger and ask him to return her handkerchief which was in his lap, nor did she wish to lean over and pick it up herself for fear of being misunderstood. So while she was considering what to do, the gentleman next to the gentleman who was reading saw what had happened. But instead of saying I beg your pardon, sir, you have inadvertently appropriated the lady's handkerchief; he snickered. This attracted the other gentleman's attention and he looked down to see what they were staring at. When he caught a glimpse of the white object in his lap, he was too startled to realize what it was. Laboring under what misapprehension you may imagine, he clutched his paper close to his bosom; and under its cover, or what he hoped was cover, he hastily tucked the white handkerchief into his trousers.

The moral is, of course, that now the Democrats are in for another four years you do not have to worry about your shirt, or won't long, anyway.

Sincerely,

Atlanta, Ga. Sue Sudderth

ADD YELPS RE PHELPS

Sing a song of nonsense,
A pocketful awry,
Four and twenty platitudes
Serve to stultify.
When Billy Phelps is writing
You print the dumbest prate.
Now really, don't your readers
Deserve a better fate?

Ann Arbor, Mich. N. M.

ON SEEING A PETTY GIRL

Since the Varga girl first blitzkrieged Esquire a few editions ago, many readers have rushed to the front to attack her weak points or defend her charms. Like all other battles, I think this is very foolish and if those readers would draw a halt and consider, perhaps they would realize how senseless it all is.

I can't argue with someone who will point out that a finger is in the wrong place, a breast is pointed in the wrong direction or a shoe fails to match another shoe—I wouldn't know. I look at a picture and either I like it or I don't. If I don't like the picture, I just turn to another page . . . it's very simple! But to sit down and take the time to write a letter revealing all the faults to be found in a drawing or cartoon is, to me, a childish display of appreciation. I can see the point in writing to congratulate you for the new addition to the family of lovely gals in Esquire, but why the devil do some readers have to act as though they are forced to look at any one picture?

In my opinion the Varga girl is a *real* addition to Esquire and one the whole gang can be proud of. If there happen to be some slight defects with the girl—so what? We all have something wrong with us.

And now with Petty back in the swim, Esquire has two of the loveliest gals in the world. Everyone has a right to their opinion, so why doesn't each reader make his choice, dream his own dreams and let it go at that? Personally I think the Petty Gal has just a little extra something. My limited vocabulary doesn't permit me to explain in flowing words just what that might be. Sufficient to say when I see a Petty Girl, my toes begin to curl and little mice begin to run around in my belly. However if she should turn me down, I wouldn't have much trouble getting up in a dither about La Varga.

I'm all for boosting my favorite and letting the other fellow do the same about his.

Yours,

Frank J. Dougherty

Guayaquil, Ecuador,
South America

GOOD FOR GOODE

I have just finished reading, for the second time, *Modern Sporting Rifles* by Monroe H. Goode, in the December issue of Esquire.

To identify myself I might say, without any intent to brag, that I have shot everything on this continent in the way of big and small game from the Arctic Circle to the Equator, except a man, and maybe the world would have been better off if I had shot a few of them.

I also claim one of the most serviceable battery of rifles and shotguns, from the measley little .22 mouse gun to the 505 elephant gun, also custom made shotguns, the superior of which is not to be had in this country.

I have been a subscriber to all the sporting magazines for the past thirty years, and have contributed many articles myself. Naturally I read all the arms and ammunition dope handed down to us in the usual routine manner and, as a rule, not much wiser when I finish than when I started.

But this article by this man Goode is so unsusual, so complete, so thorough and unquestionably factual that I am prompted to write this letter congratulating you for this commendable article.

I am just wondering if you could not give us more articles of this kind once in a while in the future? There are plenty of people who have a nice flow of language and to those who do not know the difference, makes flowery reading, but "there ain't nothing to it."

Yours very truly,

Ardmore, Okla. C. E. Sykes

BROKEN BLONDES

After reading *Blondes Get All the Breaks*, I was at first puzzled as to the reason for printing such a confused diatribe. But then I realized that the primary purpose was to determine what might be the reactions of readers.

Indeed, many thoughts rushed through my mind as to what I might reply if I were several other people.

If I were a psychiatrist I would note that the author evinces definite symptoms of sex frustration, delusions of persecution, and a condition undoubtedly arising from the childhood incident related that might be described as "Blondephobia."

If I were a showman I would agree that blondes "create a stir" among men to a greater extent than do brunettes, but I would add that a woman with bright green hair might give men heart failure. Freaks always gain a lot of attention, and the more freakish the shade of a blonde the more attention she will get . . . if she wants that kind of morbid attention.

If I were a Lousy Latin Lover I would have to admit that my fervor over blondes was the least excusable of my romantic faults.

If I were a movie producer I would laugh heartily at the paragraphs relating to blondes in the films. I might ask the author if she had ever heard of Vivien Leigh, Linda Darnell, Claudette Colbert, Rosalind Russell, Merle Oberon, etc. ad inf.

If I were George Jean Nathan I would repeat my assertions, made some time ago in an Esquire article, that Mary Pickford, the first and greatest blonde star, had no sex appeal and was a symbol of the times. If blondes were popular then, so were flat chests, bulging waistlines, scrawny limbs, and Mah Jong. I would also repeat that Great Garbo has never appealed to men, except as an actress. It was women who glorified her, and she is definitely in decline today . . . but Hedy Lamarr! (Compare a male reviewer's raves with a woman reviewer's jealous jabs.)

If I were a salesman of dark hair dye I would send the author a heated telegram, pointing out that besides Joan Bennett many actresses have switched from blonde to brunette with great success, including Ginger Rogers, Ida Lupino, and Paulette Goddard. Not to mention the gals who went platinum, started to slip, and then let their natural ash blonde (or reasonable facsimile) return, such as Alice Faye, Betty Grable, Carole Lombard, Jean Arthur, and Virginia Bruce. Miriam Hopkins is about the only natural blonde in Hollywood who hasn't treated her hair in one way or another. As a reward, her latest role is the title character in *The Lady With Red Hair*.

If I were a newspaper man I would smell a rat, and I would probably send my congratulations to the publicity director of the National Hairdressers Association as a reasonably good plug for the diminishing peroxide bleaching business . . . but I would have my doubts as to the article's effectiveness.

If I were Adolf Hitler I would take cheer. At last those *dumbkopfs* in America are waking up to my theory of blonde Aryan superiority. My propaganda begins to take effect. If only the author had said GERMAN blondes are the best!

If I were a New Yorker I would wonder why there are so few popular blonde big shots, if they are really the recipients of all the breaks. I would wonder why the most glamorous and sensational debs of the past few seasons were brunettes—Brenda Frazier and Josie Johnson . . . why the most popular gal during the past season regardless of society was dark-haired Carol Bruce.

If I were Earl Carroll or N.T.G. I would declare that blonde show girls are disappearing from high class show business, and are to be found only in burlesque (what there is left of it). If I were the casting director of *Ziegfeld Girl* at MGM, I would state that of the most beautiful girls, blondes and redheads are running even, but their combined total is less than the number of brunettes in the group.

If I were Anita Loos, I would repeat the statement I made to the press a few days ago that blondes are no longer preferred by gentlemen as they were over a decade ago. Redheads are making a more determined bid, and brunettes remain the favorite with the multitude.

If I were Stephen C. Foster, and I were alive, I would have to change my song *Jeannie With the Light Brown Hair* to "Jeannie With the Dark Blonde Hair," because desperate blondes are claiming all those for their ranks that should be classified as "brownettes."

If I were William Moulton Marston, I would overwhelm the author, kindly and without malice, by asking her to read my article in Esquire of November, '38. She would then be able to gather courage from the facts, plainly revealed, that gentlemen, brutes, Republicans, and college students . . . all men in general, prefer brunettes to blondes by an overwhelming margin, although there may be some tendency to take advantage of blonde exhibitionism by the class of men that brunettes would consider "silly old fools" or "stupid jerks."

But as I am none of these persons, I can say only that for myself, as an average man, I prefer brunettes . . . not the Latin type advocated by the misinformed author . . . brunettes with deep blue eyes and gorgeous figures. Of them all, the best are Scotch-Irish-American. They are best for companions; they are best for sports and adventure; they are seldom found as mistresses, for the simple reason that they can function quite ably in that capacity while being a wife at the same time.

So cheer up, Anonymous Author! And a friendly kick in the pants to you, Phil Stack, for being a party to such nonsense. If those two wasted pages had appeared in a magazine of 15 years ago they might have meant something. As it is, *Blondes Get All the Breaks* is as corny as Shep Fields' music.

Confess, *Esky*, that you had your tongue in your cheek and your fingers crossed when you prescribed this abortive aberration to your readers, who like to gaze at Petty blondes and play with the thought of meeting a real live one some day, but who have found that there ain't no such animal . . . although some brunettes come pretty close. God Bless 'Em!

Sincerely yours,

Hollywood, Calif. Victor Carlock

STAND UP AND SNEER

Enclosed is a come-back for *Blondes Get All the Breaks*. We brunettes SHOULD be indignant and justly so.

You can talk of golden tresses
Getting all the yes, yes, yesses,
But the raven headed beauty
Can be quite a little cutie.
For dark Chloe there were takers,
Not a one of them were fakers.

How about our own Lamarr,
She is out ahead by far,
Blondes are sweet, but brunettes canny.
I don't sit home upon *my* fanny.

I hope this will be some help in clearing up the status of us brunettes.

Very truly yours,

St. Augustine, Fla. G. Waller

Continued on page 174

YOU CAN BEGIN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION WITH Ernest Hemingway's NEW NOVEL "For Whom the Bell Tolls"

A BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB SELECTION... A BOOK NO THOUGHTFUL READER WILL CARE TO MISS

—OR YOU CAN BEGIN WITH ANY ONE OF THESE OTHER SELECTIONS

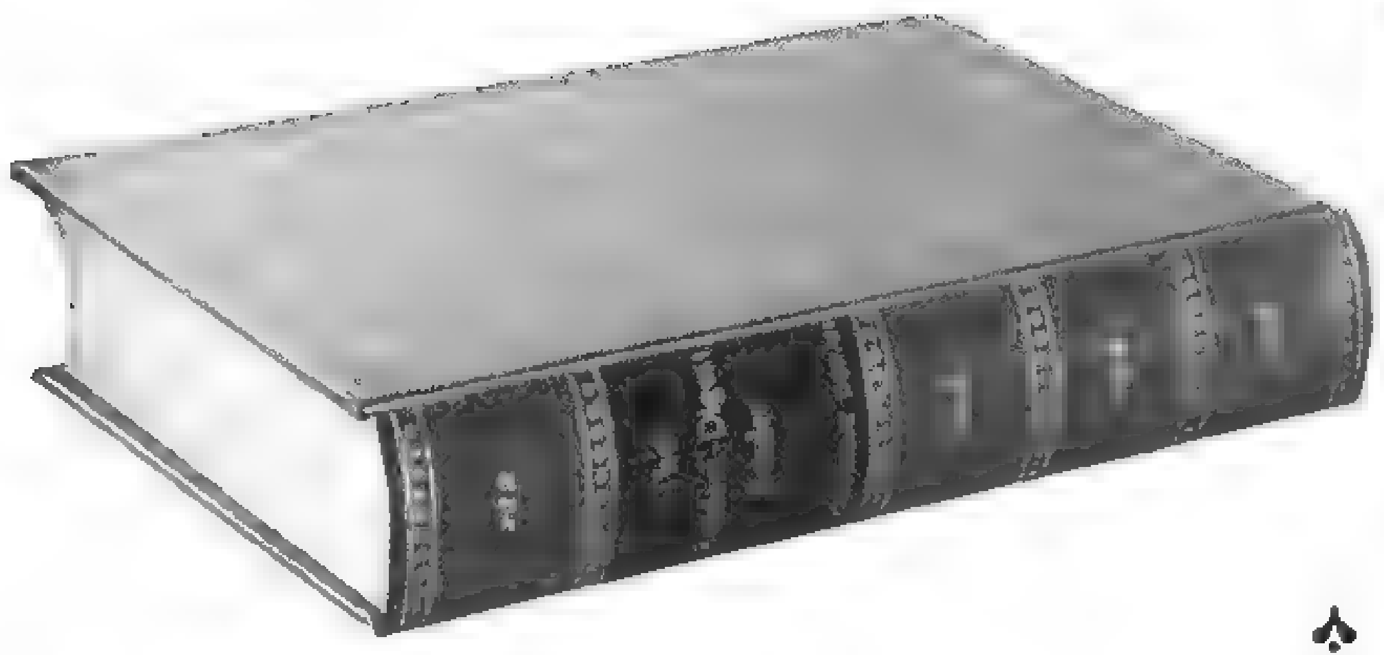
William Saroyan's new book, MY NAME IS ARAM is a delightful puckish picture of a small boy which, we have a hunch, may go the way of Clarence Day's *Life With Father.*

Willa Cather's new novel, SAPPHIRA AND THE SLAVE GIRL, is her first book in five years. The scene is pre-Civil War Virginia; "indubitably as good a decade hence as today."

Franz Werfel's new novel EMBEZZLED HEAVEN, was the Club's December book, a magnificent character study of a lowly woman that leaves one comforted and inspired.

Jan Struther, with MRS. MINIVER, is a new author to Americans — instantly and widely introduced, as so many authors have been in the past, when her book was chosen in August.

Van Wyck Brooks' NEW ENGLAND: INDIAN SUMMER is, in the opinion of many, even more absorbing than *The Flowering of New England.* It was our judges' choice for September.



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IN A SINGLE BOOK –

THE READERS DIGEST READER is a collection of 138 articles chosen from the thousands of leading articles that have been reprinted in that magazine. They are those in which the reading public itself indicated the most interest. The list of contributors reads like a roll-call of famous contemporaries whose range of interests is as wide as life itself. Whether you are in the mood for relaxation or learning, escape or scientific discussion—whether you are interested in "The Wisdom of Laziness" or "The Discovery of Anaesthesia," or the inimitable Stephen Leacock's advice on how to open a conversation, or indeed any conceivable topic, here is your book.

FEW people realize that writers who now have become as famous as Pearl Buck, Clarence Day, Stephen Vincent Benét, Sigrid Undset, Hervey Allen, John Steinbeck, J. B. Priestley—and a score of others little less known —were *first* introduced to a nation-wide book-reading public by having one of their books selected, and then distributed to every tiny corner of the country, by the Book-of-the-Month Club.

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You receive a carefully written report about the book-of-the-month chosen by our four judges, *in advance of its publication.* If it is a book you really want, you let it come to you. If not, you merely sign and mail a slip, saying, "Don't want it."

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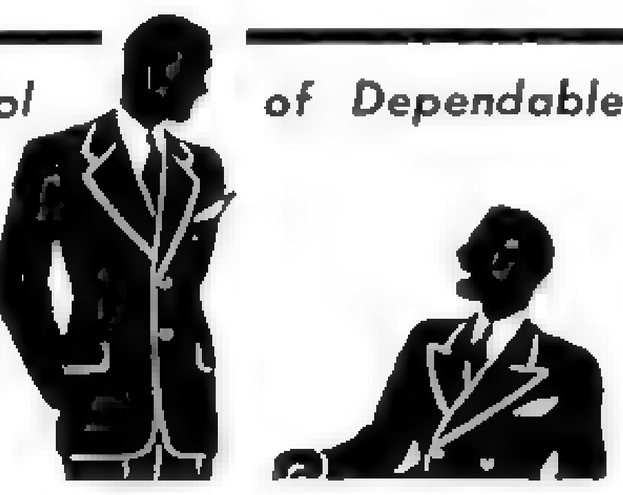

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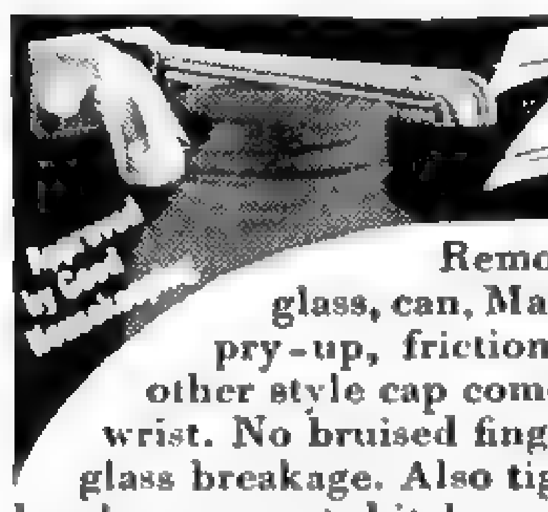

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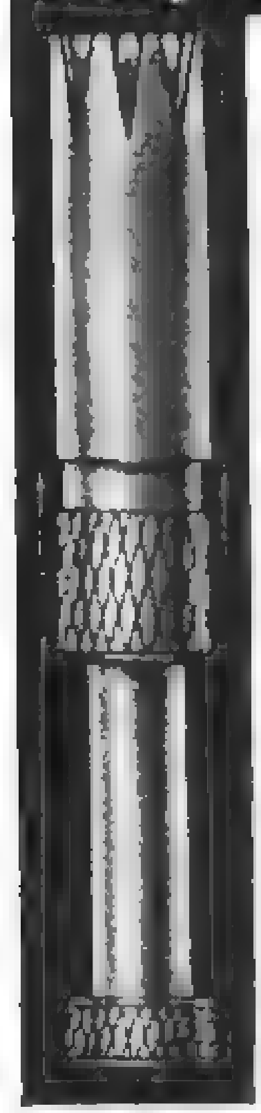

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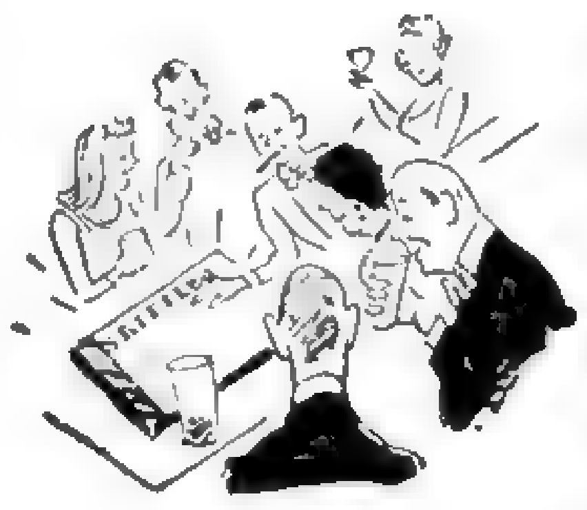
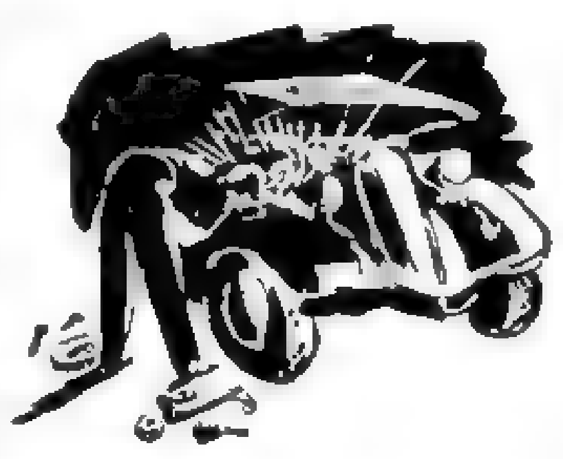
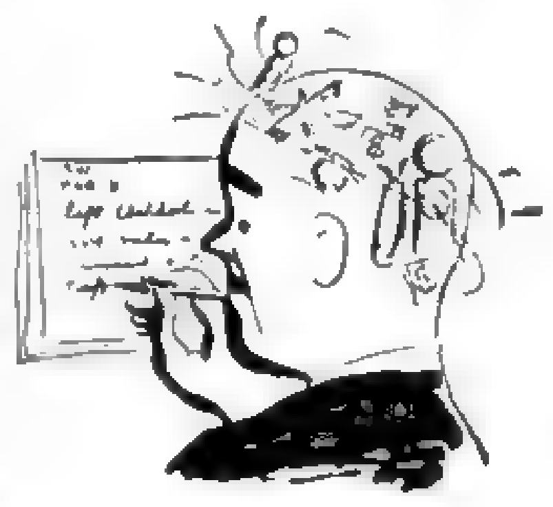


GAME ROOM TRAY. There's a different kind of tray on the market—one whose usefulness isn't confined merely to the transportation of refreshments. Clear its decks for action and you have a skittles board, one end of it to be slightly raised with two detachable legs. This miniature ninepins game will put new life into your end-of-the-season parties. The tray's natural birch; playing field is marked in red.



FLASH NEWS. Take your choice of portable illumination—first, a flashlight with a swivel top that enables you to direct the beam at any angle you like, without acrobatics. Easily adjustable. Second, a lucite flashlight set that includes three lucite tips, molded, respectively, in a curve, an angle, and an arc. Tinkerers will like the way these convenient, interchangeable tips bring light to bear on heretofore unlightable spots.

FRAMEWORK. You don't have to make an issue of framing pictures to adorn desk or table. It can be done quickly, attractively, and inexpensively by means of an adjustable chrome brace that holds the top and bottom of a picture and props it up from the rear. The scroll effect that forms a decorative finish for your favorite photograph or etching is elastic enough to make room for a fairly good-sized picture. The cost is very slight.



MOTORIST'S DIARY. If you use your car a great deal, you have probably collected a fund of vital statistics in your mind that only need writing down to be useful. You'll refer time and again to a cowhide motoring log that has spaces marked for such information as dates of trips, places visited, speedometer readings at start and finish, gasoline consumption, routes traveled, and comments. With this, you can give everything from advice to an alibi.

TIME ROLLS ON. In this case, it actually would roll if the chrome ball clock we're admiring weren't firmly ensconced in a bakelite base. This spheroid timepiece's appeal lies in the way you look at it. Because it's round, you can spin it to any angle you like for a convenient view of the face. The clock has a second hand, comes in brass as well as chrome. Measures 2¼ inches in diameter, independent of the base.

DIVIDEND FOR SPECS. If keeping your nose in a book all these years has resulted in a prescription for bifocals, you've doubtless run into the usual problem of eyeglass-wearers—keeping your spectacles clean. Comes now a handy vest-pocket book of fifty specially treated tissues that will do a brush-off job on anything from thumbprints to oil. You can read in the bathtub, because the tissues prevent misting and clouding.

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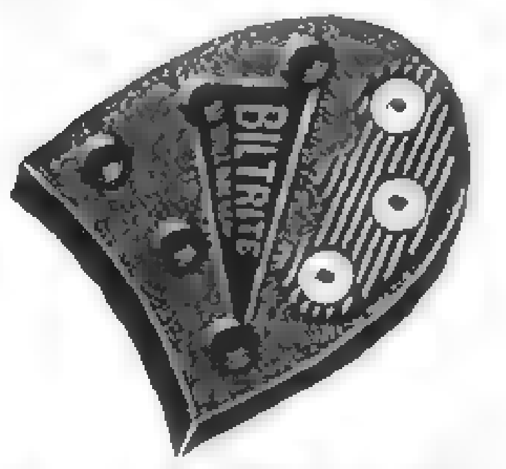

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A strikingly-clear reproduction (from the best-seller, "Audubon's America") of one of the outstanding paintings by this famous delineator of bird life.

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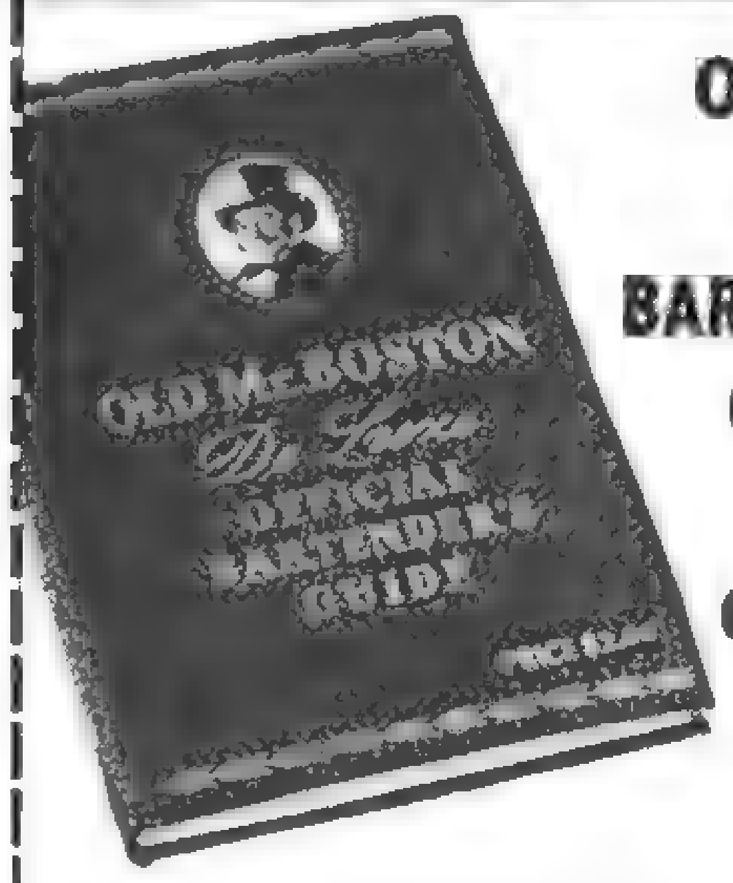

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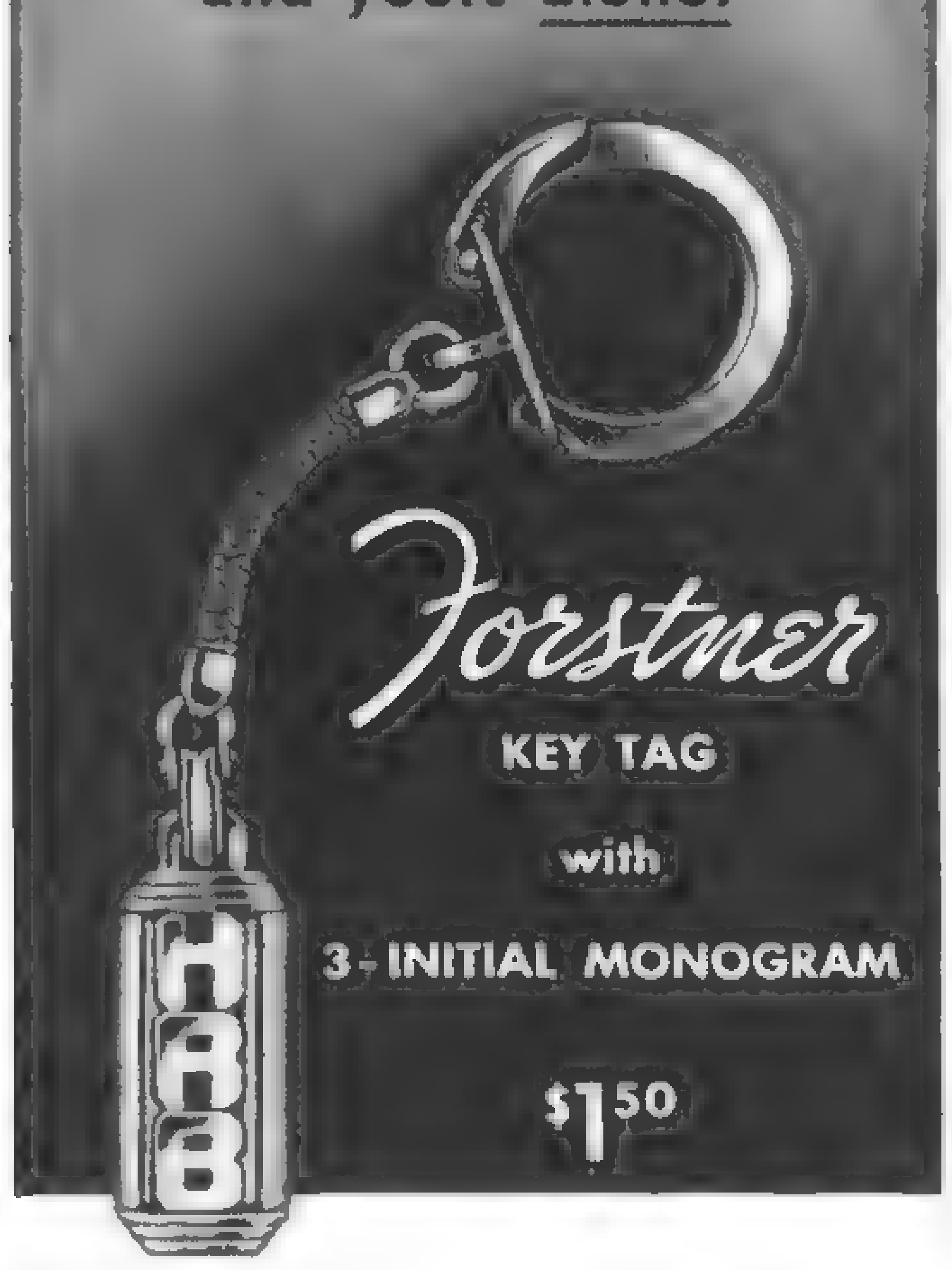

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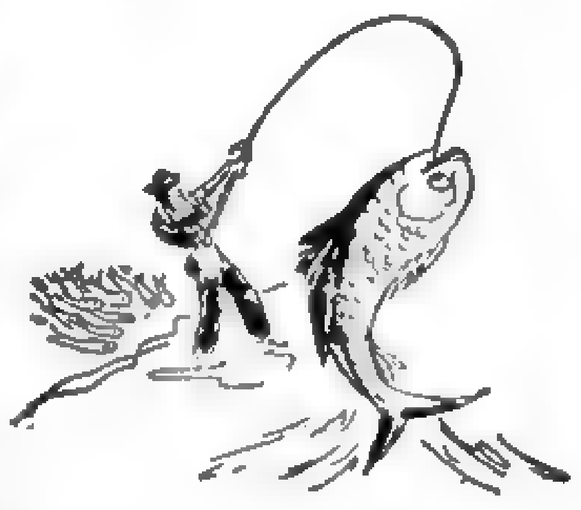

LINED UP FOR FISHERMEN. A fly fisherman's kit that he'll thank you for (and it costs but a pittance) contains a fly line dressing and one for dry flies, oil for reels, and ferrule cement, each complete with instructions for use. And any Isaac Walton should have a chance to try out for himself the theory that fish do their real biting on a rising barometer; ergo, a barometer for fishermen, plastic and chromium, with an unbreakable crystal.

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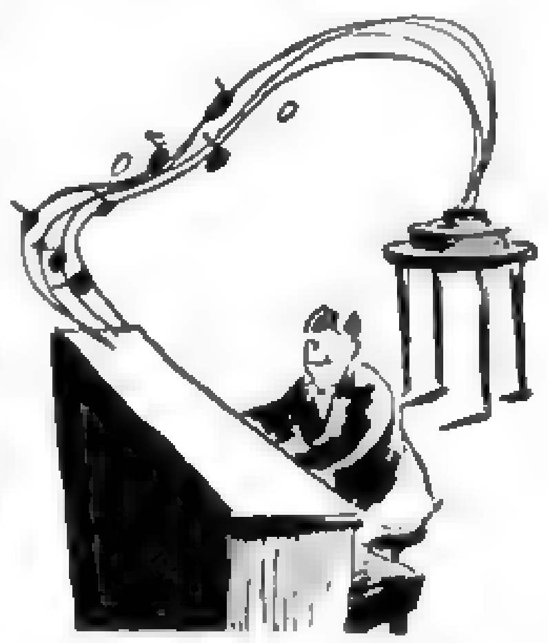

HOME TALENT—ADULT. This, too, will give your phonograph turntable another twist, and bring out the genius in you if you've ever taken a music lesson. The records are made with one instrumental part left out—that's where you come in, filling the musical gap yourself from the score that comes with the record. Instruments thus catered to are, to name a few, violin, cello, piano, and clarinet, and selections range from easy to difficult. There are several piano accompaniments for voice, too.

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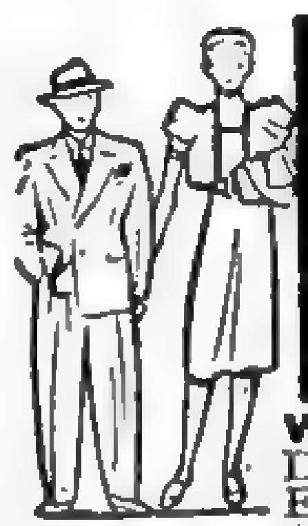

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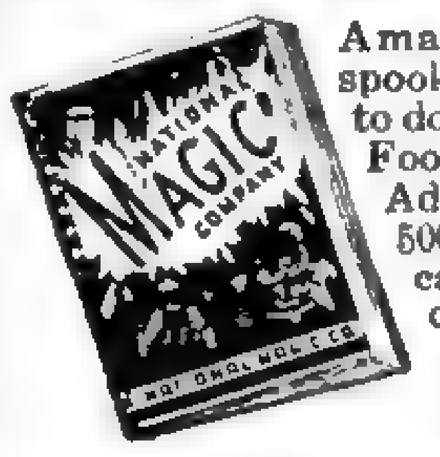

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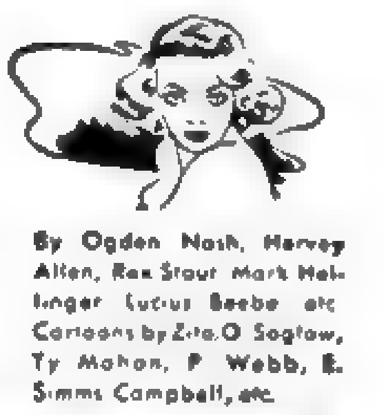

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The Sun
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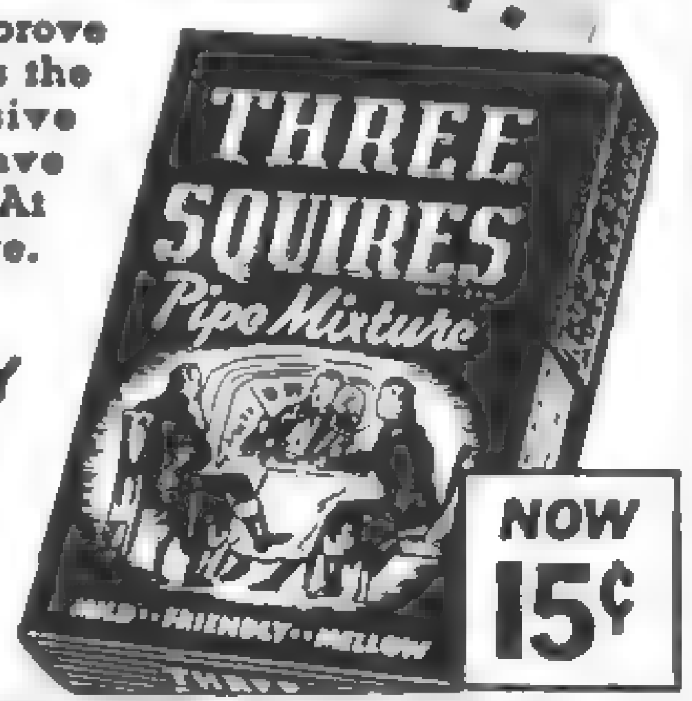

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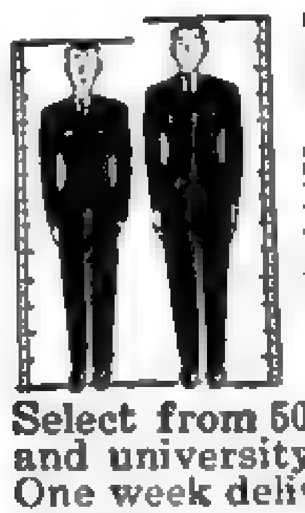

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LEAD THE WAY. Something for the man in training camp—a position-finding compass that his commanding officer will covet. On the march, it's invaluable because the dial locks automatically at the starting point so that a check on direction can be made when the destination is reached. A reflector on the lid facilitates easy reading, and there are guiding marks for placing it in position on a map. The compass has luminous fingers and can be read at night.

INTERCOMMUNICATION. Your office can teach your home many a trick in convenience—room-to-room communication facilities, for instance. Why not save steps and vocal cords at home, too? Connected by as long as 500 feet of wire are two bakelite boxes which provide a self-sufficient two-way conversational route. No more calling upstairs; and you can keep an ear on the baby while you play bridge in the living room.

DOMESTICATED KNIFE. Most knives, though indispensable around the house, have a latent streak of the savage in them and occasionally bite the hand that slices with them. The height of knifely refinement, then, would be one that will cut fruits, vegetables, or cake, but not you—and here it is. Transparent, flexible, and chipless, it's made of pastel-tinted plastic. Inexpensive, practically ideal for home bartenders.

ANGLE SHOT. If you absorb literature best in a reclining position, you need a bookrest more than most, but probably haven't found one that gives in to your favorite angle. A handsome round plastic affair has been evolved as a solution to the problem. You can hang it on your knees, put it alongside you on the sofa, or approach it headlong, your book always held firmly in place by clips at the bottom.

IRON OUT MISERY. Your head, that does so much of your work for you, is heir to more than its share of discomfort and deserves kindly treatment when misery strikes. A face iron that heats up electrically helps to massage away headaches or neuralgia; it's a solace for jangled nerves and makes your cold feel better. The girls use it for facials. Neatly designed, the face iron can't overheat, because it's thermostatically controlled.

GRADE A COCKTAILS. The boys who think up designs for cocktail shakers have gone to town this time—or rather, they've gone back to the farm and rediscovered the milk can. It still retains its original shape and size, but silver plate instead of tin gives it a certain glamour. There are dippers, equally rustic, to match. Use it for your own brand of pasteurized spirits at your next cocktail party.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

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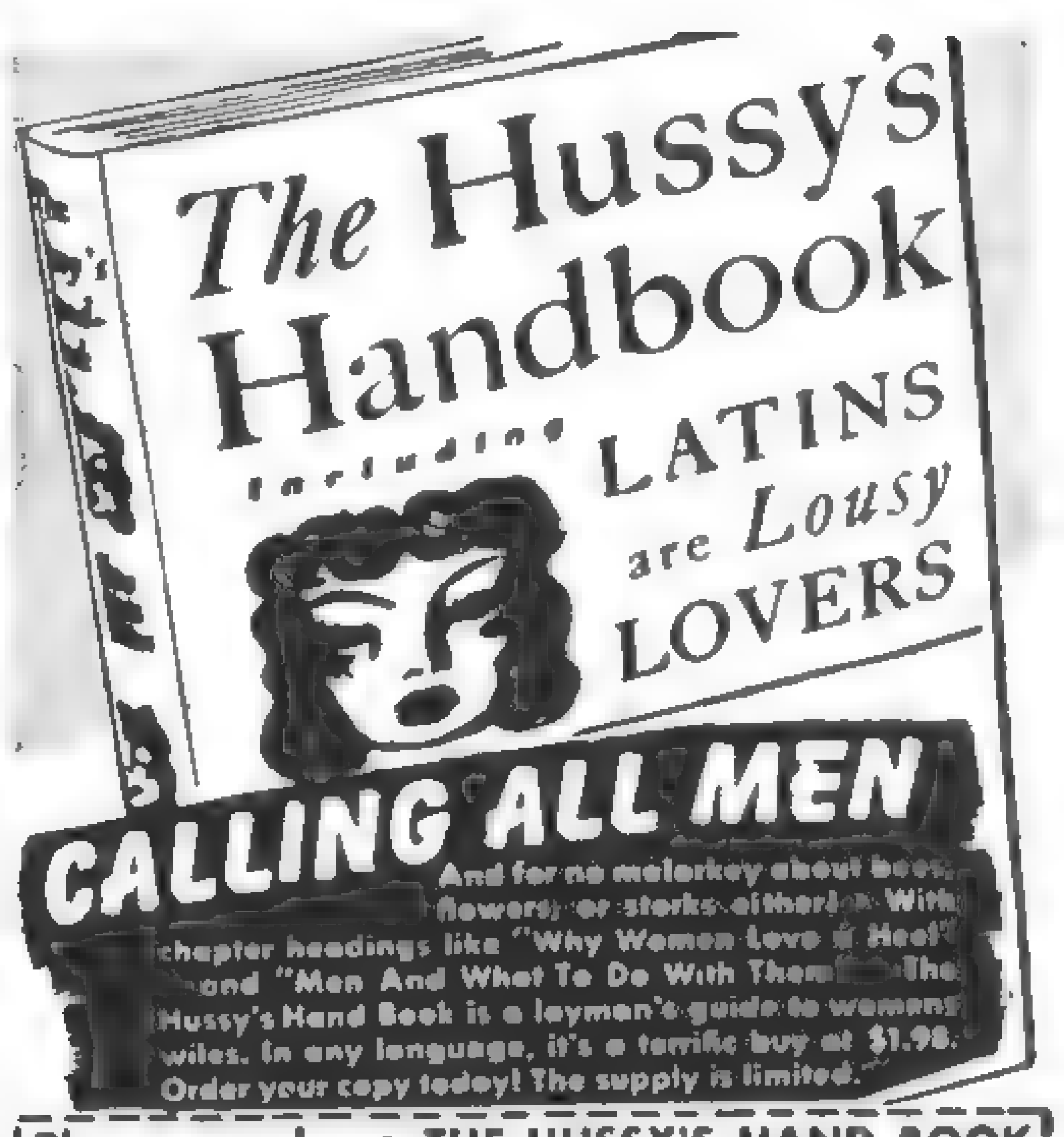

And for no malarkey about bees, flowers, or storks either! With chapter headings like "Why Women Love a Heel" and "Men And What To Do With Them" The Hussy's Hand Book is a layman's guide to woman's wiles. In any language, it's a terrific buy at $1.98. Order your copy today! The supply is limited.

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HE'S the head of the house . . . but without a doubt the least appreciated and the most neglected member of the family. He insists his life is his own . . . but chances are his family pawns it the first of every month. He owns several cars . . . and walks to work; owns a home . . . and can't call a single room his own. He smokes, drinks, reads, and kisses his wife in generous moderation . . . seldom to excess. But one thing is sure—when, after a long fatiguing day at work, and a more fatiguing evening skirmishing with his wife who must have a new fur, his daughter who can't live without a new formal, his son who needs the roadster, and his mother-in-law who wants everything else . . . *then* inevitably he settles back gratefully with his holy slippers and smelly pipe to enjoy the solace and comfort of the latest issue of Esquire.

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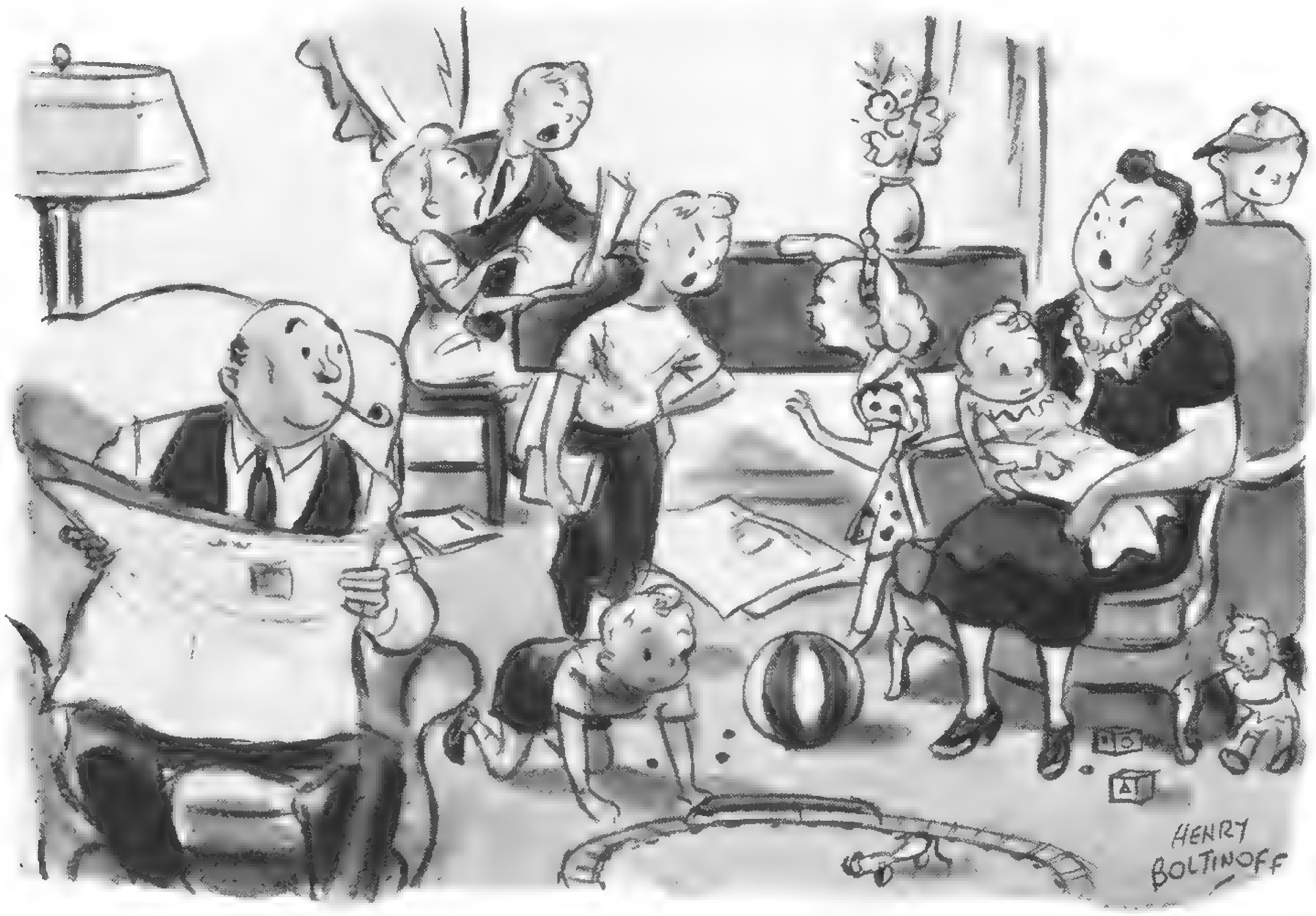
Esquire is the exclusive masculine sanctuary where a man can find solid, stimulating entertainment always within easy reach . . . where he can sink deep into tantalizing tales of someone else's adventures . . . chuckle with inward mirth at infectious cartoons and barbed satire . . . smile with knowing appreciation at the insinuating humor of lovely Petty and Varga Girls . . . cheer and jeer with exciting sports, fact and fiction . . . learn easily and with assurance what to wear, where to buy, and how much to pay . . . discover what books and plays are worth a man's time . . . read with pleasurable satisfaction of manly accomplishments in this world of men.

Yes—Esquire is the family man's magazine as it is every man's magazine . . . where every man is sure to find a swift stream of scintillating entertainment every time he wants to relax.



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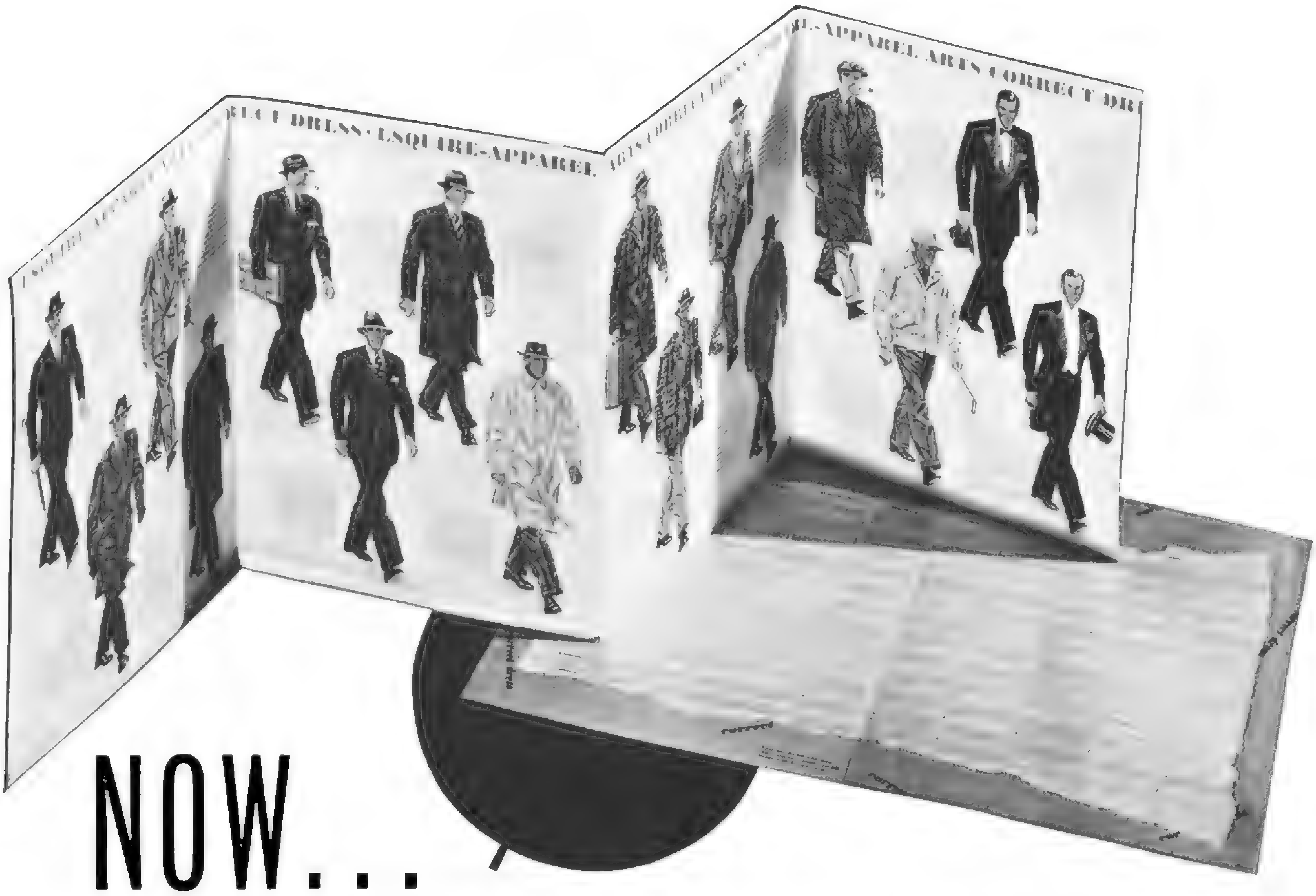

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Figures don't lie. The thousands upon thousands of men who turn to Esquire regularly for up-to-the-minute information on what to wear, do so because they recognize Esquire as America's leading authority on men's fashions. For while clothes, as presented seasonally in Esquire, may not make the man... they certainly make him look more attractive, comfortable and appealing.

For seven years, lean and fat, Esquire has given counsel on the best and not-so-best in apparel, for men, both lean and fat. And even before that, the publishers of Esquire, through their trade publication, Apparel Arts, ranked as the "first authority of the land" in the matter of men's clothing.

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Get your copy of Esquire's Authentic Dress Chart for 1941 today! Use the coupon at the left to place your order. Full remittance of 25c in coin must accompany each order . . . and due to the limited supply, Esquire has reserved the right to limit orders to just one Dress Chart per coupon.

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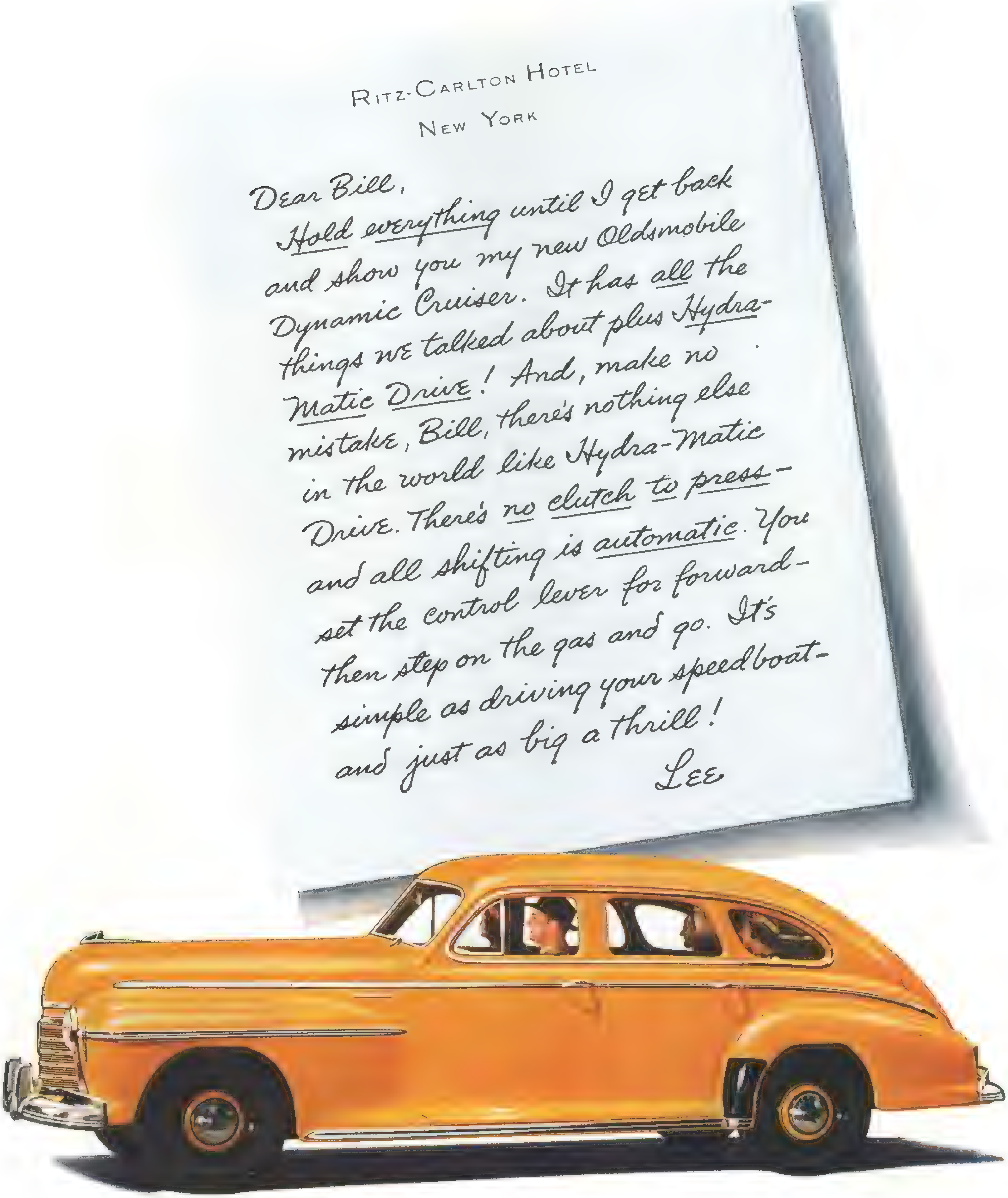

Ritz-Carlton Hotel
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Dear Bill,

Hold everything until I get back and show you my new Oldsmobile Dynamic Cruiser. It has all the things we talked about plus Hydra-Matic Drive! And, make no mistake, Bill, there's nothing else in the world like Hydra-Matic Drive. There's no clutch to press—and all shifting is automatic. You set the control lever for forward—then step on the gas and go. It's simple as driving your speedboat—and just as big a thrill!

Lee

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Conrad Aiken

Conrad Aiken reports that he and his wife, Mary Hoover Aiken, the artist, have become the proud possessors of an eight-acre plantation of poison ivy in the midmost jungle of Cape Cod. How to get rid of the poison ivy before summer is the problem. There is a rumor that goats will eat it, and that the goat's milk is then an antitoxin. They are considering the manufacture of Anti-Poison Ivy Goats' Milk Cheese—but would appreciate more information on this subject. Last year Aiken published his fifth novel, *Conversation* and his sixteenth volume of poetry, *And in the Human Heart.* He has a house in Rye, Sussex, England, which last October was narrowly missed by a bomb; and while resident in England he was for three years the author of *The New Yorker's* London Letter, over the pseudonym of Samuel Jeake, Jr.—a pseudonym no one penetrated, which in some respects, he feels, was just as well.

●

James Ramsey Ullman is a theatrical producer on Broadway, formerly in partnership with Sidney Harmon, for the last two years, alone. Among his productions were *Men in White, The Milky Way, Blind Alley, Double Dummy, Birthday, So Proudly We Hail* and *The Laughing Woman.* He was born in New York City in 1907, was graduated from Andover in '25, and Princeton in '29 and did newspaper work in New York for three years. He wrote a personal record of a trip across the Andes and down the Amazon, *The Other Side of the Mountain,* which Carrick & Evans published in '38. He lives in New York with his wife and two sons, 6 and 3, and boasts he can read four languages: English, French, German and *Variety.*

James Ramsey Ullman

●

John Russell is the author of *Where the Pavement Ends, The Society Wolf, The Red Mark, In Dark Places,* and some 500 published short stories, including *Murder in Fly Time,* page 44. He was born in Davenport, Iowa in 1884, the son of Charles Edward (publicist) and Abby Osborn. He traveled widely in early years, was special correspondent for the *New York Herald* in Panama and Peru in 1908, later a staff writer of fiction, features, verse and interviews for that paper's Sunday magazine. He has explored widely in South America, Asia and Oceania, has written many stories and articles on South Sea, Oriental, adventure and seafaring themes and has served six film companies as consulting specialist and adapter.

●

Thomas Nial, who wrote *Someone May Have the Answer,* left Syracuse University to join the Air Service during the last World War, and afterward, worked for the National Bureau of Casualty and Surety Underwriters in Maryland, Georgia, Oklahoma, Texas, Louisiana, and finally New York. He collaborated with G. F. Michelbacher on a book called *Workmen's Compensation and Employers' Liability Insurance,* which was published by McGraw Hill. Since 1927 he has been in charge of the Agency Department of the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company, in New York.

●

Philip Harkins says: "On reading authors' sketches about beachcombing in Tahiti, soda-jerking at Walgreen's, I used to ask myself: 'Have you ever done anything as impressive as that, chum?' Well, I saw the Bloody, significant Feb. 1934 riots in Paris as the paid guest of a news agency. But, apparently, so did every foreign correspondent in Europe. I took deck passage on a tub from Marseille to Algiers. I dozed off in the stinking hold and one of the boys stole my bottle of brandy. Lesson: Always take along an extra bottle. In an Arab bus I crawled over the Atlas mountains down to Ouled Jellel and into the Sahara. I forgot to bring my lunch. It was Ramadan: not a Mohammedan was eating from dawn to dusk. I sat beside the driver who acknowledged my presence by breaking into insane laughter, borrowing my gloves and rolling a gasoline drum between me and the dashboard. After two days of jouncing at 8 m.p.h. the fasting Arabs took pity on me and gave me some goat's milk bread which the Vichy government might look into one of these days as a rubber substitute. Lesson: Never forget the bicarbonate of soda. I played hockey for the École des Sciences Politiques in Paris. We played one game at Jeff Dickson's Palais des Sports. We lost. A few days later in New York, John Tunis ran me around a tennis court and then with great kindness and patience, steered me into editorial offices. On clear, sunny days I can now get there all by myself."

●

Hermann B. Deutsch has been at various times a stenographer, brakeman, and a college professor in Bethany, West Virginia. He was born in Czechoslovakia, but claims he has been a part of what supplied the "Americana" satirists with material since the age of two. He attended public schools and high school in Cincinnati, took his degrees at the University of Chicago and did newspaper work in Chicago during the ante machine-gun days. Finding the winters too cold, he started around the world with a friend, got as far as New Orleans, where, after an interval as sergeant in a spruce production outfit in World War I, he began his career as a newspaper and free-lance writer. All he can think of to brag about is that once, when the occasion seemed to demand it, he acquired a reading knowledge of Spanish in nine days.

●

J. L. Brown has, at various times, practiced law in Paterson, New Jersey, edited a weekly newspaper and taught literature at New Jersey State Teacher's College. After his article *Don't Be a Lawyer* was published in the *American Mercury* and, later *Reader's Digest,* he took his own advice, and wrote magazine articles, practicing law on the side. He is a graduate of New York University, class of 1923. He says: "I am married and have one cutie, Clara Miriam, age 7½ months."

●

Bob Considine boasts that he was born in Washington, D. C., in a section called Swamppoodle, so tough that the cops wore armor. He went to school at St. Aloysius, Gonzaga High and George Washington University. He got his start in tennis—to the mortification of Swamppoodle friends, who held tennis in lower repute than robbing the church's boxes. This came about because a man he worked for, as messenger boy in U. S. Public Health Service, was a tennis player and made the game obligatory for the messengers. He won some titles, and was all set for tennis bumhood when he got a job as tennis writer on the *Washington Post.* Successively, he covered football, baseball, became sports editor of Hearst's *Morning Herald* in Washington, worked for the *New York American* till that paper folded, then joined the *Mirror* and International News Service. His sports column appears in about 50 papers. He is 34, married, and has a Hell-raising son, 4, named Michael Riley Considine.

Bob Considine

●

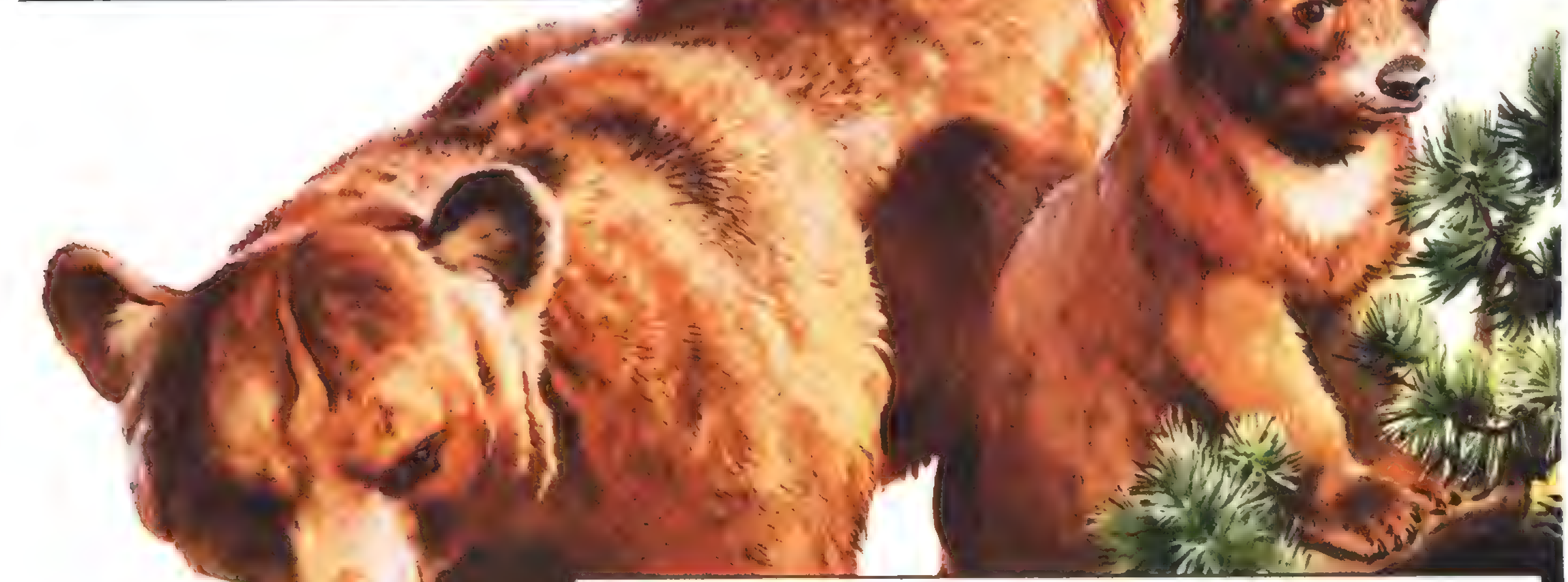
Lin Yutang doesn't like having his pictures published because it spoils his readers' illusion of him as a grand old wise man of the East, with a flowing beard. Son of a Christian pastor in China, Lin Yutang went to Christian schools, married, and sailed with his wife to see the West, to study at Harvard, then to Jena and Leipzig. They returned to China in order that their first child might be born on Chinese soil and there Lin Yutang, as a professor in the Peking National University, joined the Radical movement, was blacklisted and had to hide. Later he joined the revolutionary government in Wuhan as secretary in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and finally, he says: "When I got tired of that and saw through the farce of the revolution, I graduated into an author, partly by inclination and partly by necessity." Like *The Last of the Confucianists* (page 27) he is Chinese to the core.

Lin Yutang

NATURE'S PROTECTIVE BLENDING PROTECTS THE CINNAMON BEAR

LEFT: In her tangle of timber, the Cinnamon Bear relies on Nature's Protective Blending to elude her enemies. Her heavy coat, ranging from rich chestnut to very light tans, blends perfectly with foliage and fallen boughs.

RIGHT: She's too wary to take chances in the open like this. Keen-eyed hunters, as well as grizzlies and cougars, would spot her instantly. First hint of danger, she stands stock-still in cover, hidden by Nature's Protective Blending.



CALVERT'S PROTECTIVE BLENDING

makes possible the most highly refined form of Whiskey

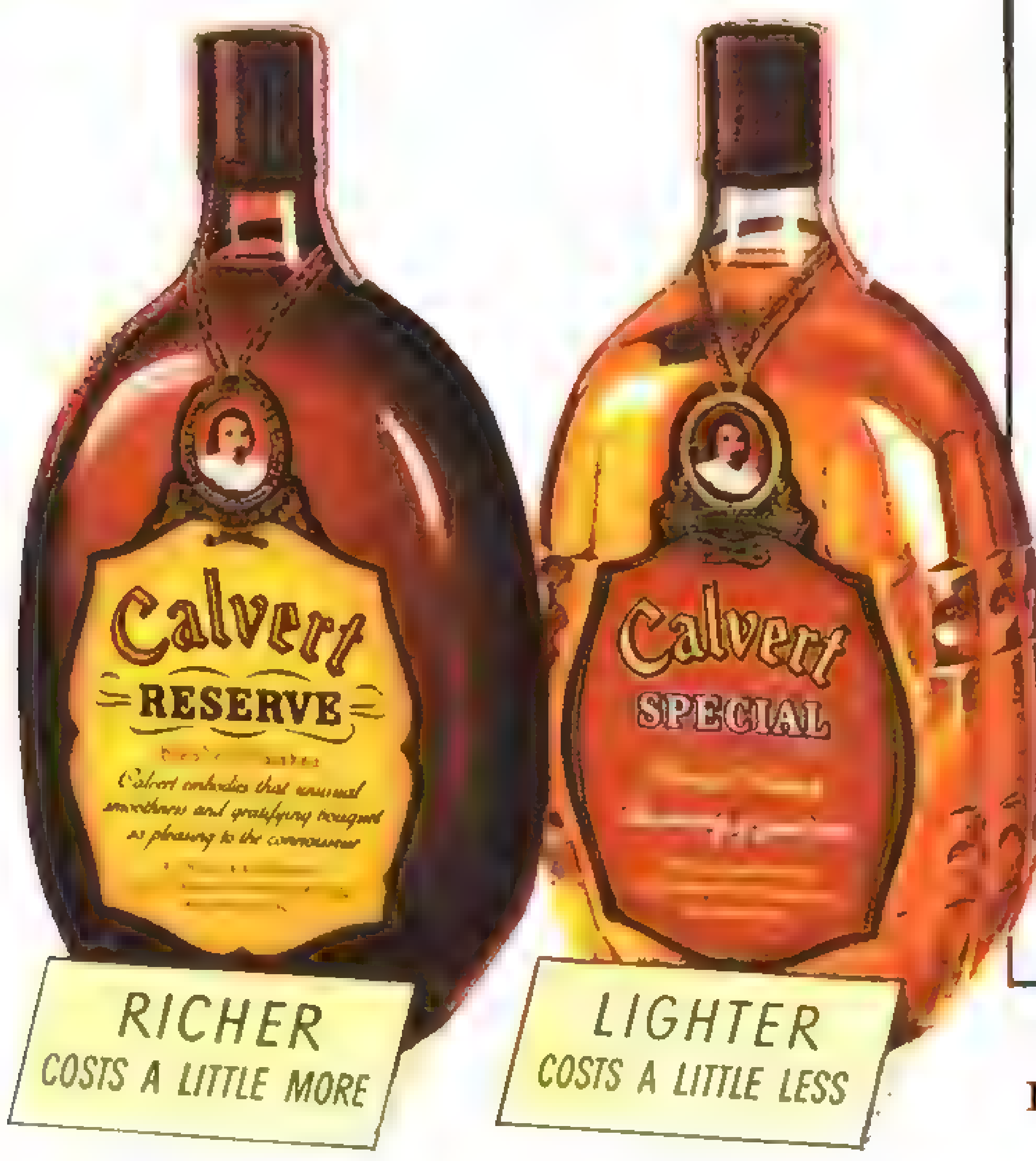
JACK: The Cinnamon Bear is another perfect example of Nature's Protective Blending. Here is Mother Nature at her best.

MACK: Nature's not the only one, Jack. Calvert's Protective Blending makes possible the *most highly refined form of whiskey.* Here! Taste *whiskey* at its best.

JACK: Sa-a-ay, this is *exactly* what I've been looking for—a whiskey that really *tastes good!* Your own discovery?

MACK: Wish I could say so, Jack, but millions of other people have "discovered" it. Calvert is America's best-tasting whiskey—any way you take it!

CLEAR HEADS (CLEAR-HEADED BUYERS)
CALL FOR Calvert



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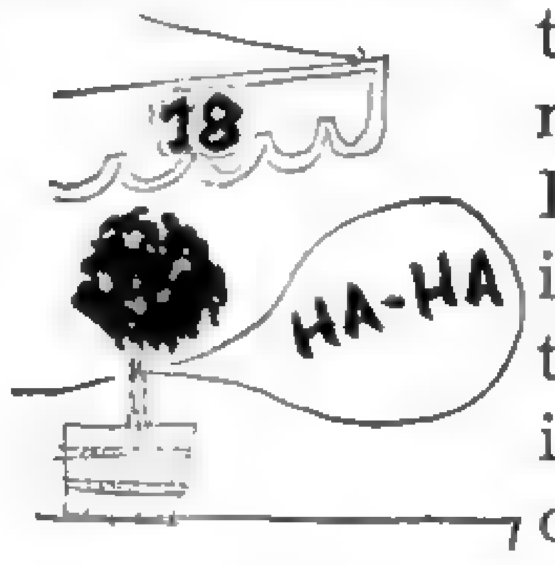
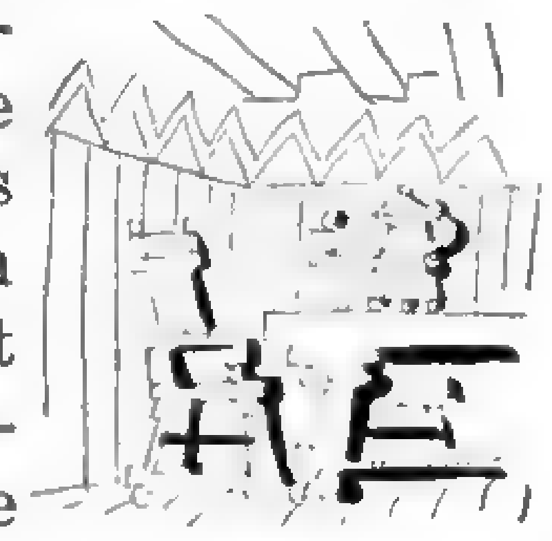
Spaciously modern mooded in its strategic location at the western terminus of Central Park South (240 is the number), the smart new Café Arnold has already registered itself as a carriage trading post at luncheon, cocktail, and serious-dining time. Arnold himself, youngest and not least personable maitre in town, is the official welcomer, greeting many friends acquired when he and his partner L. C. Pani were in charge of the Petroleum Roof at the World's Fair. The Bar also has charm, and there's a special Flemish Room for private shindigs, not to mention an outdoor dining esplanade which will be slick come warm weather. Chef Jean Pradeau is a mighty pleasant pheasanter.



For outstanding unquiet of a waistcoat-splitting sort, Club 18 continues to be the berries. All it lacks is aisles to lay 'em in. And besides the three mad musketeers, there are now lookers Lillian Dell and Maxine Loomis thrushing with interruptions . . . And have you heard those sepia Belmont Balladeers spiritualing between dances at the giddy Glass Hat of manager Jack Stember's Belmont-Plaza, with head bartender Leo pouring you something to remember him by . . . Hats off to the big Greek flag fluttering gallantly afront the St. Moritz Hotel of S. Gregory Taylor . . . Shiver our timbers, let's aboard the Whaler Bar (Midston House, Madison at 38th) for a hot buttered rum or an apple toddy such as the current weather seems to call for . . . The way maestro Woody Herman is mesmerizing the mobs at the Hotel New Yorker's Ice Terrace extravaganza they're calling him Herman the Great.

Distinctly a find in an old brownstone neighborhood is the restaurant A La Fourchette, snug basemented at 342 West 46th Street. Here host Louis Beretta, who hails from Cannes on the French Riviera, purveys hot shrimps à la Louis (sautéed with mushrooms and a touch of garlic), noble onion soup and such trifles as breast of guinea hen Singapore (casseroled with pineapple and brandy), candied sweet potatoes flambé with jamaica rum, and crêpe Normande, the latter a thin pancake big as a parlor rug, enfolding mixed fruits. The coffee served in a stem glass with a strip of orange rind is something too. If you happen to care for food, you'll be enamored of this place.



Thirsty antiquarians are in clover, not to say shamrocks, at McSorley's old Ale House (15 East 7th, just east of 3rd Ave.) which hasn't had a new chair or table, nor a lick of paint, since it was opened in 1854. Here Boss Tweed met a horsecar conductor named Richard Croker, and Police Commissioner Teddy Roosevelt used to drop in for a mug of the famous ale which is still aged 2 years and 8 months before it's served you. But no women admitted; only female ever seen on the premises is the reclining nude (collector's item, truly) by Courbet which hangs in the back room beside the shaving outfit that old McSorley brought over from Ireland in 1843. Elsewhere on the walls are newspapers reporting Lincoln's assassination and the Battle of Waterloo. Sole heating system is the original pot-bellied stove. When the fire-engine gong clangs at midnight (1 A.M. Fridays and Saturdays) you've had your last ale.

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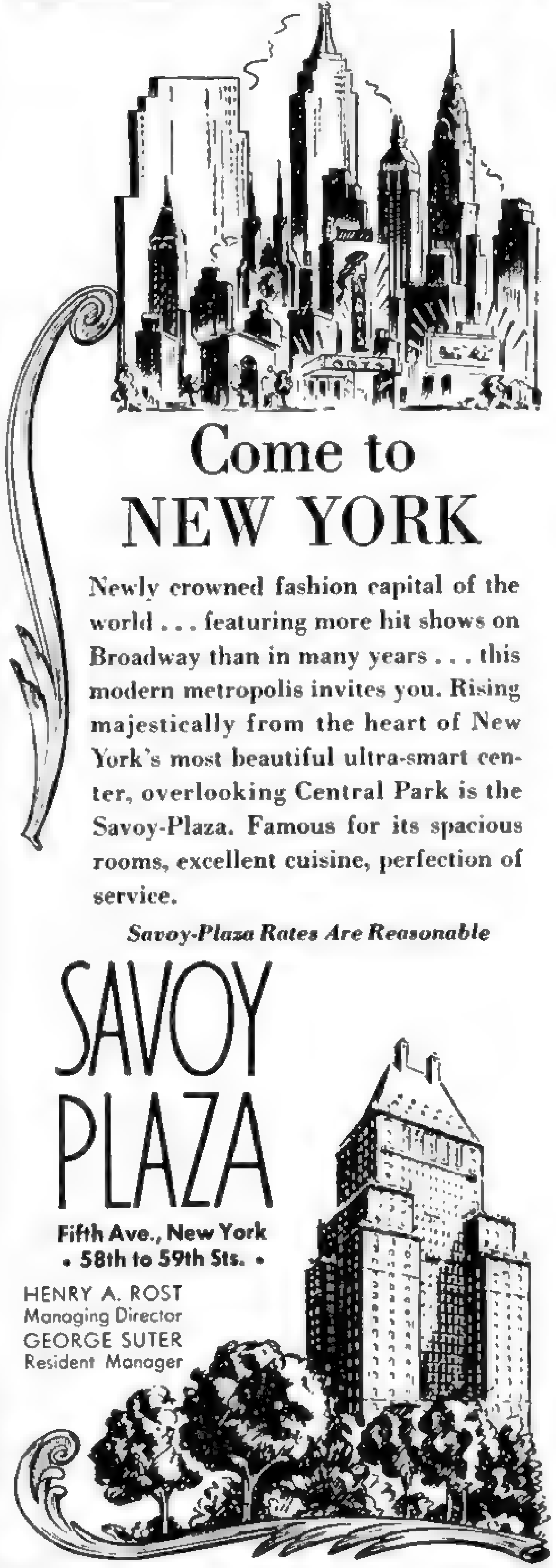
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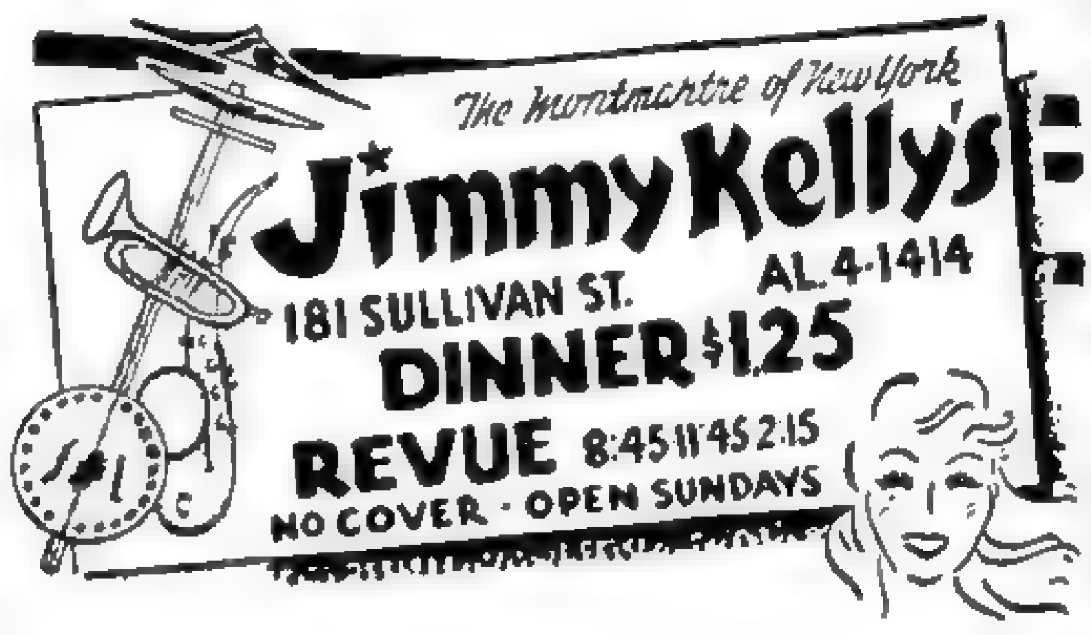
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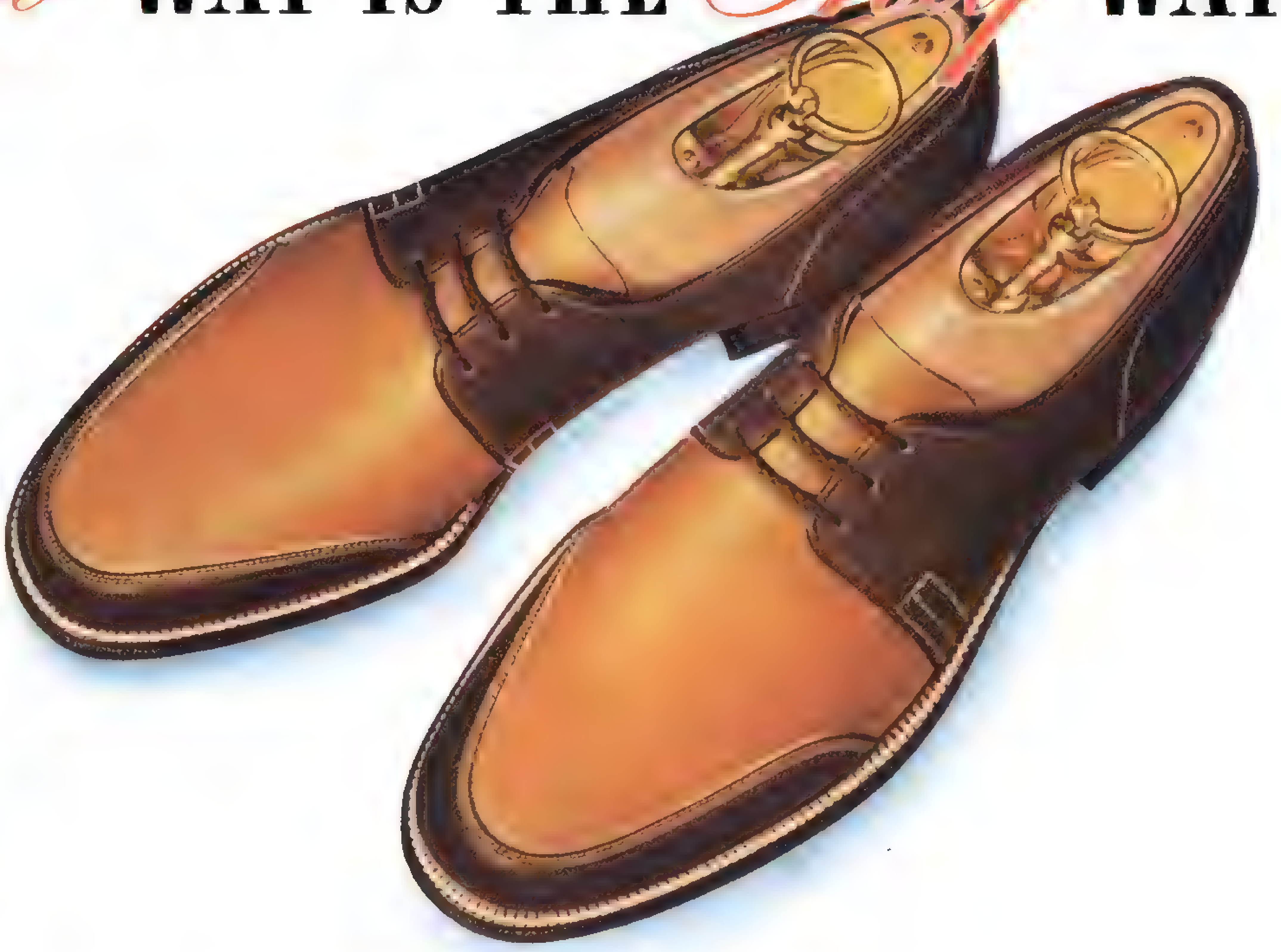
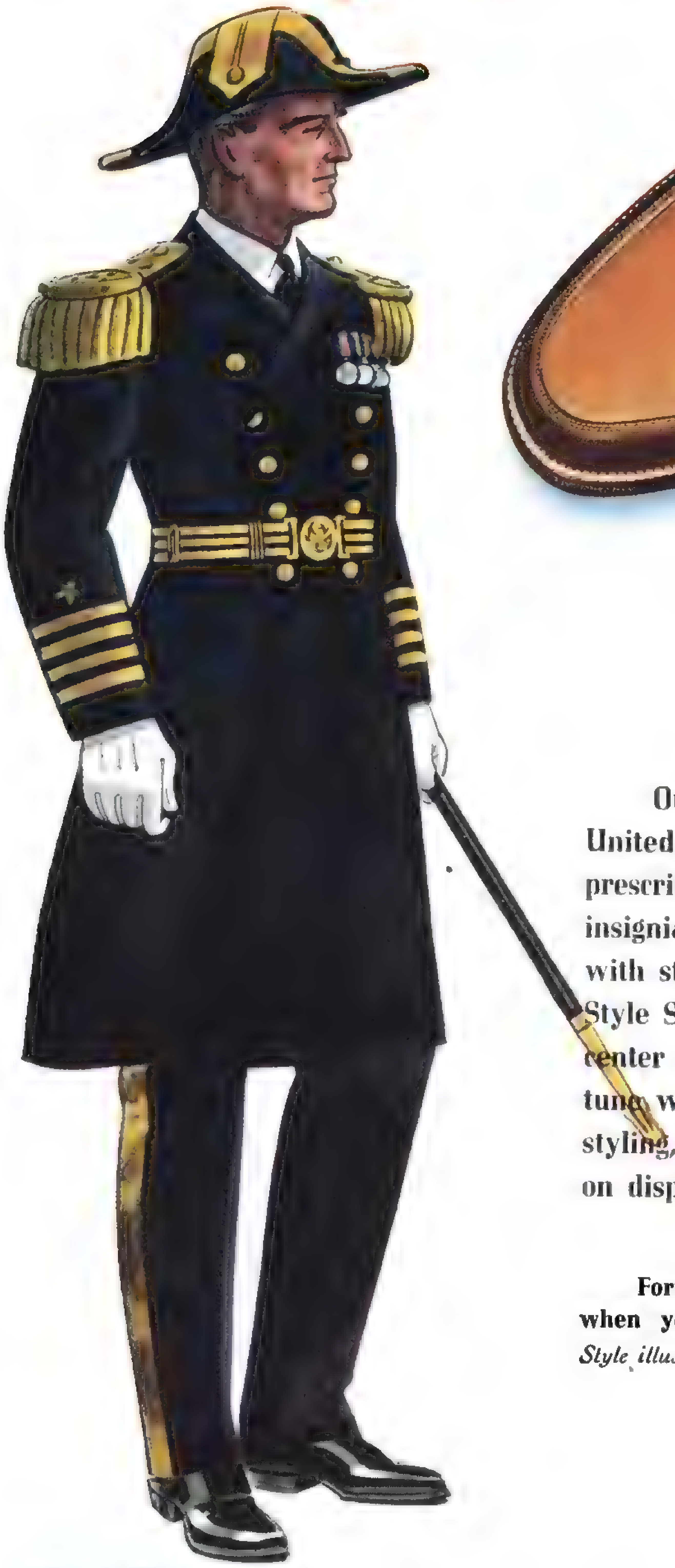
THE *Right* WAY IS THE *Only* WAY





Our handsome captain on the left wears the dress uniform of the United States Navy. Each detail of cut, material and decoration is strictly prescribed by Uniform Regulations. Every bit of gold braid, every button, insignia, epaulet, must be worn exactly as ordered. There is no quibbling with style! Specifications just as rigid control Fortune Shoe styling. Our Style Staff is constantly gathering information from every important style center in America, to make every Fortune style absolutely authentic, in tune with current men's wear trends. There is only one way for Fortune styling, and that is the right way. You will find that kind of shoe styling on display in your Fortune dealer's window. Stop by and see him today.

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Fortune leadership (first in this price range in America) is easy to understand when you become acquainted with Fortune's unmatched styling, comfort, value.

Style illustrated, No. 6521, mudguard pattern, three-eyelet tie, in two tones of soft, glove-type leather.

[illegible]

$4

SOME STYLES HIGHER

The New

FORTUNE

Shoe

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

Fifth Avenue and 59th Street success story: Back some thirty years ago when Europe's Riviera was the shore thing for anybody's money, a certain distinguished vacationist, breakfasting on his balcony overlooking the blue Mediterranean, gave a beam of satisfaction to the young waiter who had served him. "You know your business, my boy. You'll go far."

"Thank you, signor," said the complimented one. "I do have ambitions. Soon I hope to go to Berlin. I have a friend at the Adlon who has promised to recommend me."

"Why not America?"

"America, signor—that is but a distant dream. I have no friends there."

The pleased breakfaster gave him his card. "There," he said, "now you have a friend in America, a friend who can get you a job. Come and see me if you go there." The card read: "Enrico Caruso, Hotel Knickerbocker, New York."

In consequence, Paul Boiardi a year later (1911) was a waiter at the old Knickerbocker. Other and higher jobs followed—leading in 1917 to the Hotel Plaza where he has been ever since as the personification of Plaza service. Though this hotel's Persian Room, of which he is shah, is his particular domain, he has general supervision of three additional restaurants on the premises. He knows so well the preferences of his patrons, most hosts save themselves time and worry in planning their parties by simply "leaving it all to Paul." And when distraught dowagers S.O.S. him from Palm Beach for "the recipe of that dessert at my luncheon in October—remember?" his memory never fails them. Prexy Esky is therefore particularly happy to confer upon Paul Boiardi the degree of D.G.—Doctor of Gastronomy—with special citation for graciousness.

Midnight sitters-about chez Spivy, roofed at 139 East 57th, reap linger-rewards in the form of sweet balladry by adept Betty Bryant and uncannily original comico-dramatic "impressions" by young George Lloyd, one of the Mercury Theatre's wonder lads. His "Eating a Peanut Butter Sandwich," "Boy with a Piece of String," etc., are blingers. Not to mention Spivy herself . . . At Mon Paris, gladsome, golden-aureoled Jerry Blanchard spreads her charm hither and yon as she sings (no mike, thank you) sophisticated ditties, including her classic number anent repeat orders on pie. The American Spice Trade Association could take lessons from her, if they aren't doing so already. As might be expected, the crowd is smart and youngish, putting the music of singing-fiddling Dick Wilson and his orchestra to lively use . . . Down at Collada's El Chico in the Village those comely Mexican saucies, Joyita and Maravilla, who caused such an epidemic of mental cheating, have gone—for the moment. But they'll be back. Meanwhile that cute compatriot of theirs, whistling minx Maria Luisa Lopez, for whom we're an old tumbler, is here again with her bright eyes. Also the rattling good Goya-esque dance team of Juan Martinez and Antonita. And other colorful stompers, with a guitar-fiend to fury them, while fresh mint enhances the fragrance of your Rum Old-fashioned . . . "All for the Good Life" is the theme song of *A Wine Lover's Cook Book*" by the Wine and Food Society's inimitable Jeanne Owen, teaching your saucepan to sit up and beg for its Burgundy . . . Ever meet crabmeat en brochette? Well, neither had we till we fell upon it rejoicefully last time we dined at the Divan Parisien (17 East 45th), where a lot of swell epicurean ideas are born. Among other trove was a ruddy-hearted Chateau-briand Wellington (dumpling overcoat) and a Napoleonic black-cherry-and-cream dessert towered with spun sugar. Our only hardship was waiting for a table—the chronic trouble at this much-mobbed place. But the management is humane about seeing that applicants are soothed with cocktails.

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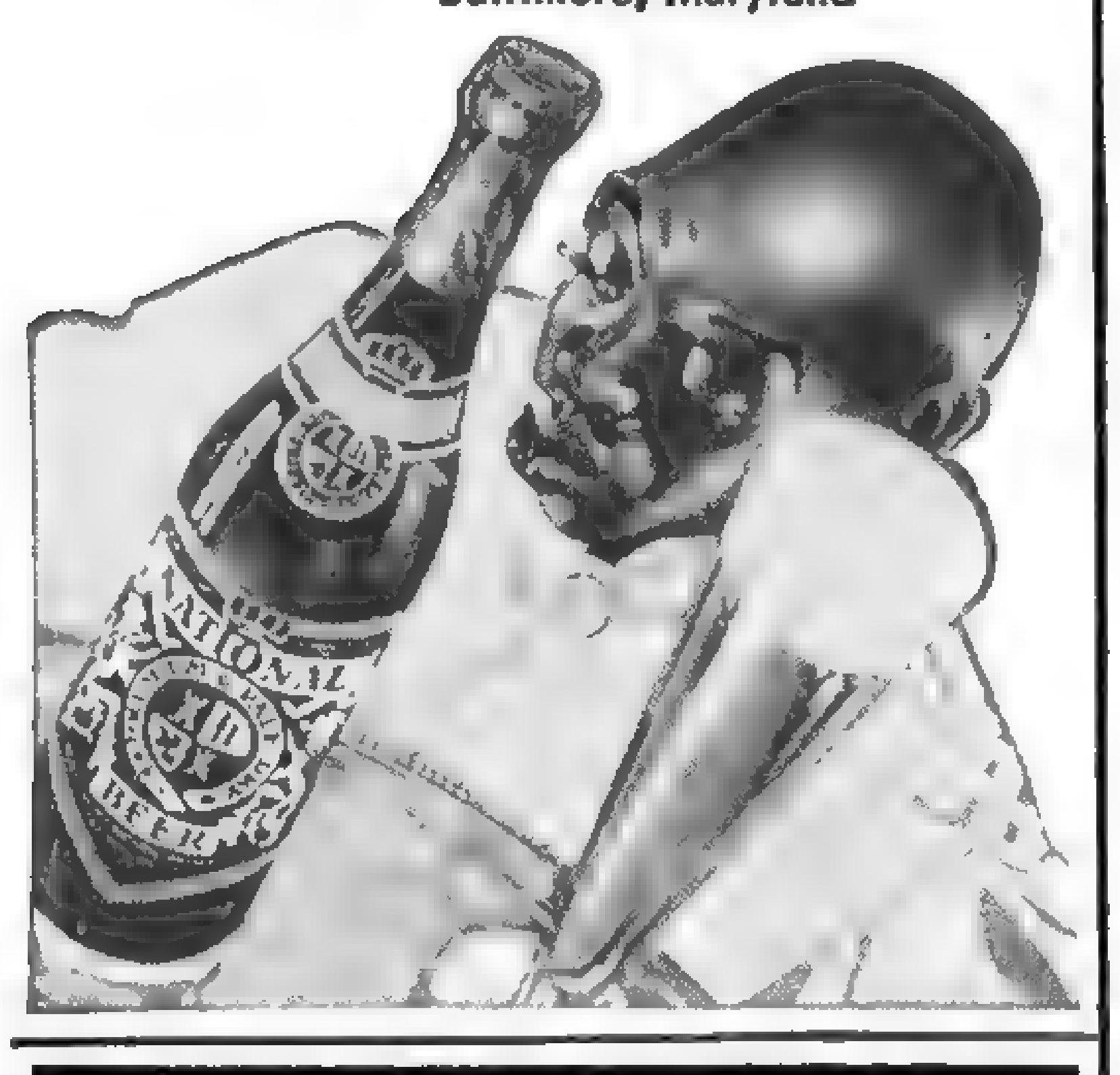

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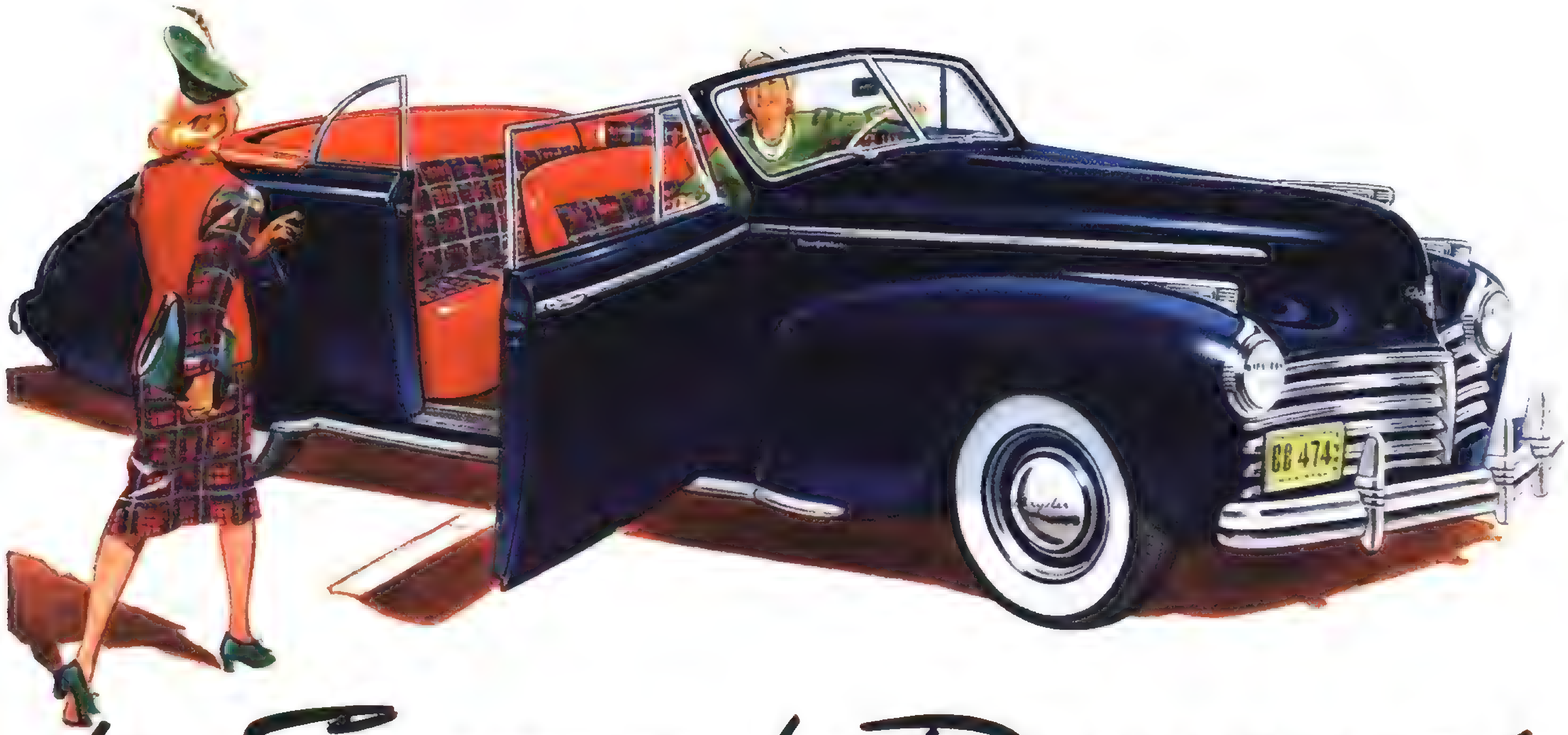

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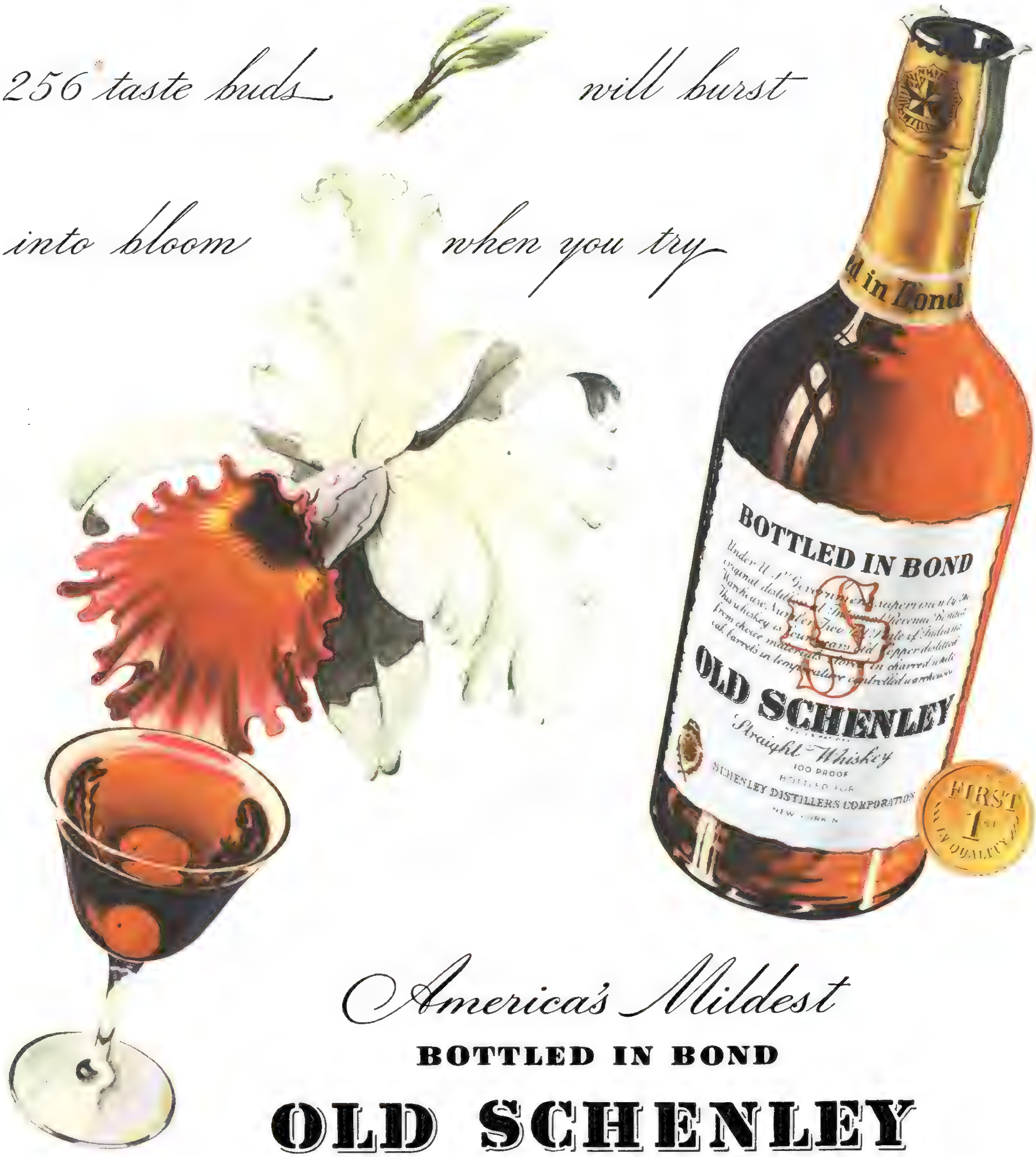
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The Last of the Confucianists

Ku Hung-ming was a scholar, educated in the West, who had spurned it with heated contempt and returned to China

by LIN YUTANG

ARTICLE

Peking is a city where you can never be sure what you may discover tomorrow, after living there for ten years. It is so big, ancient, unconcerned, tolerant, and it is a depository of ancient customs and traditions, centuries old, which are a blend of the folkways of Chinese, Manchus, Mongols and Mohammedans. Like all big cities, it has the air of mystery and the perpetual lure of the yet unknown and unexplored. It is only the novice who declares that he knows Peking. For Peking is full of long, crooked alleys, where behind the red gates of private residences live free and unperturbed, each pursuing his own way of living, the most curious conglomeration of saints, scholars, boxers, eunuchs, concubines, monks' mistresses, politicians, retired governors, artists, writers, collectors and theatre critics. There is an atmosphere of freedom and tolerance about Peking which allows these creatures to survive. I call it "Peking humor"; there is no other word for it.

Down in one of those alleys, in Kanyu Hutung, there lived in this atmosphere of Peking humor the most interesting character I have known. To some, he was a puzzle or curiosity; to others, a fake or at best an old wit; but to many who knew him, he was a philosopher and a soul standing gloriously alone, and glad to stand alone. He was the last of the Confucianists. He happened to have the Bible and Shakespeare at his finger tips and was very fond of quoting Matthew Arnold, Carlyle, Cardinal Newman and Browning. Yet he was most consistently a Chinese teacher, being unashamedly partial to bound feet in women and keeping a queue himself in the Republican era when everybody else had cut it off.

In the nineteen-twenties, when I was living in Peking, he was already a man over sixty, thin and wrinkled, with a pair of unusually deep eyes, still retaining his queue and dressed in a shabby old Chinese gown, with his trousers tied up around the ankles. Indoors or outdoors, he always carried a Chinese tobacco pipe, a foot and half long, which he held in his shaking hand at the angle that a violinist holds his violin. Walking in the streets, he was indistinguishable from any of the average old Chinese scholars who did not know a word of English. Some looked at his queue as an anachronism and laughed it off as something to be expected in an old crank. But the queue was to him a symbol of loyalty to an ancient order, even though the Manchu emperor had disappeared. Ku was a royalist without a king and a teacher-philosopher without disciples. What a pathetic, proud and dignified spectacle!

There is quite a legend about Ku Hung-ming. Unwitting Westerners living in Peking, led by his deceptive appearance into criticizing the Chinese people in his presence, would be suddenly surprised by an astonishing flow of fluent English, tolerable German, interspersed with phrases of French and Latin. Some travelers in Peking were warned to keep their opinions to themselves lest the old man in a Chinese gown sitting across in a railway carriage turn out to be Ku himself and suddenly ask you whether you had read *Sartor Resartus*, which most probably you hadn't. Speaking in German or French wasn't any safer, for he could always reply in kind.

Ku was educated in Edinburgh in the last century, being thus among the earliest generation of Chinese educated abroad, but in his thinking and convictions about life, he was strictly a contemporary of Confucius. He stands as the type of a Chinese scholar who has studied and known the West, has spurned it with devastating contempt and returned to the East. He loved quoting the Victorian masters to annoy the English and the English who didn't like him said Ku had a bee in his bonnet.

One first-hand story is illustrative of this attitude. Ku was sitting one day at a cinema theater with his long pipe. After a while, he thought of smoking, but couldn't find a match. In front of him sat an old Scotchman with a bald head. Ku knocked his pipe gently on the old man's bald head. The latter turned round to look in surprise, but Ku merely stretched out his hand and said with great composure, "Light, please!" The Scotchman was so completely taken by surprise that he meekly obliged. Ku returned the match with thanks and smoked in silence.

What made Ku sufferable and even loved by the people he insulted, however, was his wit. For he had made himself out to be the champion of everything Chinese, including footbinding and concubinage. In defense of concubinage in a public speech, he once asked: "You have seen a teapot with four teacups. But did you ever see a teacup with four teapots?" The audience of course roared in laughter. A wit never argued; he merely said it was so.

So far as I can remember, there was only one thing Chinese which Ku did not defend, and that was the corruption of the officials, which was getting worse and worse under the Republican regime that he hated. He said, the verb that is most commonly conjugated in Peking is the verb *to squeeze:* "I squeeze, you squeeze, he squeezes; we squeeze, you squeeze, they squeeze." There was a touch of Heinrich Heine in him, and he probably plagiarized a little, to suit his purpose. Yet, however outspoken and derisive he was about the public authorities, he never once got into trouble or was arrested, because the people respected his integrity.

Witticisms like that make him immortal. He wrote little, but what he wrote won him

Continued in center of page 122

FILE INCOME TAX REPORTS HERE
Dave Gerard

"Mind if I phone the hospital? I'm expecting an exemption"

World Revolution in Weather

Climate changes occur every 2,500 years and scientists wonder if the next one, due now, will destroy coastal cities

by MARTIN STEVERS

•ARTICLE•

℞

The world is busy these days dreading Hitler's next act. Some of our best minds are acquiring grey hair from wondering whether our present civilization can endure. Meanwhile, Old Mother Nature may just be nursing along an event which—if it comes to pass—will make our present-day troubles seem mere small change.

Should Nature swing into this offensive of her own, London would escape all further trouble from bombs because the dear old city would lie comfortably blanketed beneath one hundred feet or more of salt water. New Yorkers who remain in business in the Empire State Building would take a rowboat or a speed launch from an eighth or a tenth story window whenever they wanted to do business with someone in the Chrysler Building or in some downtown skyscraper. Chicago might be planting its own grapefruit trees, because the present-day groves in Florida would be lying at the bottom of new deep-sea fishing grounds. All this—and much more—could happen if Nature actually is preparing to repeat the history of the last few millennia with just one more of her little changes in worldwide climate.

A few simple facts, placed side by side, will show how a comparatively slight change, no greater than several others which have occurred since the Ice Age ended some 9,000 years ago, could ruin much of our present worldwide geographic, political, and economic setup.

For one fact, the southern limit of pack ice in the Arctic Ocean from Greenland to Siberia has receded some 150 miles since the World War of 1914-18, and the thickness of the cold-water layer in these seas has been cut in half. This melting carries no threat of dire consequences in itself, but it does suggest tremendous changes in our world if other huge accumulations of ice should also start melting—particularly the two huge continental glaciers which lie from half a mile to a mile thick, over Greenland and Antarctica.

Between them, these two caps contain perhaps 6½ million cubic miles of ice. If this huge accumulation should melt and flow into the oceans, the sea level would rise at least 125 feet and would drown all land which stands at less than this height above the present ocean surface. The drowned land would include all but a hilltop or two in most of our seaport cities. London, Paris, Rome, and northern Germany as far inland as Berlin would be covered. Florida would be reduced to a small island; the Mississippi would become a broad arm of the sea at least as far north as Vicksburg. Hence the whole world has a most practical stake in learning whether these glaciers may be following the lead of the Arctic Ocean pack ice, by starting to melt. Naturally, glaciologists and climatologists the world over are trying to answer this question.

The effort, however, is far from being a simple and straightforward task. Rather, it is one of the thorniest tasks which could be placed before science. How troublesome it is can be appreciated by merely noting a few of the difficulties which beset every attempt to obtain an answer with direct measurement.

The simplest measurement, of course, would be of gain and loss in the ice caps themselves. Arctic and Antarctic explorers do what they can to gather data on this question. They measure the rate at which the glacial surface creeps toward the sea, and breaks up at its edges into icebergs. From this they estimate how much water is added to the oceans every year. But all the work that can be done with the funds at present available for polar research yields sporadic measurements at only a few points, along many thousands of miles of coast line.

Also, this work leaves unanswered the second half of the problem. After learning how much water is supplied to the sea every year through icebergs, we should know how much is placed back upon the caps through snowfall. This can only be learned by measuring snowfall at a great number of stations—and Admiral Byrd's experiences, while maintaining a winter watch of this sort, give a vivid idea of how difficult and dangerous such work can be. Yet such difficulties and dangers would have to be overcome at scores of stations year after year before we could get an idea, by measurement of snowfall, whether these glacial caps are gaining or losing ice on net balance of intake and output.

Another theoretical possibility for settling the problem lies in measuring the total amount of heat contained in the oceans.

The oceans are the target here, instead of the land, because but little of our climate and weather are "made" over the land. Particularly is this true for temperature. Dry earth occupies only about one-eighth of the world's surface. Seven eighths is water—and water has the highest specific heat, or ability to absorb or give out heat with relatively slight change in temperature, of any common substance. Hence the oceans are the great reservoirs which absorb summer sunshine without becoming unduly hot, and then help out the land in winter by giving off heat without becoming unduly cold.

In theory, then, we could learn whether worldwide climate is becoming warmer or cooler by measuring the temperatures of ocean water the world over for a number of years, and noticing whether, on the average, any change is occurring. Today such measurements are being made on a worldwide scale—but one hitch is that this work is comparatively new. We have nothing like the records needed to tell us how much heat was locked up in the ocean waters in, say, 1900, or 1850, or 1800. Hence we have no basis for testing present conditions against those of the past.

Another difficulty is illustrated by some of the explanations offered for the very melting of Arctic ice which raises the question of climate change.

As pointed out by F. Loewe, one of the foremost students of this melting, this change could have been caused by a slight increase in average barometric pressure which occurred over the North Atlantic, from Greenland to Norway. When the increase occurred, the mass of higher pressure air in this region acted to hamper the normal west-to-east sweep of the planetary winds in this region, and also reduced the flow of warm Gulf Stream water which these winds helped carry toward northwestern Europe. Some of the blocked wind and water flowed northward along the coast of Greenland instead of northeastward to the British Isles and Norway, and launched a frontal attack upon the masses of Arctic ice. Thus a simple shift in ocean currents is enough to explain the melting. The climate need not have changed—except, of course, that the rise in atmospheric pressure is in itself a climate change which calls for explanation.

A final direct method of attacking the problem lies in measuring the ultimate source of all climate, and indeed of all life, upon the earth—the amount of heat received from the sun.

Happily for science, this work has been under way for half a century, thanks to the foresight of Samuel Pierpont Langley, the brilliantly imaginative secretary of the Smithsonian Institution who failed to achieve mechanical flight with his "Langley's folly" just seven days before the Wright Brothers actually flew. Langley embarked the Smithsonian upon accurate measurement of heat received from the sun well back in the nineteenth century, and the work has gone forward ever since. Today the present director of the work, Dr. C. G. Abbott, believes that enough has been learned to help us make general weather predictions for about two weeks in advance, and such larger phenomena as wet and dry years for several years in advance. He believes this because the sun seems to go through periods or cycles of giving out increased or decreased heat. Associated with these cycles are changes in the number and the character of sunspots, and in outpouring of the electrons which cause auroras, radio disturbances, and other atmospheric effects. By keeping track of these cycles, and noting what changes are coming, Dr. Abbott believes that the larger aspects of weather can be predicted considerably in advance.

Unfortunately, knowledge of these cyclical changes is not complete enough as yet to reveal whether any long-run, more or less permanent, change in the solar heat is occurring. Such knowledge still lies far in the future, because the cycles of change, if they really exist, are both numerous and complex. Some run their course in weeks, others in a few years. At least one cycle seems to have a period of 23 years. The mere task of establishing the facts about these cycles will take many more years of study. Until this has been done, nobody can say whether the many slight changes which are observed in heat output are merely periodic, or are a long-run increase or decrease.

Thus as yet, we have no way of learning by direct measurement what may be happening to our climate. But we still have one recourse. We can appeal to what has happened in the past, for clues to what may happen in the future, and may even be happening now.

The most striking event in the past, is, of course, the breakup of the great Ice Age. During this age, as most of us know, huge, continent-wide glaciers fully as thick as those lying near the two poles, stretched southward over the northern continents. In North America they reached into Iowa, Illinois, Ohio and central New York; they blanketed all New England. Then, about 25,000 years ago, these ice caps started to melt at their edges, and this melting continued until the cap over the northern hemisphere shrank back to the present remnant in Greenland. Meanwhile, as water poured forth from the melting glaciers, the oceans rose several hundred feet, and turned such low-lying areas as the sites of the present English Channel and the North Sea from flat plains into open ocean.

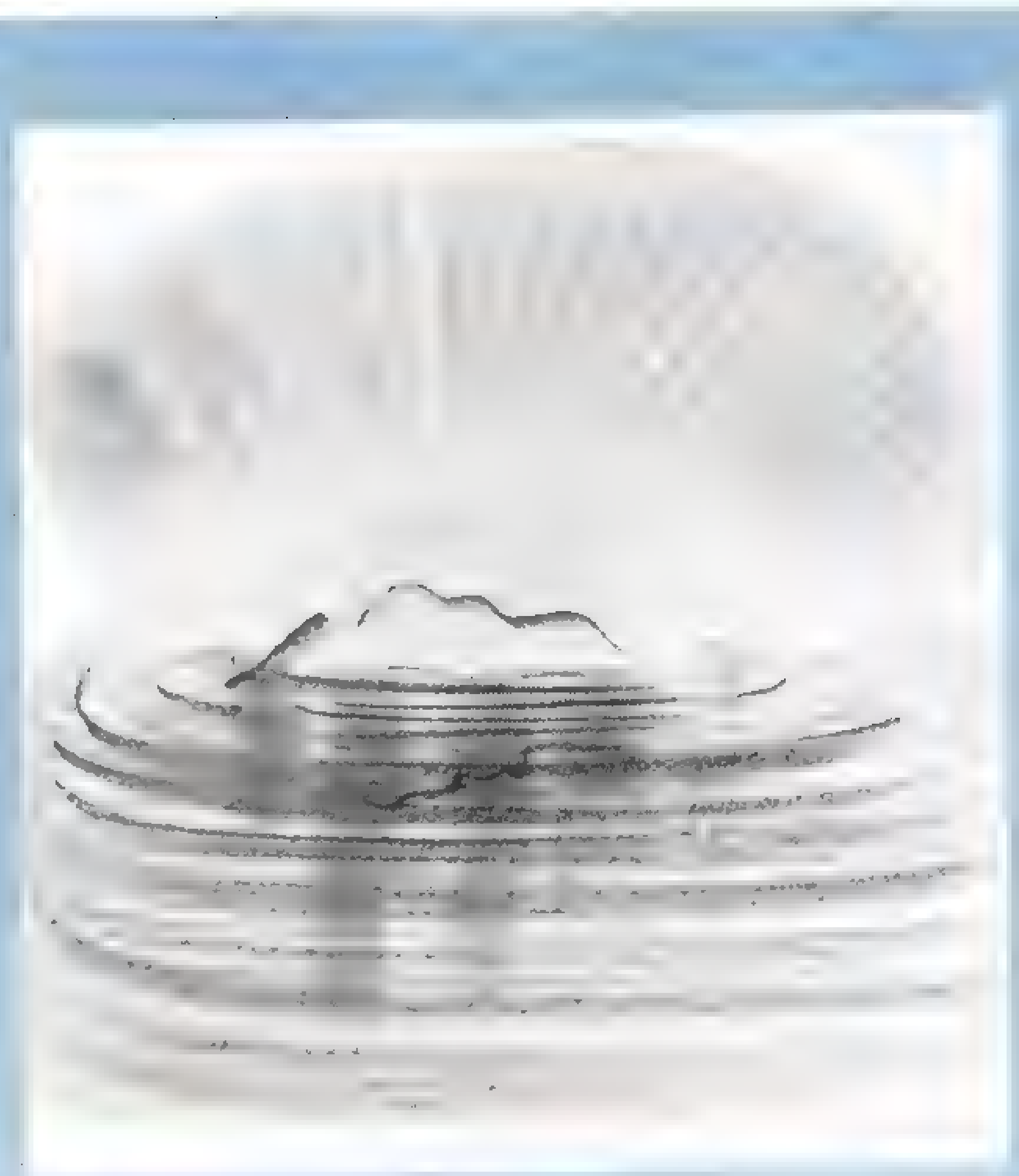
What happened to bring about this change is still unknown, in part because any of several relatively slight changes could have caused the melting.

W. C. Humphreys of the United States Weather Bureau worked out a suggestion that an increase of atmospheric dust from volcanoes could have screened off heat enough to cause an Ice Age. When the heavy output of dust ceased, so did the glaciation. We have no way, however, of checking this theory, because we know of no way in which to learn whether such a change in volcanic activity occurred.

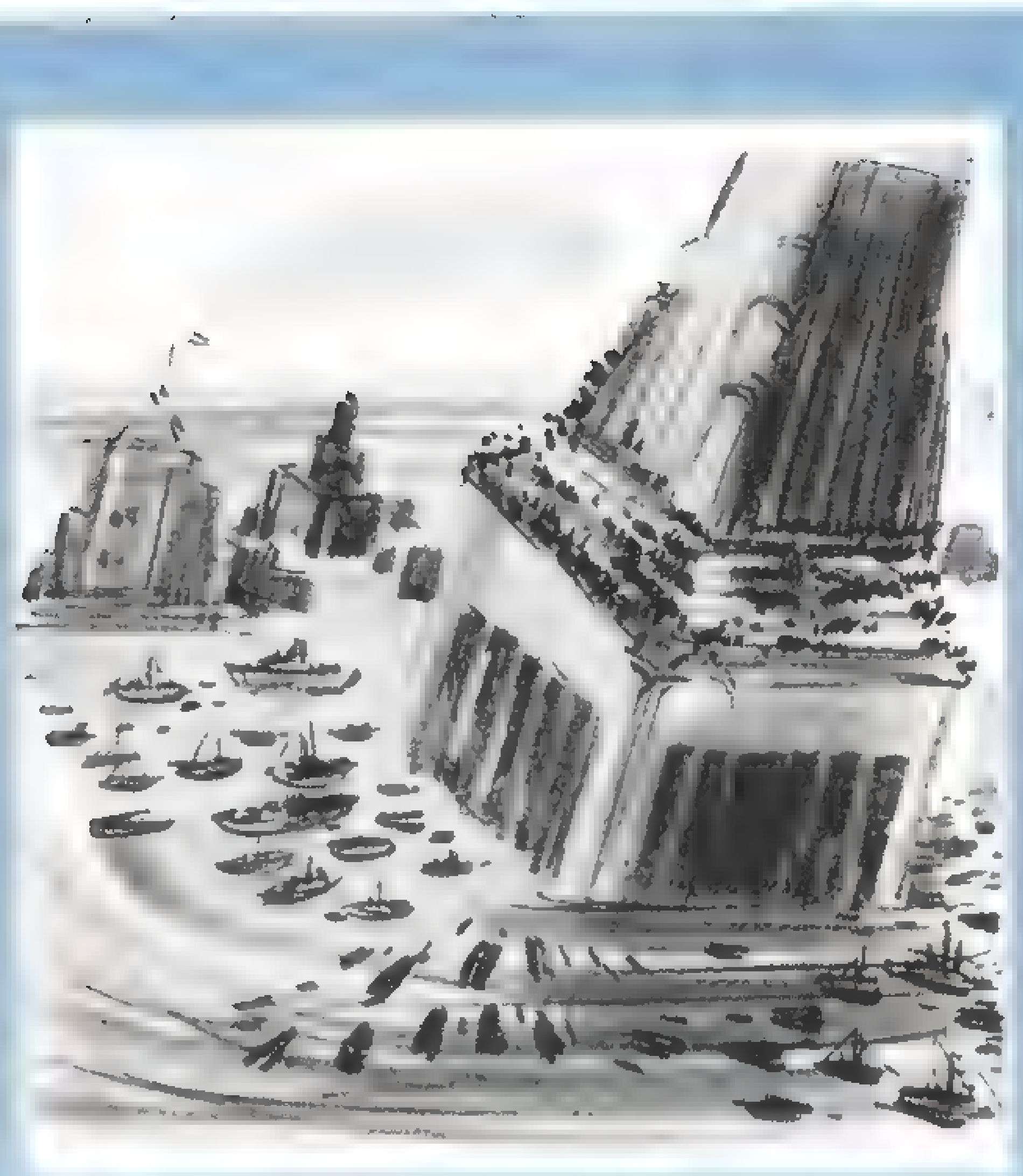
C. E. P. Brooks of London believes that slight changes in the elevations of mountain ranges and plateaus, both on the continents and under the seas, could have disturbed winds and ocean currents enough, first to bring on, and then to break up, widespread glaciation. Here again, however, no definite way is known for checking the theory. Sir George Simpson suggests a long-period, double pulsation in the output of heat from the sun—and once again the difficulty is to test the theory against definite evidence.

But even though ultimate causes remain a mystery, other important facts about this great change are well established. Most important among them, for speculating about what may happen next, is the "start and stop" character of the entire change from continent-wide glaciation to the climate of today. The change was not a steady, gradual shift from colder to warmer. It occurred in

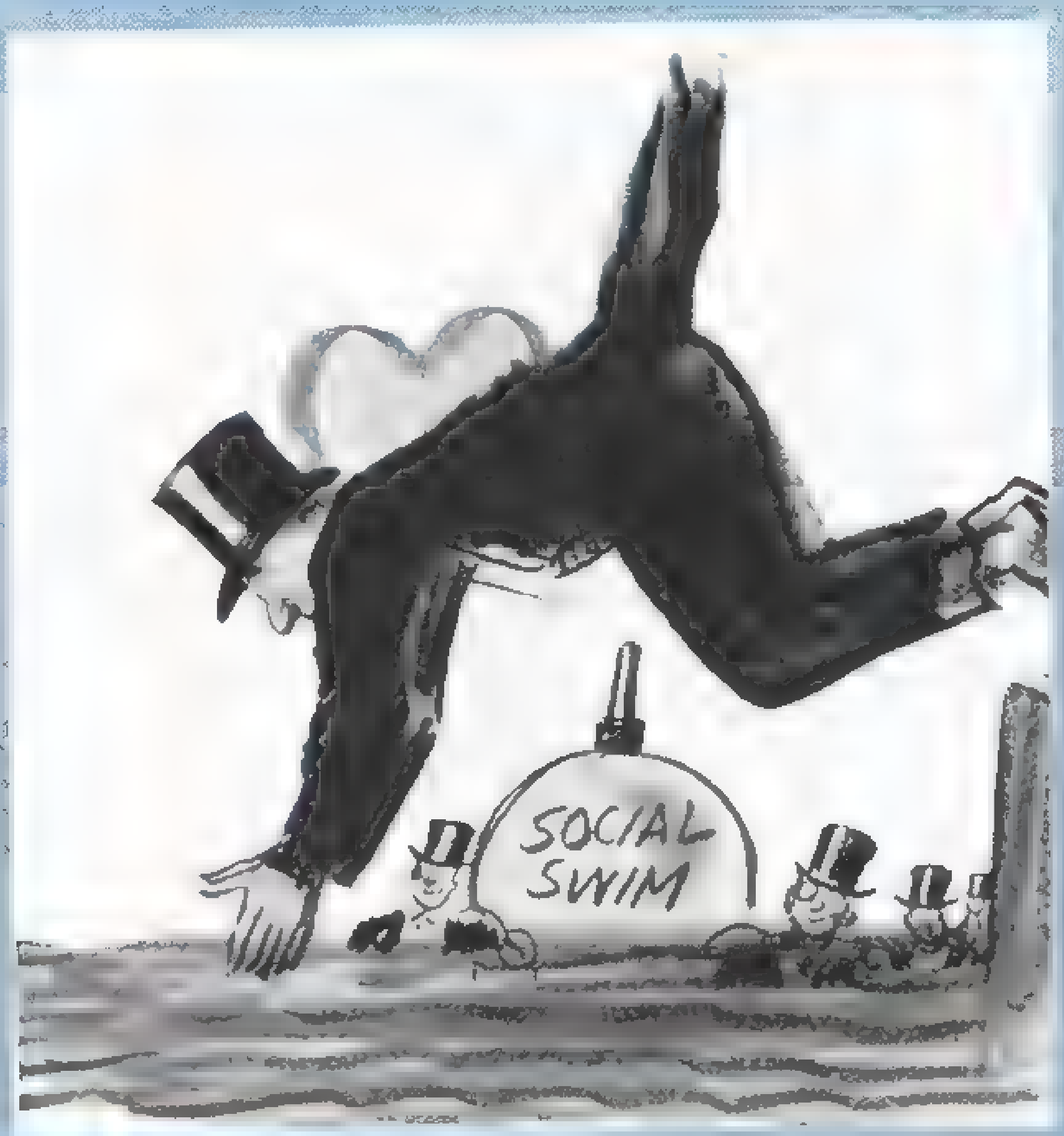
Continued in center of page 157



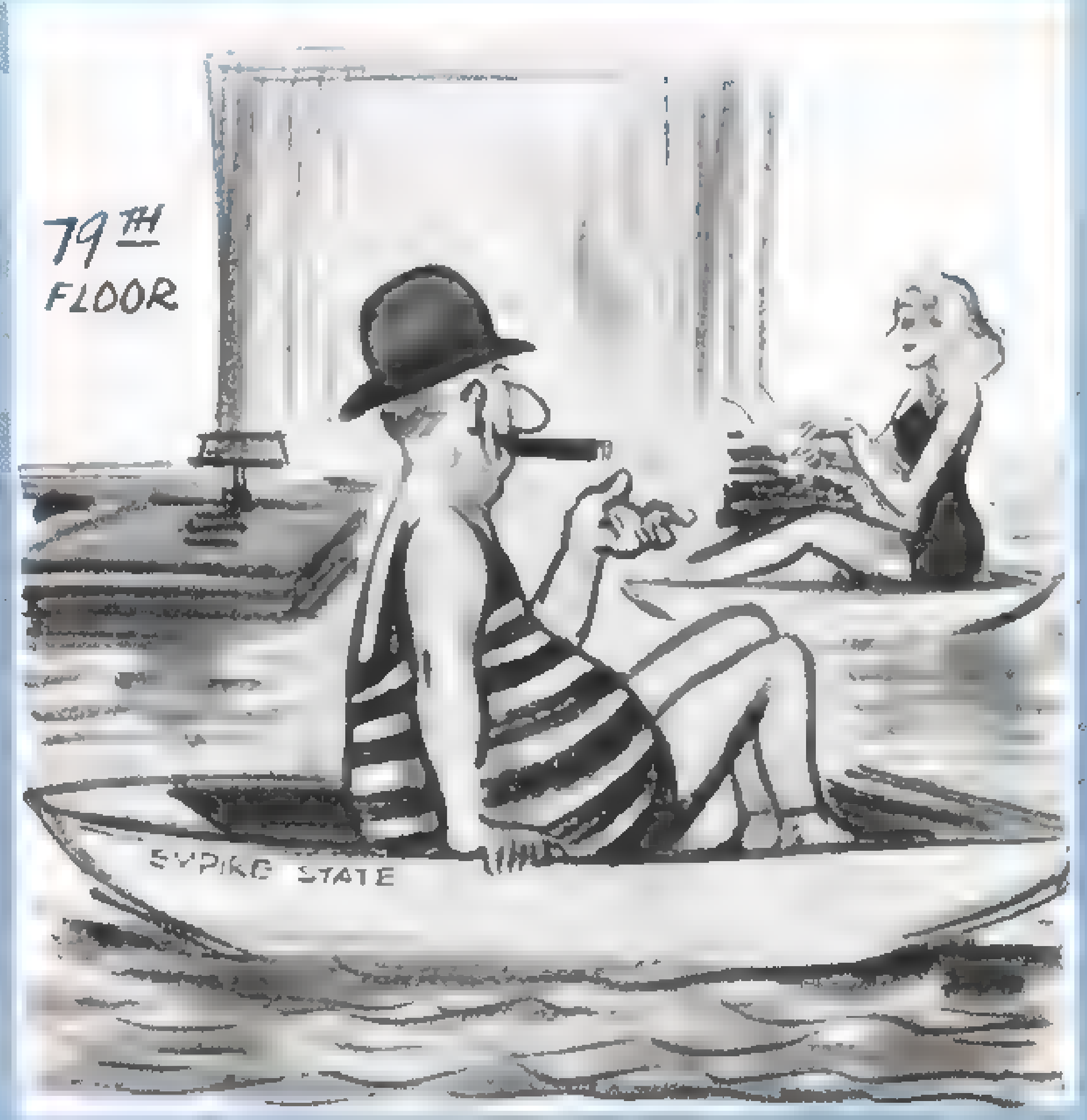
1—*Ice-packs in the Arctic ocean*
Soon may melt and cause commotion . . .



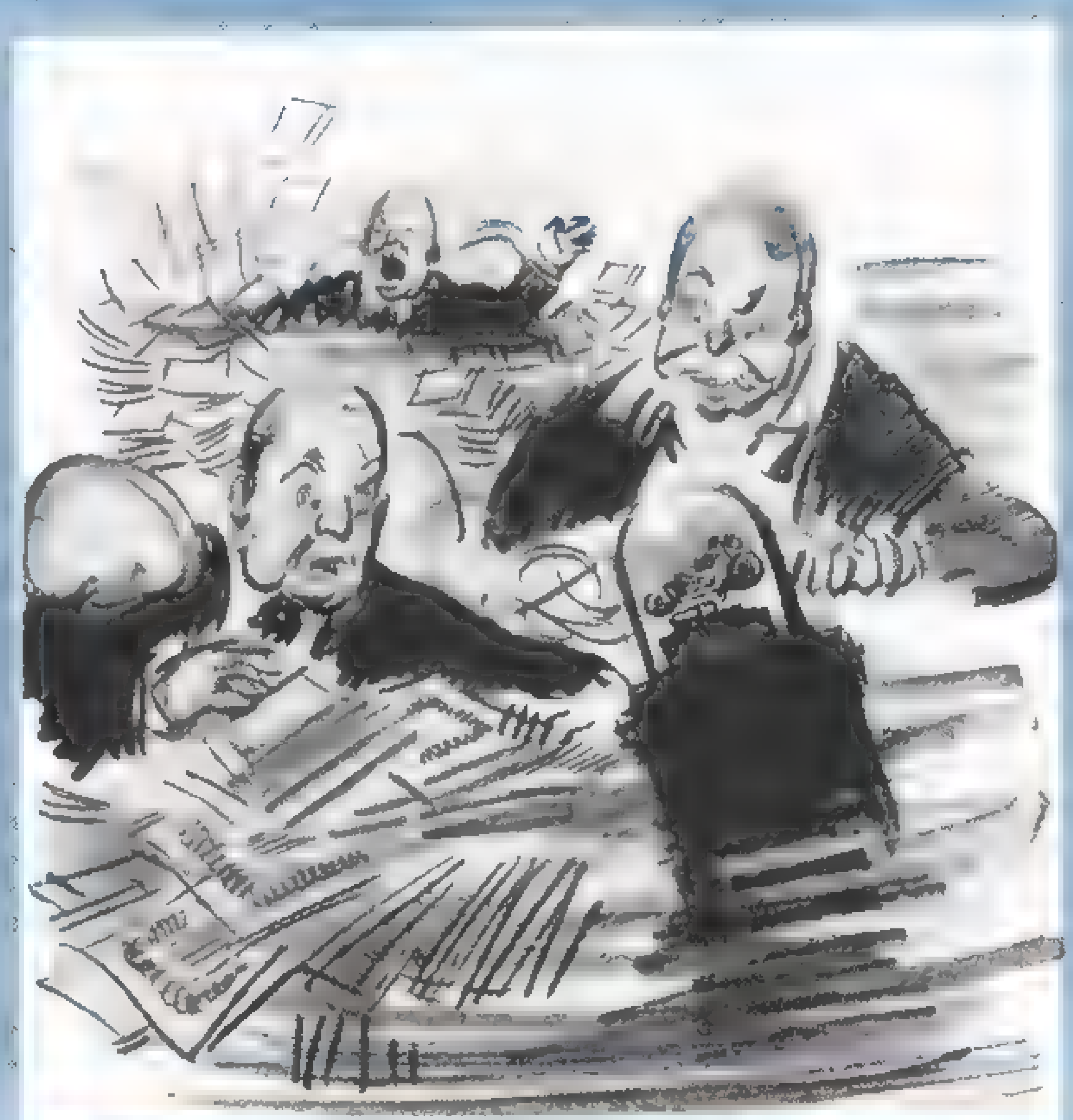
2—*And these scenes may be created*
If New York is inundated . . .



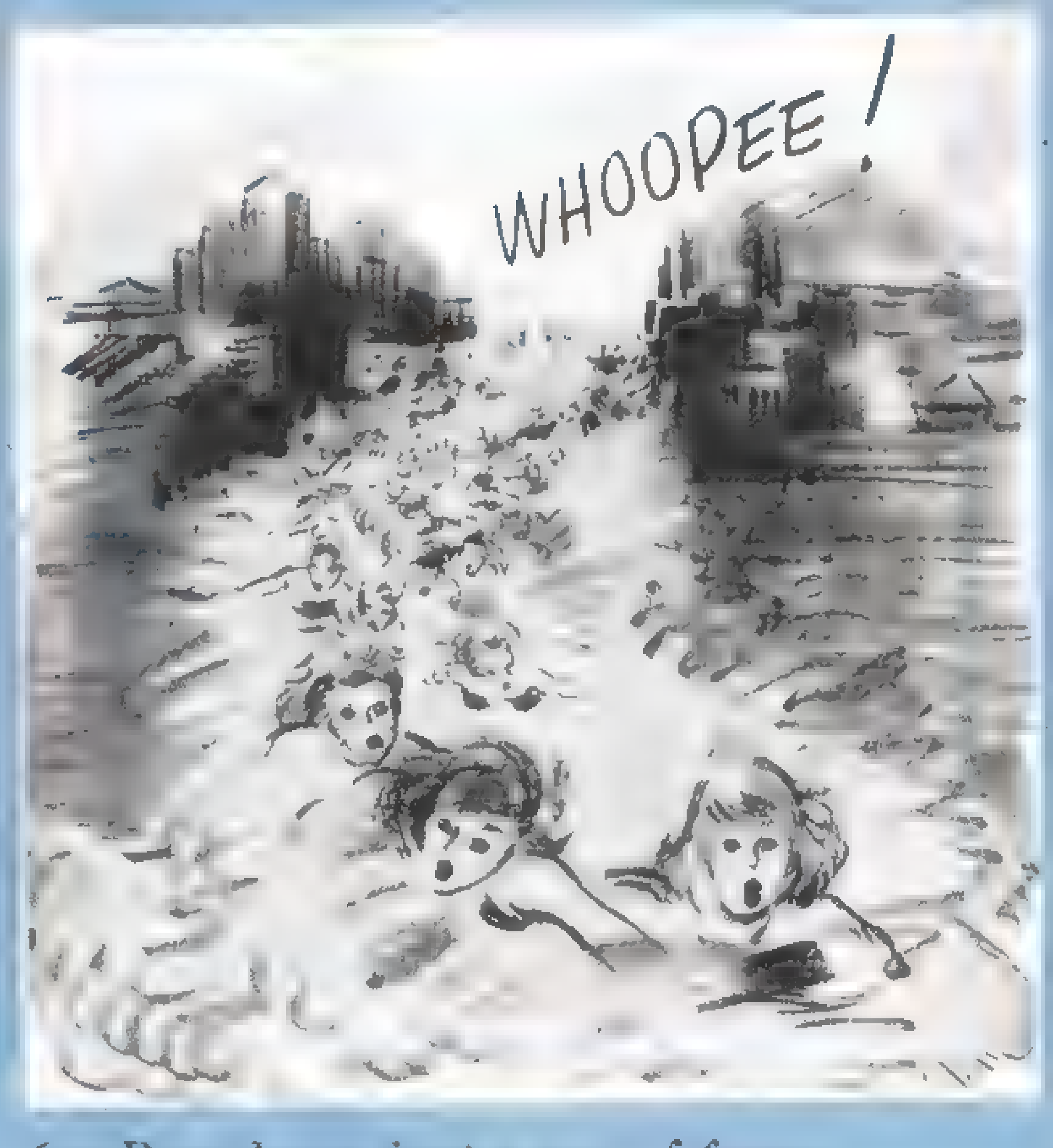
3—*Lucius Beebe in a dive!*
(That's a blow he won't survive!)



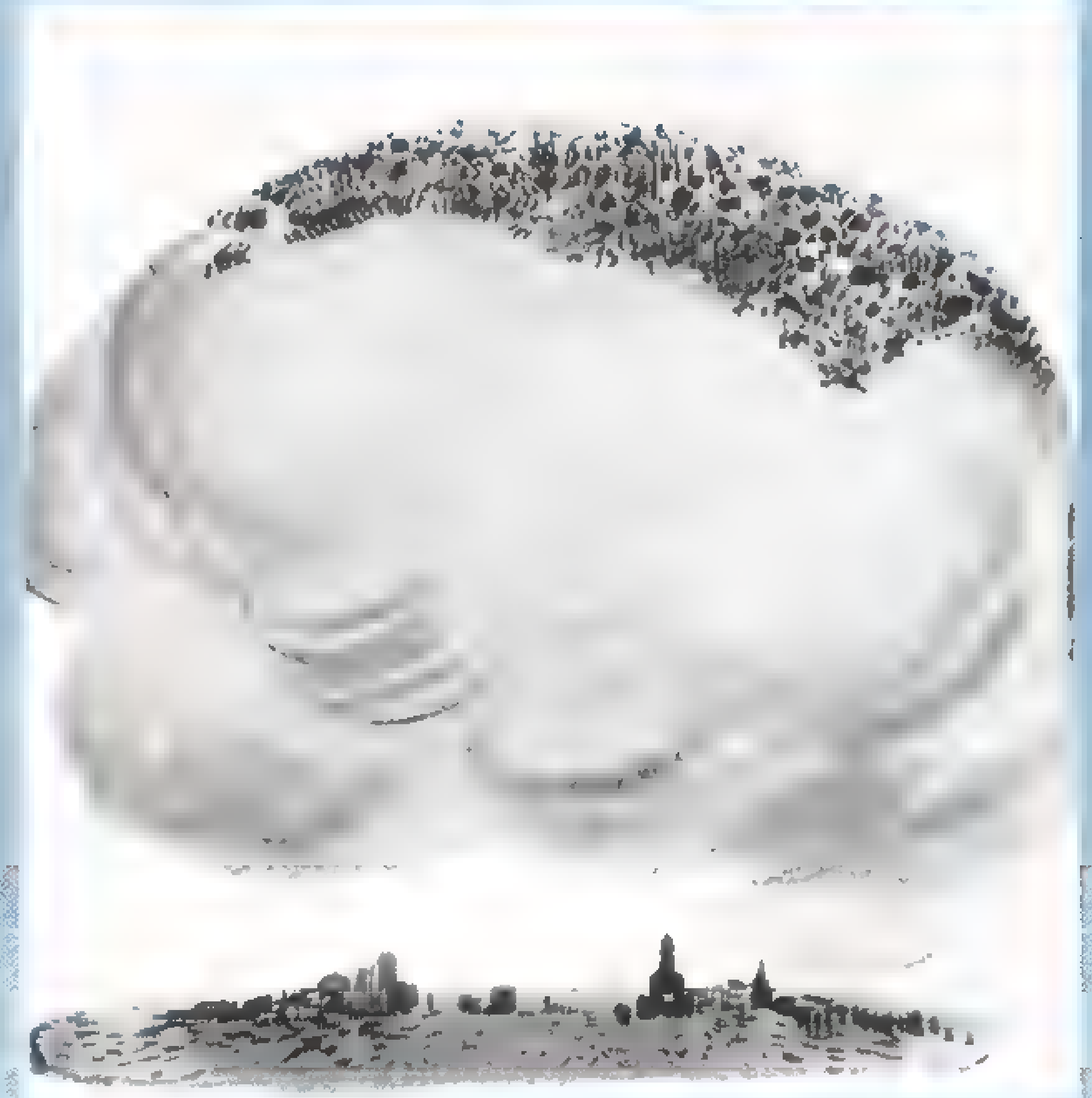
4—*Al Smith in a bathing suit*
Gurgling: "Ain't this suite a beaut?"



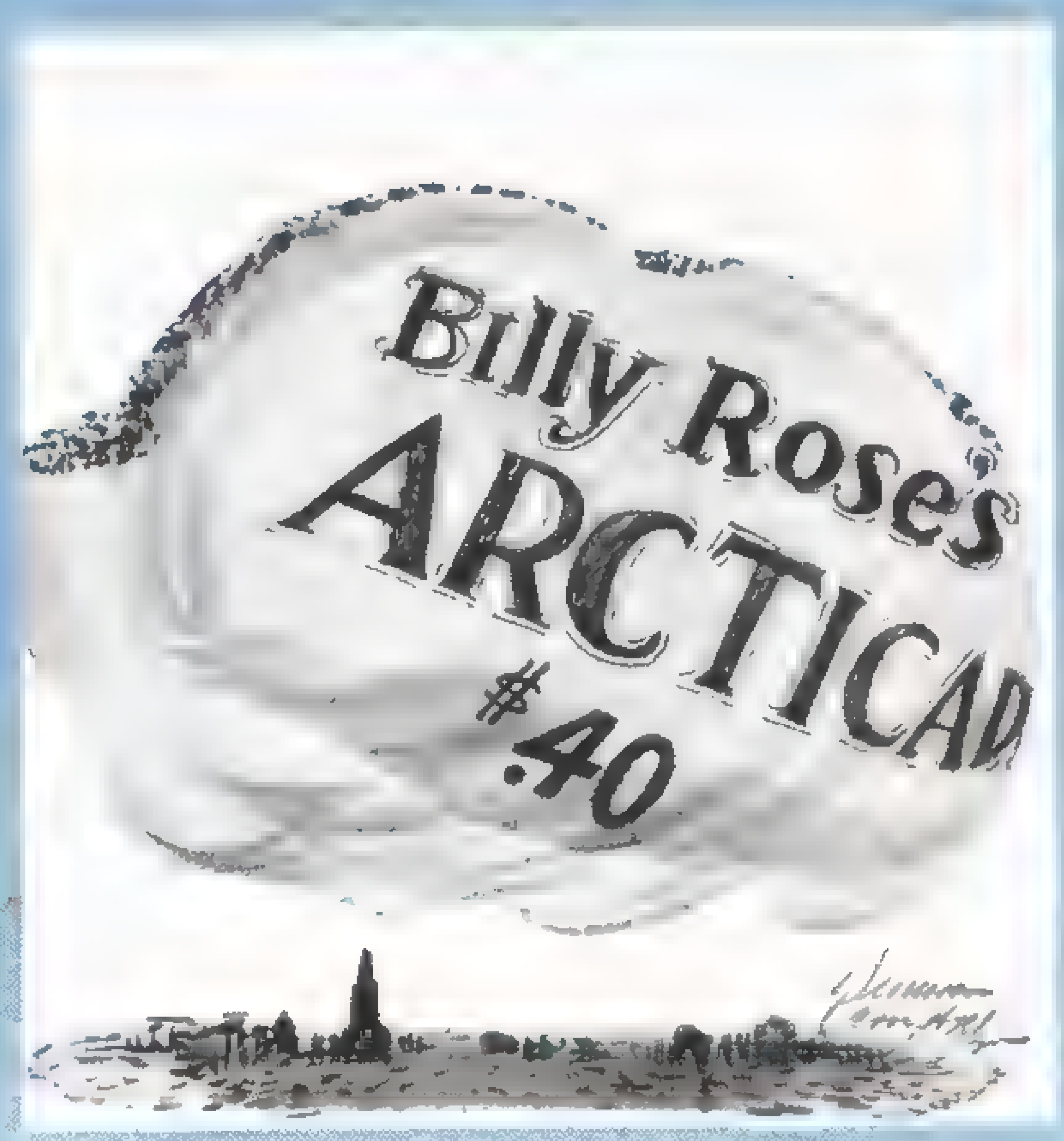
5—*Wall Street brokers all in hock—*
Simply swamped with watered stock!



6—*Broadway just a sea of foam*
Filled with nice gals swimming home!



7—*High above, a happy crowd*
Watches safely from a cloud . . .



8—*Where this banner is displayed:*
Billy Roses' Arcticade!

—Phil Stack

A Pair of Vikings

The boy and girl were more than just stunt riders, they had a fierce, angelic sort of beauty

by CONRAD AIKEN

▪ FICTION ▪

THE first I heard of it—and heard of them—was, of course, from the irrepressible Paul. Naturally. Nothing went on, in that little English country town, that Paul didn't at once know: and nothing he knew could remain for more than five minutes a secret. He was everywhere, with that long aristocratic nose of his, that hawk-bright and frost-blue stare—whether it was to make quick notes on his little pad for a sketch, or to make a sketch itself, or to take elaborately careful photographs of some obscure "subject" which was later to become, as he put it, an "idea." You would meet him anywhere, everywhere. Perched on a stile, miles from anywhere, in the middle of the marsh, you would find him waiting to get a very special and particular light on the reeds, meanwhile writing out, in his tiny needle-sharp handwriting, any number of color charts for proposed landscapes which read like poems, like Imagist poems. Once I discovered him astride an old wreck of a steamroller, which had been abandoned by a corner of the muddy little river. And once flat on his belly in the very middle of the path to the shipyards, taking, from that earthworm angle—angleworm?—a peculiar fore-shortened photograph of some up-ended, half-finished fence posts. In fact, he was into everything.

But people, too—he was just as excitable about people, just as curious about them, as about anything else. He was a "collector" of people, and especially the odd and queer ones, or the brilliant ones: and if his extraordinary studio was a perfect museum of oddments—shells, old bottles, misshapen stones, dead leaves, dead insects, broken dolls, whatever had taken his fancy, or struck him as suggestive—so his *salons* were full of the most surprising people imaginable. He didn't care where they came from or what they did, so long as they had character, or were handsome, or were amusing—those were the three tests. The social mixtures, at these semi-occasional *salons*, were simply indescribable—women with blue hair, yogis, dipsomaniac composers, circus dwarfs, countesses, mannequins, chorus girls—but it made no difference, they always seemed to have a good time, Paul saw to that; and of course Paul himself had the best time of all. Whether he was discussing the psychological implications of surrealism with a pale Belgian poet, or giving amusingly amorous advice about her make-up to a pretty, an extremely pretty, young society photographer, it was all the same to him. He enjoyed life immensely.

It was no surprise to me, therefor, when he came under my lighted window, late one summer evening, and told me, laughing excitedly, that he had something to show me.

"What is it," I said.

"Come down and see."

When I had joined him in the cobbled street, and repeated my question, he asked one of his own—he asked if I knew that a fair had come to town. As a matter of fact, I did. Early that day I had seen the first of the brightly-striped tents and pavilions going up, and the gaudy gypsy wagons drawn up in a ring on the playing-salts, and the ditch being dug behind a canvas screen, for a latrine, and the fantastic red and gold horses of the merry-go-round emerging proudly from their dirty covers. It was the fair's annual visit to the town, for a week of penny gambling and loud music but there was nothing so remarkable in that. And I said so.

"Ah—but have you seen it all—have you seen the Drome of Death?"

"The Drome of Death?"

"Yes—and my pair of vikings!"

"Vikings! A pair of vikings! What on earth are you talking about."

"Then you *haven't* seen it all—not by any means. My dear fellow—the most beautiful pair of human beings you ever saw in your life! Come along, or we'll be too late."

We hurried along the High Street then, to the little cliff that overlooks the playing-salts, and there below us was all the glare and uproar of the fair—the crowds, the shouts, the strange squealing watery music of the merry-go-round, with its circling and nodding horses, the rows of painted swing-boats, with their tense and silent occupants clinging to the ropes as they darted up from light into shadow, and down into light again—it was all exactly as usual, exactly as it always was. Or so I was thinking, until I heard a sound that seemed to me unfamiliar. It sounded like a motor-bike being accelerated in bursts, each louder than the last—a crescendo of mechanical roars, and then a dying fall, and another crescendo of roars, and a third; and looking down from our parapet to see if I could find where it came from, I saw the Drome of Death for the first time, and then below it, in a dazzle of spotlight, standing on a little raised dais of bright red plush, with the two motor-bicycles beside them, the vikings.

Even at that distance, I could see that Paul must be right. There was something regal in the proud and careless stance of the two blue figures. They stood there above the crowd with a sort of indolent patrician contempt: you feel the same thing in a caged lion or tiger at the zoo. And when we had descended the steep stairway, which quartered down the face of the little cliff, and had pressed through the crowds of merry-makers round the gambling booths and coconut-shy, and come to the foot of the red plush dais, it was at once evident to me that not only had Paul not exaggerated, but that he was guilty of an understatement. The boy and girl—for they seemed hardly more than that—were

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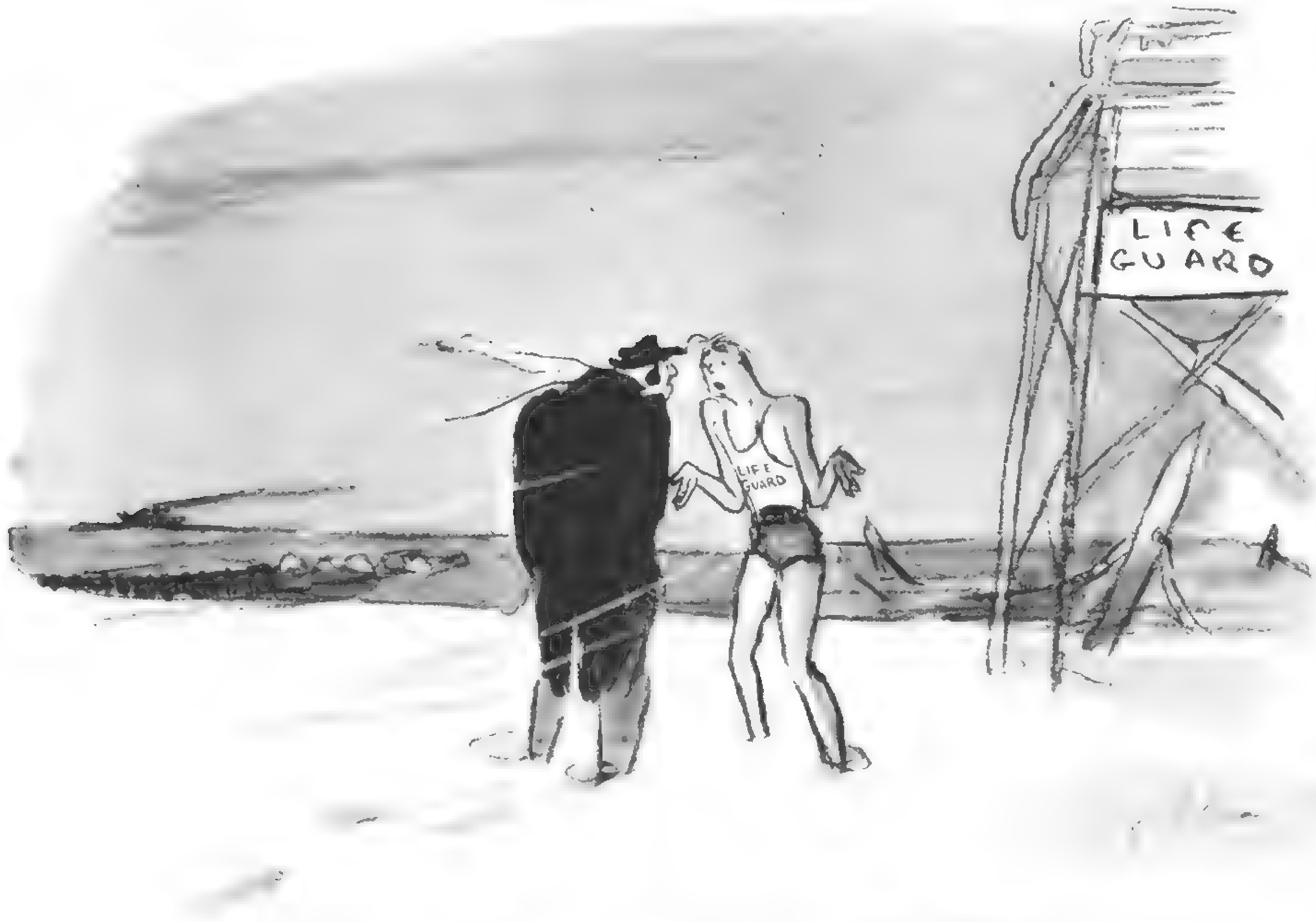
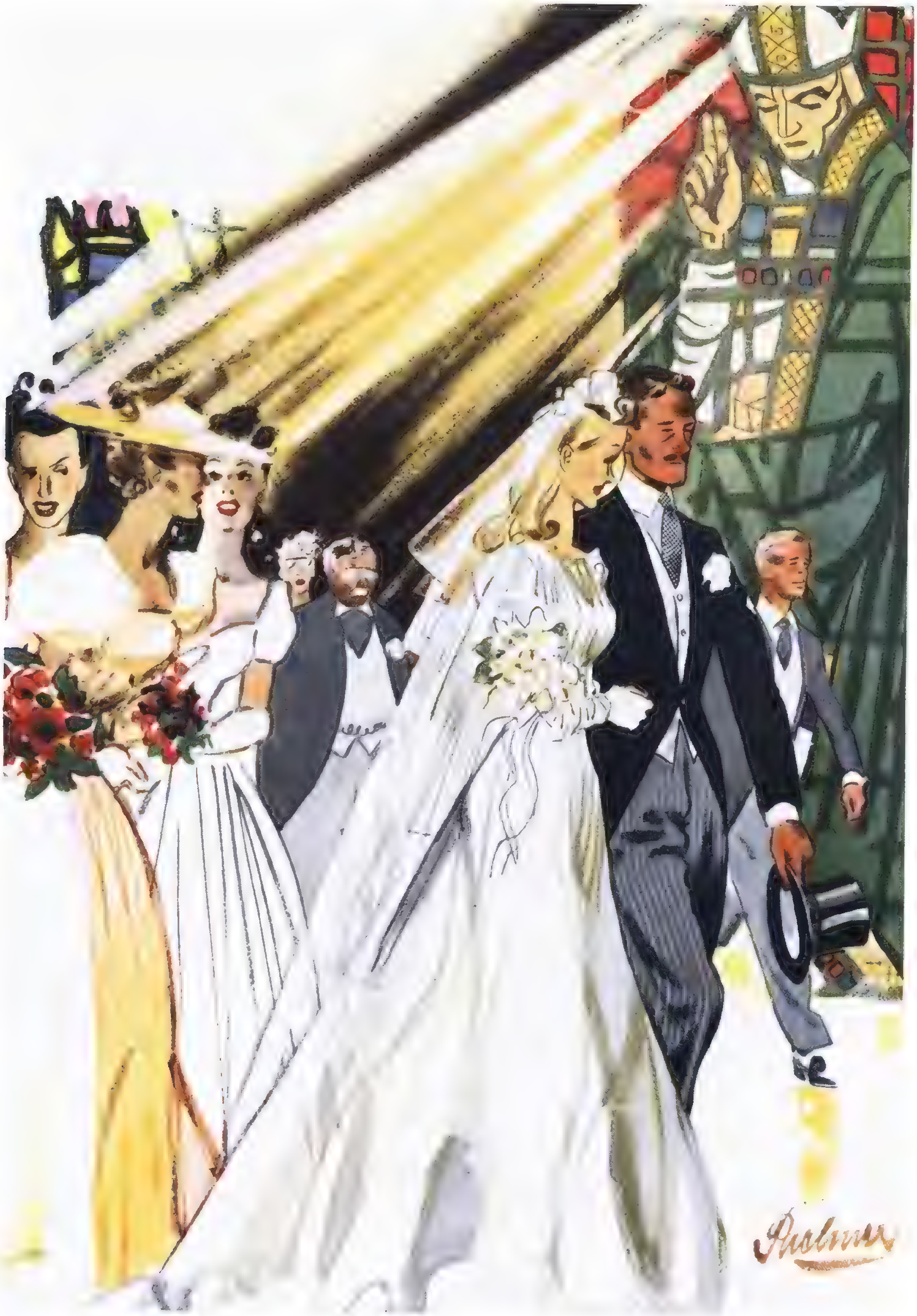
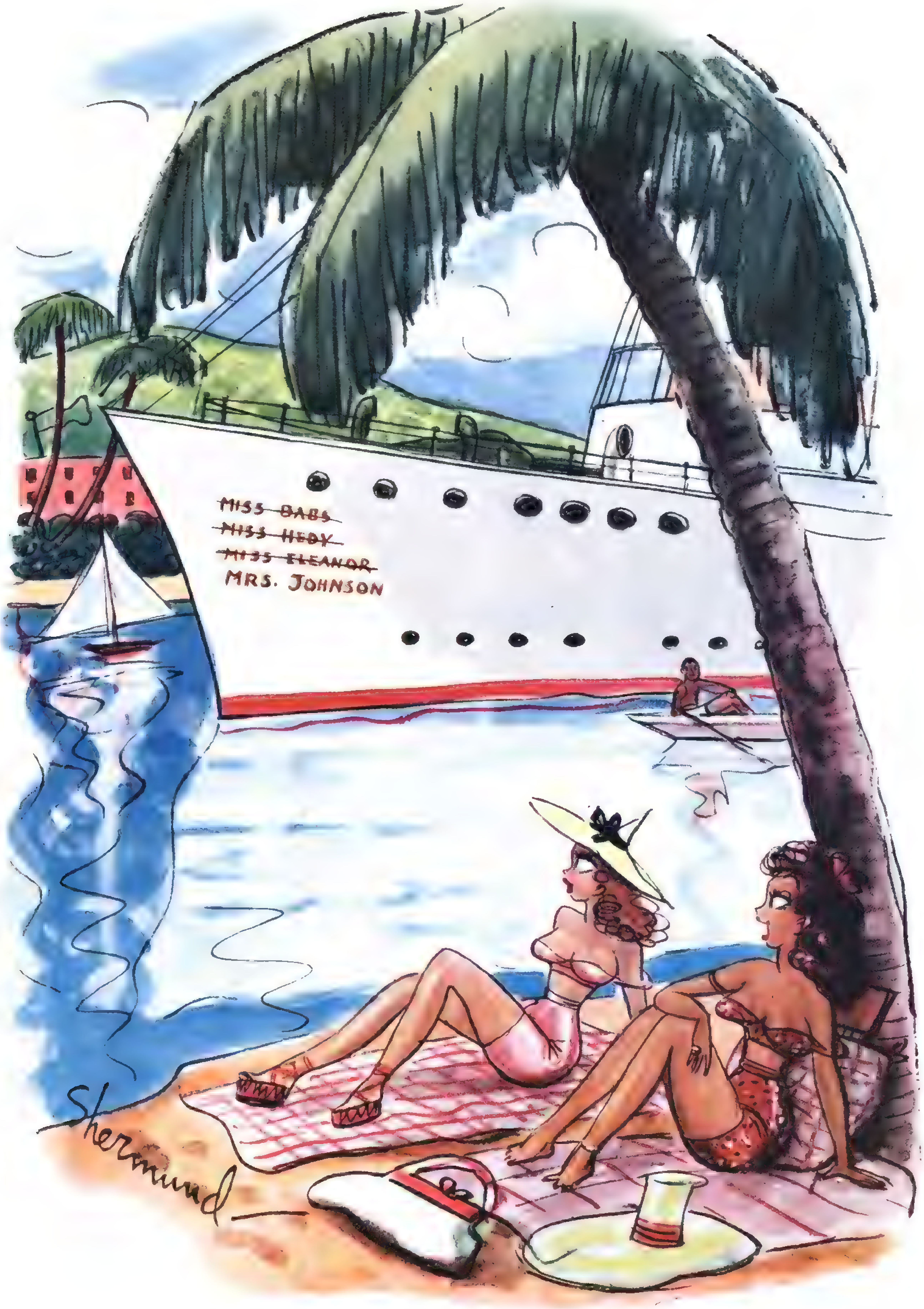


"—then suddenly people just stopped coming!"



"Poor Grace—always a bride, never a bridesmaid"


~~MISS BABS~~
~~MISS HEDY~~
~~MISS ELEANOR~~
MRS. JOHNSON
Sherimund

"I see playboy Johnson finally settled down"

Mob Rules In Sport

The fans swear at hockey games, roar at basketball, but behave the worst at baseball, especially in Cleveland

by BOB CONSIDINE

• SPORTS •

So far as sports mobs are concerned, Eddie Burke, the Irish philosopher who propounded that one cannot generalize about a race, or species, was entirely too general. There is a definite unity of action, of emotion, of deportment and of ethics about the followers of each division of muscle mauling.

Except for the accent, and a hysteric or two, a baseball fan in Seattle is blood brother to a baseball fan in New York. A tennis fan in San Diego lives and dies in mystic consonance with some similar addict in Orlando. A millionaire aristocrat, jumping a manicured brush at Aiken, is operated by the same puppet strings which motivate a bankrupt member of a spavined riding club in Butte. And incidentally, you may have both these equestrian gents, with or without jodhpurs, for we are betraying no confidence when we tell you that there are more asses than horses in the horsy set.

Here are some sports generalizations about fans and cities, a list arrived at after ten years of exposure to sports:

Type of Mob		Sport
Profanest	follows	Hockey
Bloodthirstiest	follows	Boxing
Noisiest	follows	Basketball
Worst Behaved	follows	Baseball
Best Behaved	follows	Football
Most Henpecked	follows	Tennis
Most Craven	follows	Golf

Most Ornery Sports Town—Cleveland
Best Sports Town—Detroit

Please understand that we are speaking of the cash customers, not the athletes, when we say that hockey is the profanest, boxing the bloodthirstiest, etc. We know a bruising, 200-pound hockey star, criss-crossed with scar tissue, who spells out the word "Damn" with a "D," two dashes, and an "n." Henry Armstrong, the fighter, is most of the time a quiet little Negro poet. We know a deaf-mute basketball player, named Buford. Some of those Nice Nellies in big league baseball make a Y.M.C.A. secretary look like a randy hellion in comparison. As for football, we saw one team gang up on its opponent's speediest back this past season, and slug him unconscious. And we know a tennis player who henpecks every wife he marries.

So, to repeat, we're talking about you, Gustave Adolphus Fan, the bloke who pays the freight.

The baseball fans of Cleveland have done much to convince us that, by and large, baseball crowds are the worst behaved mobs in sports. Cleveland's violent grandstand inmates are the tops, or perhaps we should say the bottoms. Inflamed by a covey of local baseball writers who, as a whole, write their daily stories with chives dipped in the blood of the current manager, Cleveland's fundamentally ornery fandom has turned in one record for bad taste after another.

These fans bombarded with ripe fruit the most inoffensive man imaginable, Walter Johnson. They went from door to door getting petitions calling for his dismissal. They were only vaguely aware of his crime. But they had seen in the papers a daily box listing his tactical blunders. The box was written by a pompous old journalist who, in his dismaying vanity, once had applied for the job as manager of the team. Rejected, he began leveling on each succeeding manager.

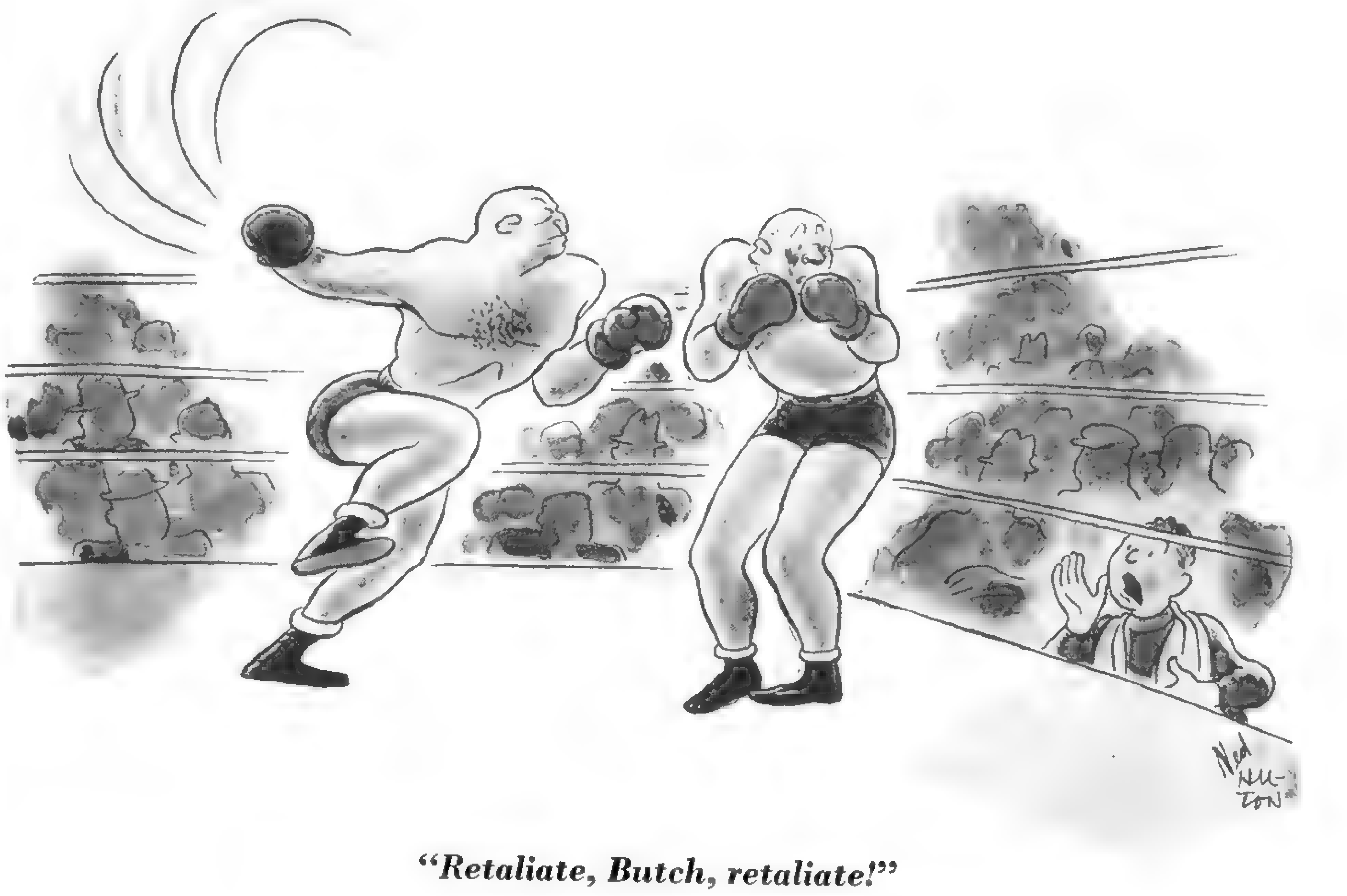
One of the most damaging pieces of evidence he presented to his feverishly impressionable readers was this: In a Cleveland-Washington game, during Johnson's tenure, Mr. Bad News Hale dropped one of those snaky bunts down the third base line. It wavered around the foul stripe, and the Washington third baseman naturally kept backing up, waiting for it to roll foul. It did, after Hale had sped over first base.

Johnson was coaching at first. He motioned Hale to go back to the plate. Hale did, and eventually hit a bouncer to deep short and was thrown out by the standard couple of yards. But our frustrated journalist, full of indignation, rushed to the tripewriter and wrote that it was all Johnson's fault. "If Johnson had stopped Hale halfway to first base, on that bunt attempt, it would have conserved Hale's energy and enabled him to beat out the subsequent bouncer to deep short," he wrote. And pretty soon this guy's readers were ambushing Johnson after each game and abusing him as he made his humble way to his cab.

We've seen a fiery Ladies Day crowd in Cleveland get up almost in a body and leave the park at the end of the eighth inning of a game in which Monte Pearson, then pitching for the Indians, had a no-hitter in the palm of his hand. Cleveland was ahead, 3-0, see? Another time we saw a man leap to his feet in an upper box, pick up a chair in an insane rage and swing it around in the air—preparatory to throwing it in the general direction of Manager Steve O'Neill. The chair would have brained a couple of fans in the grandstand below, probably the two reasonable Cleveland fans. O'Neill had made a grievous mistake, at the height of an unbelievable press crusade against him. With Cleveland leading the Yankees 5-0 in the eighth inning O'Neill had let Denny Galehouse (Who, of course, was pitching magnificently, to be winning by that score) bat for himself. Galehouse rolled into a double play, the dirty scoundrel, and the fan in the upper box was going to spill the manager's blood for that blunder.

But the new record for deplorable conduct was set in Cleveland last September 27th. The Tigers had come to town for the crucial series which was to decide the winner of the American League pennant. It was a Ladies'

Continued on page 167



"Retaliate, Butch, retaliate!"

Sex Sells for the Musclemen

No warnings from his doctor can make a man get into shape like the fear of some cutie's scorn

by HERB GRAFFIS

▪ ARTICLE ▪

From St. Anthony, fore and aft in genealogy, gentlemen have been haunted by dreams of dolls luring them upstairs to look at the etchings.

Not having had any luck worth mentioning in that direction yourself, you may suspect that the alarms are tremendously over-emphasized by the libido. Therefore you may believe these fantasies are scientific curiosities to provide copy for Freud, Jung, et al., or just lovely lies like traveling men tell about the winsome blonde who got on the Pullman one night at Sioux City, full of *élan vital.*

Nevertheless, where breathes the man with soul, etc., so dead that he does not want to be a heroic figure in case such dreams come true? Though his monogamy be stronger than Gibraltar (especially under recent conditions), and his general principles higher than the stratosphere, you can be sure the guy does not want to stand there like something out of the funny papers defying female lightning.

Even if he wouldn't give in, he prefers to meet the crisis and disdain temptation looking like a lumpy-muscled mugg in a bathing suit ad. He can't credit himself with a moral put-out when his lingerie is ripped from him by a passionate hussy who busts out laughing when she sees the caricature of the human form presented by the majority of American men whose years exceed forty. When sex rears its ugly aspect the stuff is off.

Up to this point any resemblance to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. You will not hear gentlemen around the bars at the Racquet Club or at Clancy's Transfer Corner confess to dismay at the sorry figures they would cut in boudoirs were the worst to come to the best. No gent proclaims his gynophobia. But, at the same time, you are not kidding yourself if you doubt that the gents' elastic belly-rein and navel uplift business has grown to a vast dollar volume solely on a health theme in advertising copy.

The solemn truth is that sex, in its social more than its biological aspect, is the big factor in the physical conditioning of the middle-aged male. However, the male human is such a liar, one must learn by discreet research that male vanity increases about as its biological importance diminishes. The male mortal peacocks around jesting that the hens have a serious routine of roosting at the streamlining and beautifying establishments of Liz Arden, Lena Rubenstein and the Sisters Ogilvie.

In the meantime insurance company press-agentry, advertisements, syndicated doctor pieces in the newspapers and various other media of publicity preach that each inch past normal in the circumference of the male middle means a year off the life span.

The story of fatalities from ticker trouble has been spread so often guys are scared to death to scratch themselves energetically for fear of unduly straining their hearts.

John B. Kelly, the veteran amateur oarsman and one of the high priests of physical conditioning, gets to work on a plan for mass civilian physical training as a preparedness measure. In case of war, we'll walk, not run, to the nearest bomb shelter for the simple reason that a 100-yard dash probably would do more damage than bombs to the average adult city-living male in this great country of America!

But, despite all the propaganda that's endeavored to make the American male conscious of his physical shortcomings, he is getting fatter and flabbier. He settles his lap on his knees, moves as close as he can get to his desk, and nature continues its disintegrating course.

Nothing can frighten him, apparently, into getting into shape except the far-fetched prospect of having some sinuous siren appraise his physique and register judgment in a glance that plainly means "fat slob," or "skinny punk."

You think I'm fooling?

Well, make the rounds of the top-price physical conditioners in metropolitan cities, and learn by patient inquiry and promise never to tell a living soul, what brings these physical culture masters the greater part of their faithful clientele.

Personal, or insurance company physicians may be responsible for quite a few initial visits to the ace physical conditioners. But what keeps the customers in training and accounts for a considerable part of the roster of patients is that inhibited yen to bust into a boudoir looking like a Greek god on the loose. Not that this sort of trade does that sort of thing. Even those whose cautious tender notes begin, "Dearest Pittykins and Gentlemen of the Jury" are not going to tip off their trainers to any secrets of the heart a cardiograph and stethoscope won't reveal.

There are men in nifty quarters high up in metropolitan skyscrapers who are noted as physical conditioners of male citizens in

the high-income brackets. They are those "by appointment only" fellows. The luminaries they streamline want their private lives strictly private. Especially do they want no common person who is awed by very mention of their names ever to get the idea that a notable with his clothes off is seldom an awe-inspiring sight.

The real stock-in-trade of these fellows, and the point at which the client really drops his sales resistance, is when he gets a look at himself in front of a couple of full-length mirrors. When his eyes are convinced that he is not being deceived, and he sees a view of himself in the raw—front and side—and then compares how he looks as a specimen of Allah's handiwork with the trainer himself, with his stomach sucked in and chest thrust out instead of vice versa, there is very little to do but bring out the contract blank and have the prospect sign on the dotted line.

Inasmuch as a routine of the treatments runs into three or four figures, one must hand the physical conditioning gents credit for doing a very pretty trick with mirrors.

Bear in mind that the majority of these clients are men who thought themselves too busy even to take something along to read when they went out back in the morning, time permitting them to go out back. Their secretaries often brought them trays of fodder at noon. When they went out for lunch they ate too much. The only time they threw away outright was that they spent in grabbing one of the six silver handles attached to the box bearing the remains of an important comrade who'd lived the same kind of a high-pressure life. Each month more of their pals were being referred to as "the late Mr. So-and-So."

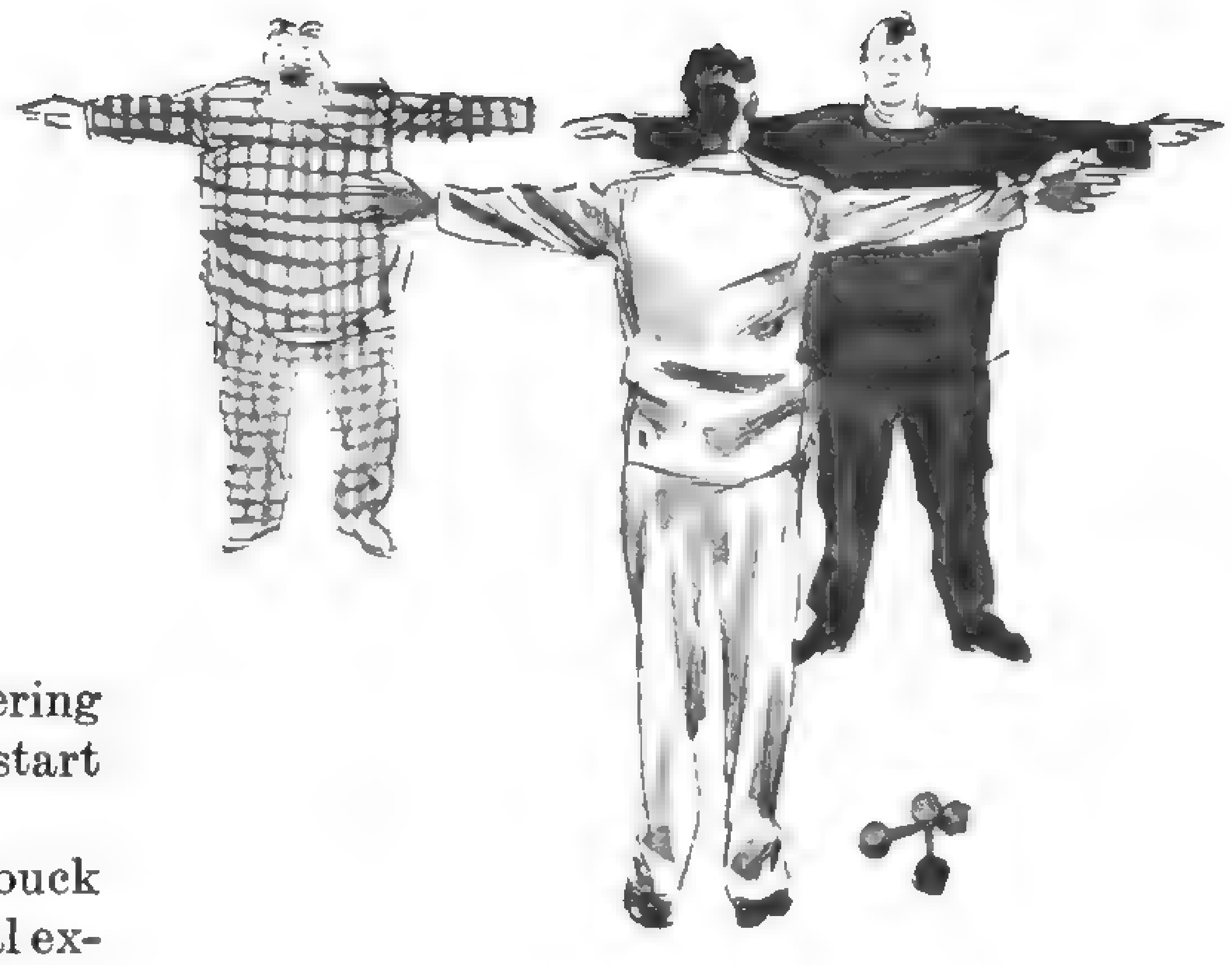
Families, friends and physicians had warned them they were making a new track record to a headstone finish. They had the social graces of a dyspeptic wildcat and mainly out of sheer cussedness arose to greet the newborn day at their offices.

The only fun they ever had was calling Roosevelt names. Nobody loved them and they didn't love anybody. There were exceptions to this general picture of the specimen, of course, but you look over the customers of the big-time physical conditioners and you'll see this description is apt.

This type is about the last in the world you'd expect to succumb to the vague wiles of a phantom wench. But, when the conditioning experts delicately suggest that the expert overhauling will give the guy a chassis to stir the primitive impulses of some witch who wouldn't be at all bad, in the manner of speaking, a satyr gleam lights in his eyes. His dormant low impulses arouse in him the desire to be a higher type of physical man.

It actually is all very moral. The client is merely chasing a Wilhelmina-o'-the-wisp. He gets so he manages to get out of bed in the morning without having another Black Tom explosion take place between his torso and the mattress. The new zest he feels in his creative faculties is focused on creating new ways to trim the sluggish suckers. He's got no time for dames, as the gentleman doing a life sentence so appropriately remarked.

The only strutting he gets a chance to do is when he goes to some beach and proudly exhibits a belly as flat as a pool table. Maybe he feels repaid for his fidelity to training by being able to look a willowy wren right smack in the eye, confident that she will rate him as visually AAAA1 considering his years. Still, in case she wants to start something. . . .



The Pipes of Pan have made the old buck march, after the drumming of the medical experts failed to terrify him into action.

Since these high-up experts find themselves in big business more by the grace of Eros than of Aesculapius, the guys send out letters advising they are "available" for appointments. Ain't that something? "Available" to make them sweat and smell like stevedores, pay for it instead of getting paid, and all to be slenderized like the he-gazelle or bulged out with sinew as the snorting, writhing wrestler.

The typical expert gives them the business of reminding them of the heart-strain of carrying several billows of excess midsection, and the other doctor stuff that should—but doesn't—make a gent jump off his rump. That's only the polite formality. When they come in and get vistas of themselves, front and side, in the altogether before the full-length mirrors, they gasp "Jeez, do I look like that?" and ask the man for something to sign. Vanity shoves them to the dotted line.

It is vanity, primarily, that accounts for these fellows' success in conducting a male beauty salon. The clientele of big names assures the right sort of association in relaxed and intimate moments. There is no strain at all on the pride in sweating one's belly down when others of the Directory of Directors roster are doing the same thing. Besides, there always is the chance of framing some inside deal to justify one's conscience when taking time off to care for the mortal meat.

One canny specialist in making the aging, highly solvent mortal the counterpart, so far as possible, of the middle-aged Apollo, confesses that planing down the abdomen is not the most difficult of his achievements for his clients. Trying to get them to relax is the tough job. "About the only part of them that's always relaxed is the belly muscles," he remarks. "They're so strained and tense mentally, they've got no strength left for their middles. I get them exercised as much and as quickly as their medical inventory will permit, then make them take a ten or fifteen minute nap. It's cost me twenty years and I don't know how much money, to learn how to get them to sleep. But it's been worth a fortune to me, and no telling how much to men I've shown how to grab a snoozing quickie that peps them up and clears out their heads."

This writer used to play golf occasionally with the late James C. Donnell who was the smart muscleman of the original Standard Oil outfit. Jim had the constitution of a draft horse. His contemporary, the elder John D. Rockefeller, rode a bike between the few holes of golf he played during the latter years of his life, but Jim would gallop around 18 holes under the blistering sun of Texas or Oklahoma, and spend the mornings prowling around oil fields. At seventy he'd wear down men forty years his junior. Jim was a man who could lie down on a hammock of barbed wire fencing and catch himself some sleep. He figured that one thing enabling John D. to out-think the opposition was the knack the elder Rockefeller had of flopping for an hour after lunch on an old-fashioned hair-cloth sofa he had in his office in Cleveland.

Successful big business men are experts in what Adolf Shickelgruber mentions in his *Mein Kampf* as "encroachments upon man's freedom of will." Adolf learned, and recorded: "It seems that in the morning and even during the day men's will power revolts with highest energy against an attempt at being

Continued on page 154

Soldier of the Realm

In the fifth century a barbarous horde, the spiritual sires of the Nazis, sought "a place in the sun"

by JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN

• FICTION •

℞

THEY followed the brown river across the endless brown plains. Sometimes it served as their highway, the ponies' hoofs clopping patiently through the muddy shallows; sometimes they ranged across the open land to north or south until it appeared only as a faint, glinting thread on the horizon. But always they returned to it, pressing steadily into the west.

Their progress was very slow. The ponies they rode, army trained, were, to be sure, capable of great speed over long distances, but the mixed herd of horses and cattle which they drove before them could be kept together and in motion only by the greatest vigilance. The six troopers swooped back and forth, shouting and hurling stones. The young officer in command barked orders at them and swore under his breath. Foraging expeditions were not one of his enthusiasms.

His narrow black eyes searched the plains ahead and presently lighted on a cluster of tents on a slope of grassland near the river. Signaling one of the troopers to join him, he galloped toward them. When he arrived, the people were already standing in front of the tents—men, women and children, perhaps fifty in all. They watched him silently, with heavy, expressionless faces.

"One horse, three head of cattle from each tent," commanded the officer.

No one spoke or moved.

"In the name of the Grand Army. And make it quick!" he commanded imperiously.

The crowd hung together for an instant, hesitant and undecided; then it began to disperse. Only one man, a stubby, crooked fellow with a face like dried ox-hide, advanced supplicatingly toward the horsemen.

"But masters," he began. "My only horse is foaling and I do not own any—"

"If you don't own them, steal them."

"But, masters—"

The officer nodded to the trooper, who drew his long, curved sabre from his saddle thong and brought down its flat against the upturned face. The man fell to the ground, holding his broken nose.

"Two horses, four head of cattle," said the officer.

Then, as always, ensued the interminable wait. The troopers did what they could to speed things along, shouting and prodding with their lances, but the young officer had long ago realized that, in these matters, true speed and efficiency were impossible. You couldn't make these loutish herdsmen understand things any more than you could the animals they tended. A great army, a great King and Protector had arisen on the plains, was welding a thousand miles of scattered, miserable tribes into a proud, conquering nation; yet the very people for whom it was being done comprehended nothing, contributed nothing until it was forced from them at steel's point, and stared at the emissaries of progress and enlightenment with sullen, hostile eyes. As the cattle and horses began assembling he could not help noting the contrast between his capable, disciplined troopers and the sluggish, spiritless rabble. He shook his head thoughtfully. It would take a lot of doing, no doubt of that, to whip these barbarians into shape where they would be worthy of the empire they were receiving. Sword and spear were puny adversaries compared to the abysmal weakness and slovenliness of the civilian mind.

A sharp cry cut through his meditations, and he raised his eyes to see the crooked one with the ox-hide face groveling before a nearby trooper. Beside him stood a single swaybacked plug.

"Twenty lashes," he snapped, mindful of duty.

They made one more settlement that day, and four the next, and three the next. By this time their herd numbered some three hundred horses and more than a thousand head of cattle, and the young officer was confident that they had done as well as any foraging party that had been sent out. If he got them all into the great encampment without mishap he might even receive a citation from his commander.

To this pleasing thought was soon added another. For the past two or three days he had found himself gazing with rather more than his accustomed interest at the country through which they ranged. There were still the same endless plains, and the river between, but somehow they seemed different to him, disturbingly familiar. And suddenly he recognized what it was. He had come back, quite by accident, to the country where he had been born. The rolling grassland over which he now was passing as a proud officer of the Grand Army was the very same that he had roamed once, years before, as a tattered, starving, ignorant herd boy.

With this realization the dull routine of foraging took on a new interest for him—almost an excitement. In the tent villages at which they stopped he searched the brown, heavy faces in the crowds, and, although he saw none which he remembered, his carriage was a little straighter and his heartbeat a little faster than usual. For here at last, before his eyes, was the living proof of how far he had come since that long-gone day when the Grand Army had first thundered across the land and he had run away and joined it. It was inconceivable now that he had actually been one of them—these lumpish, cringing barbarians who did his bidding and trembled at his every word. He observed their ragged, homespun garments and, in contrast, his own uniform, splendid with rawhide and fur and shining metal. He noted their dull, hunger-

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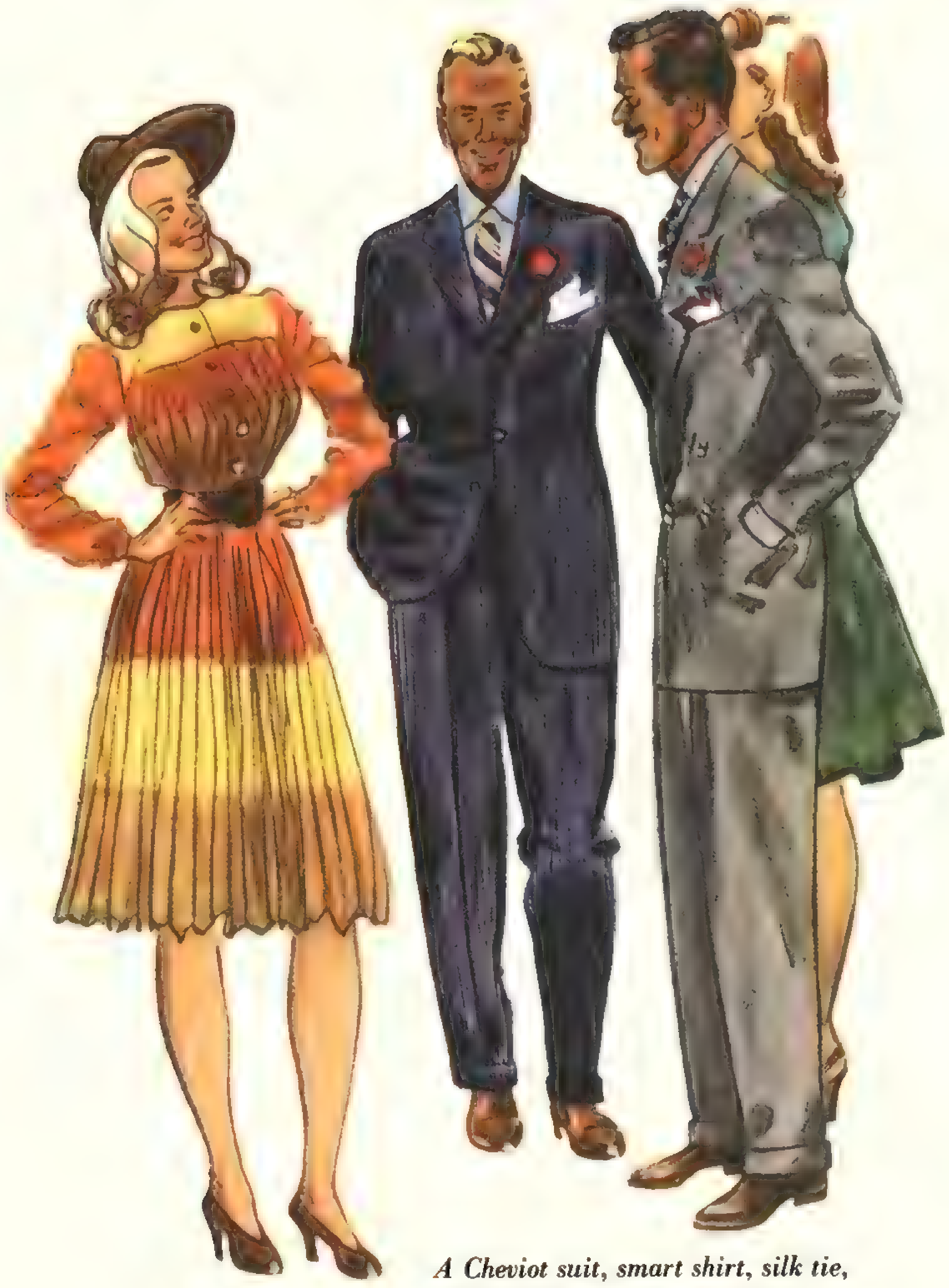
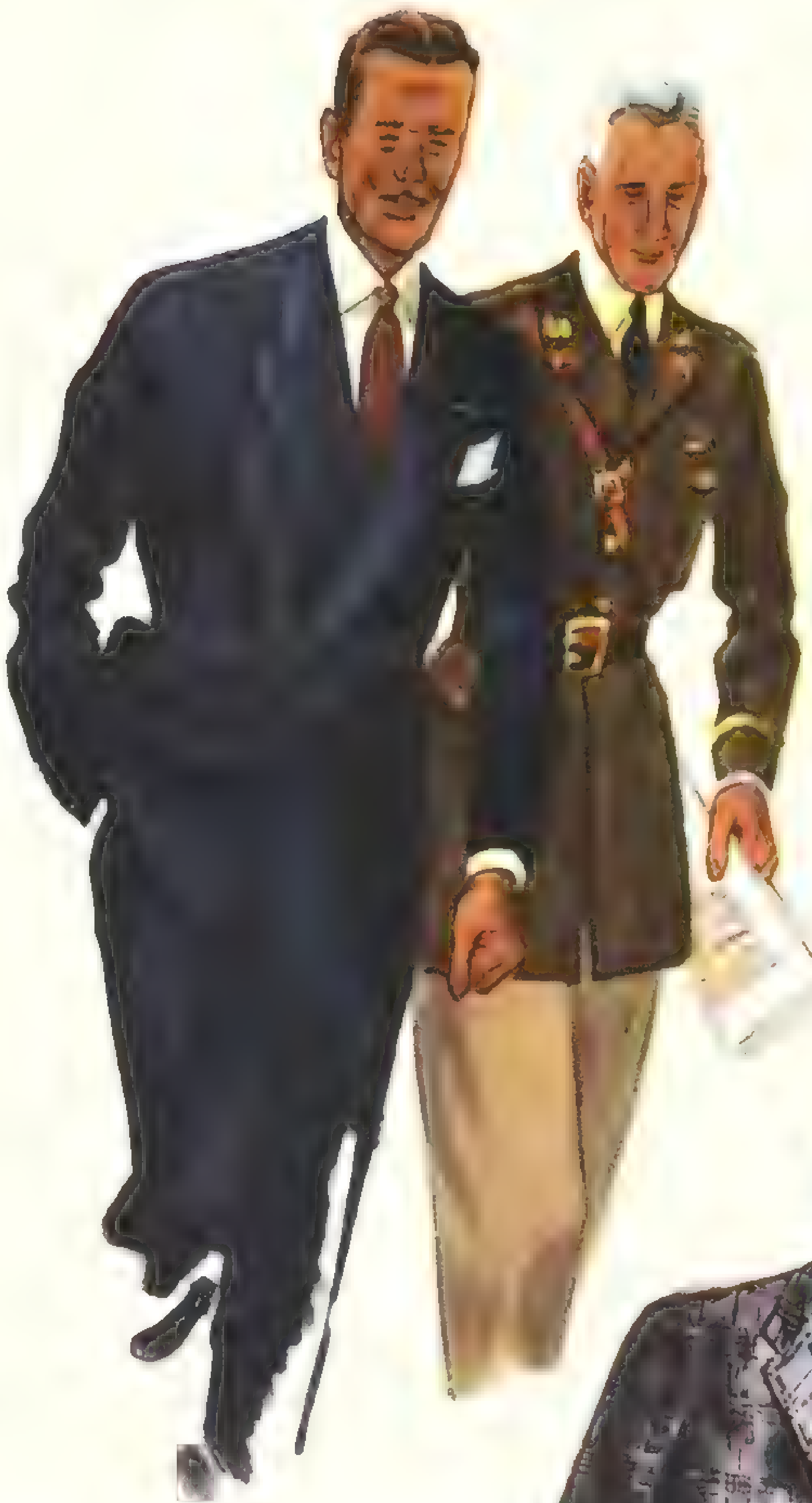
Dave Gerard

"Hey! Take it easy! I've got a nibble!"

AMERICANA FLUTTERS IN

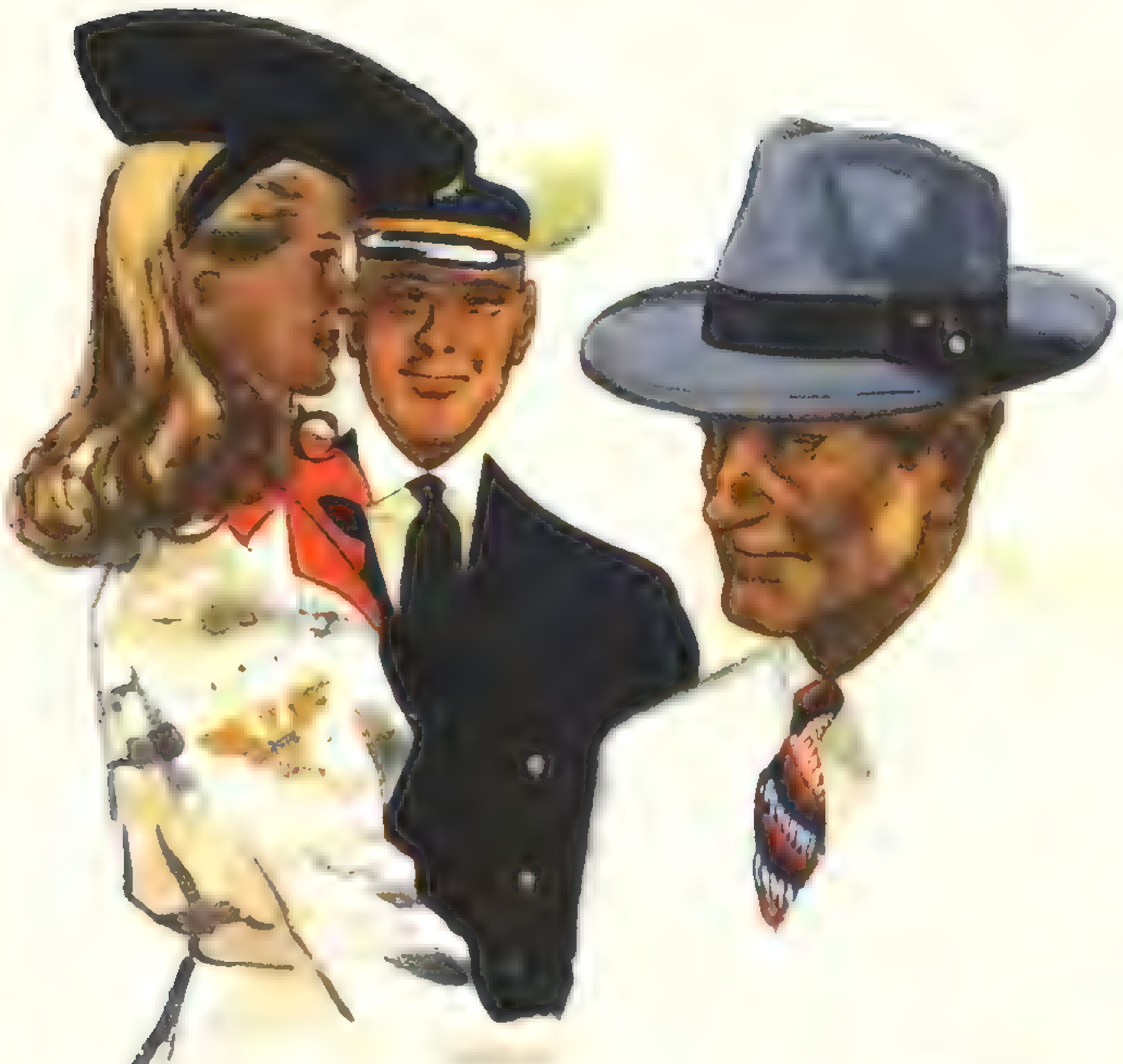


A Cheviot suit, smart shirt, silk tie,
Adorn the forward-looking guy,
No wonder that his Pal can grin,
Just eye the flannel job he's in;
His handkerchief completes the story
And pays a tribute to Old Glory!

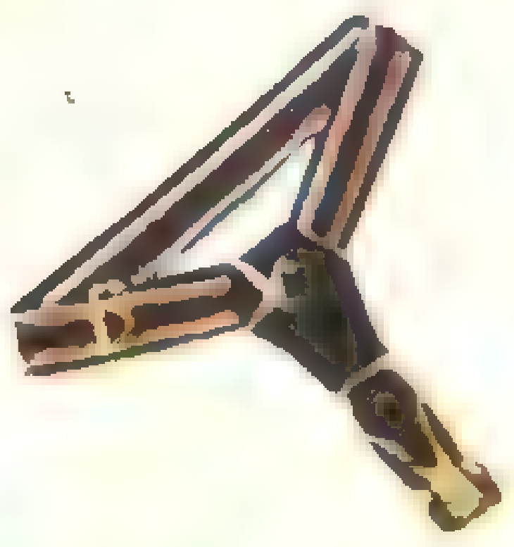


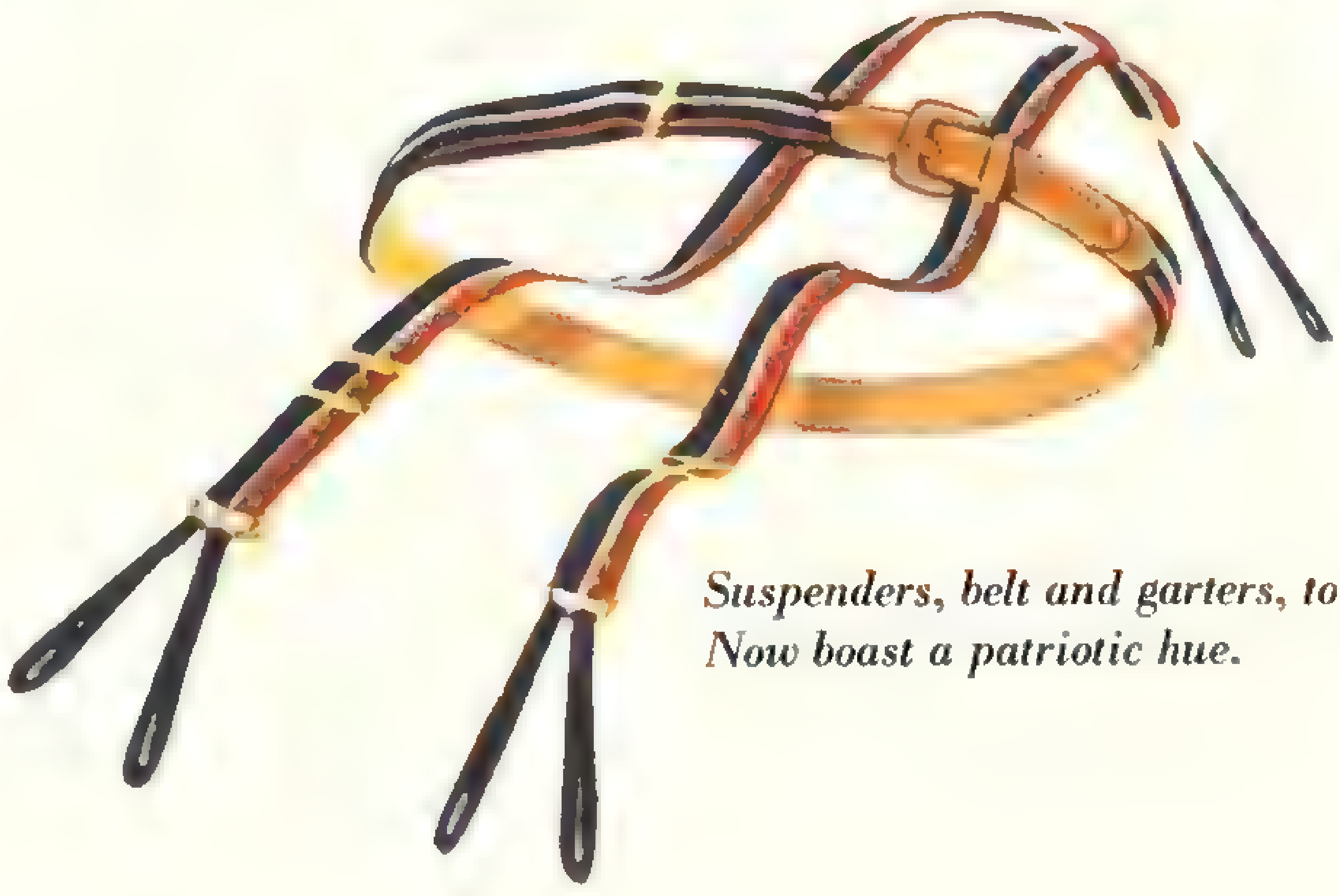
This worsted suit that meets your gaze
Will rate salutes these martial days,
The tie and broadcloth shirt blend well,
And note the band in his lapel.

Silk soc
Of this t

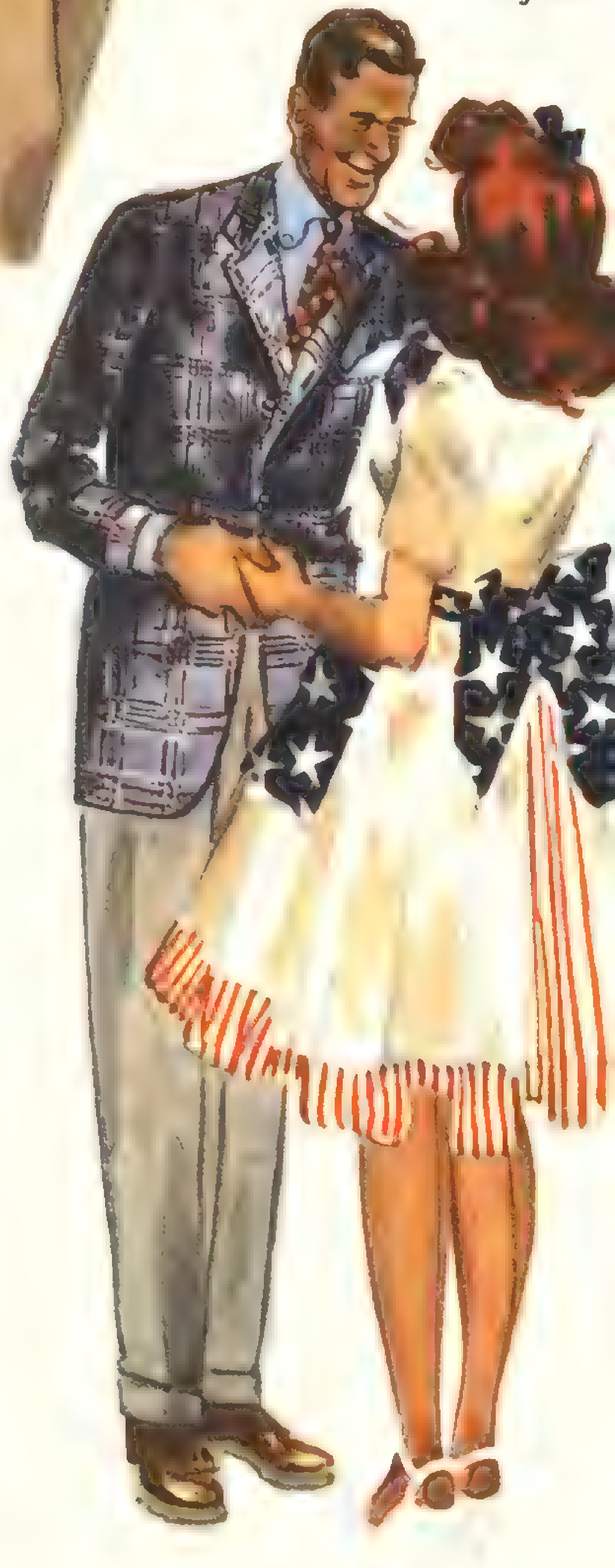


This All-American color scheme
Is gazed on fondly by a dream,
The tie and hat band ornament
Distinguish this distinguished gent.



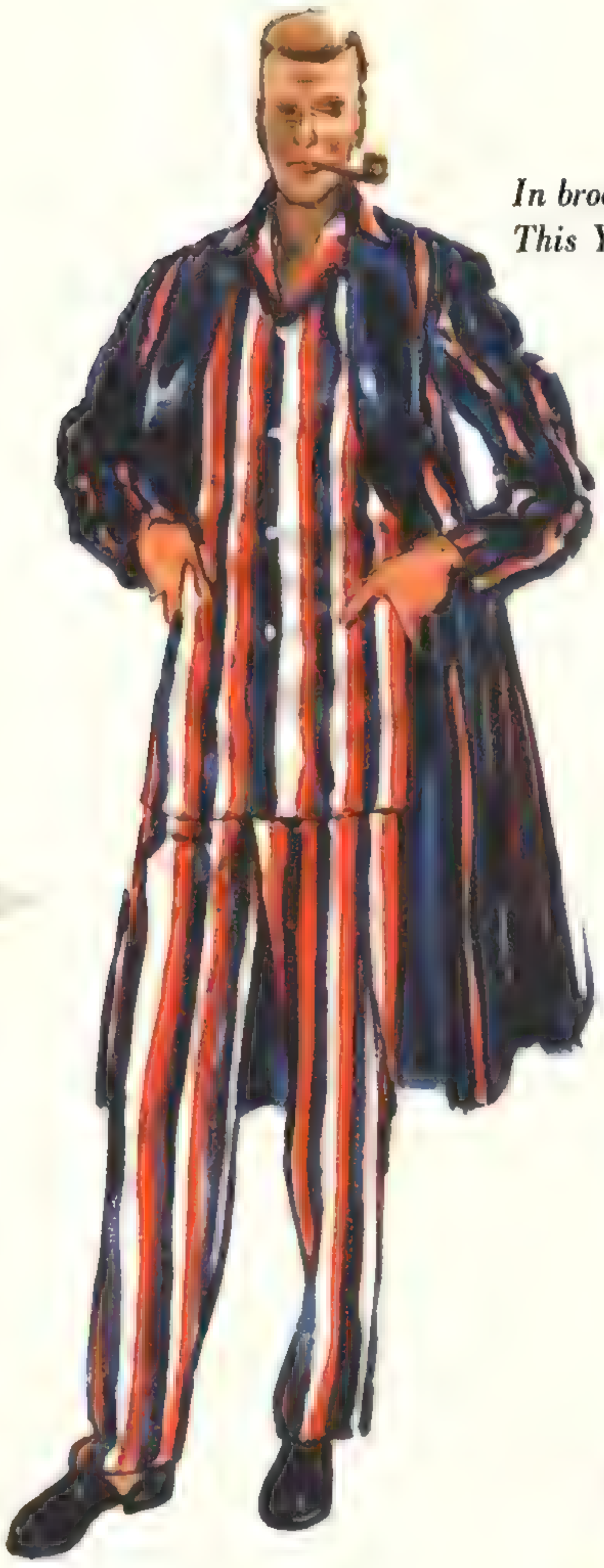


Suspenders, belt and garters, too,
Now boast a patriotic hue.



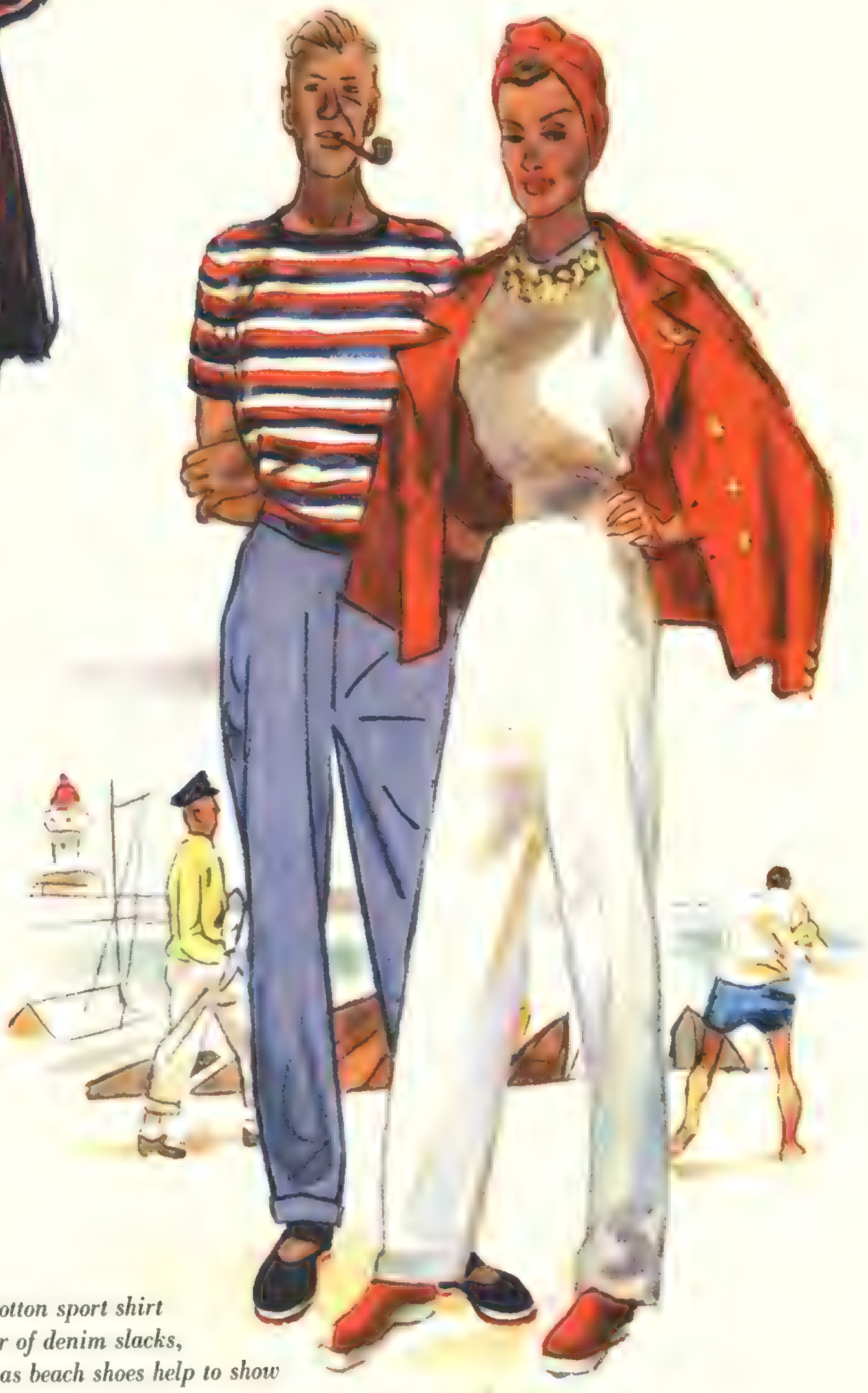
Our friend in plaid Glen Urquhart jacket
Finds love a very simple racket;
His shirt is oxford . . . his tie's foulard—
(His little girl is falling hard!)
And flannel slacks and moccasin shoes
Show very sound sartorial views!

FASHION



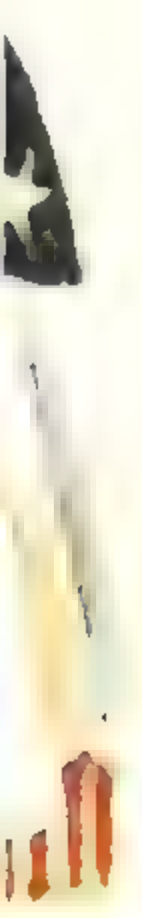
In broadcloth pajamas and silk dressing gown
This Yankee Doodle goes to town!

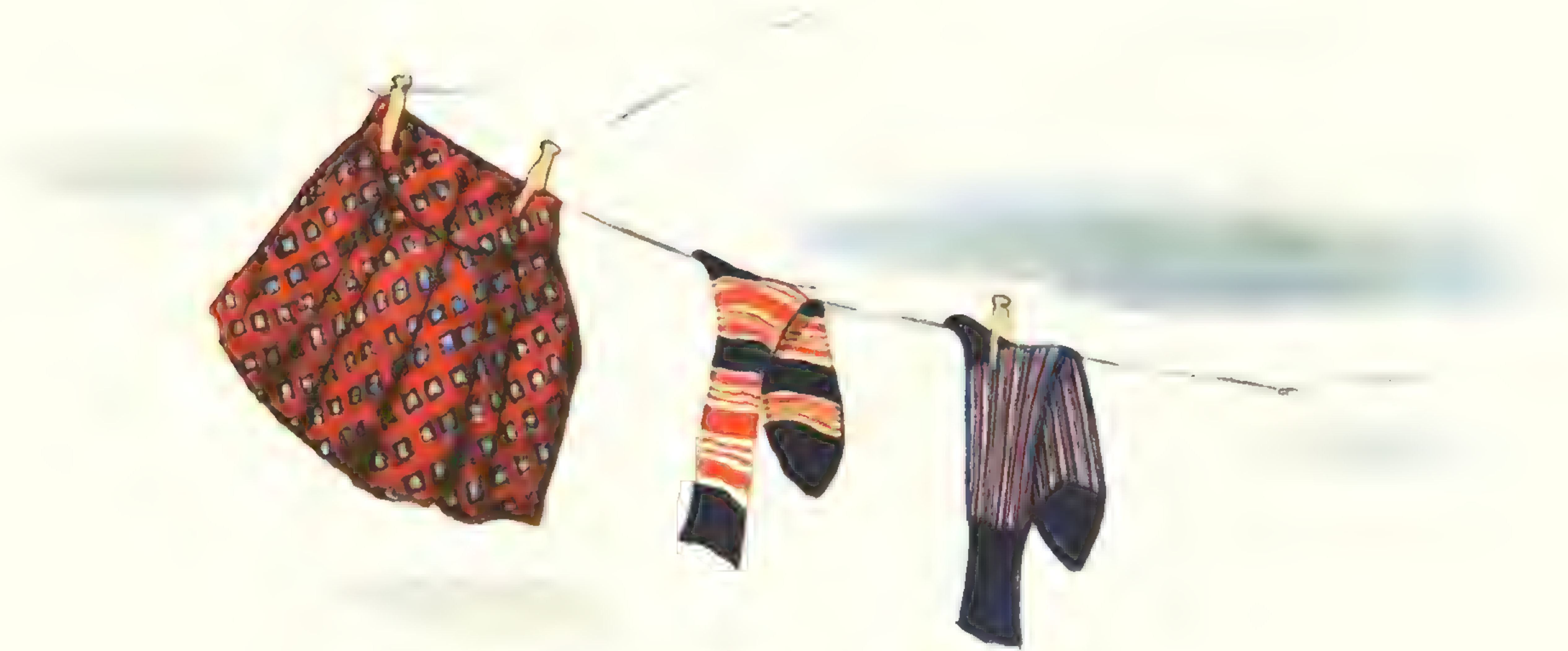
ks are another sign, too,
rend you'll rise and shine to!



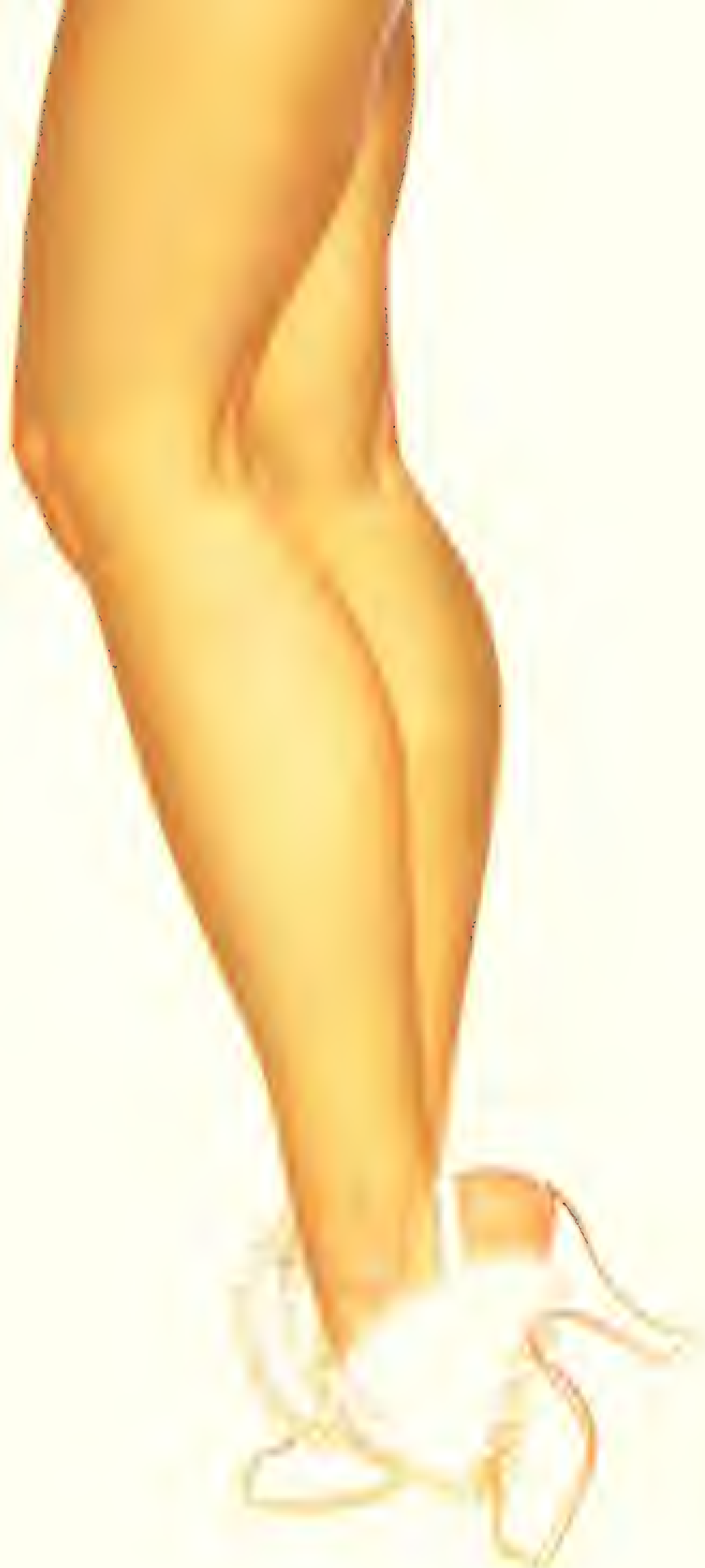
A knitted cotton sport shirt
Tops a pair of denim slacks,
While canvas beach shoes help to show
The way that fashion tacks.

Pachner





Cotton shorts and socks combine
To put this message on the line:
You'd be very wise to plan a
Wardrobe of Americana!



"No, it isn't that I have anything else on, Mrs. Van Gilder
. . . but I didn't know it was to be a come-as-you-are party!"

Sign First; Read Afterwards

This is what happens to wise guys who won't sign contracts till they read the fine print

by TRACY PERKINS

• SATIRE •

One of the most preposterous theories in existence is the one to the effect that you should never sign any kind of paper, document, contract, petition or ukase without first reading what it says. I hold not merely that this is nonsense, but that the exact opposite holds good; namely, that you should never read *anything* before you sign it. If you want to read it *after* you've signed, I am ready to admit that this is strictly a matter of personal preference although my private theory is that you are still wasting your time.

There are only two kinds of papers that you can possibly sign; papers you have written yourself and papers that somebody else has written. As for the former, there is no necessity for reading over something that you've already written. You knew what you were writing when you were writing it. Don't quibble by objecting that you may have made a mistake. The simple fact is that anything you write yourself and then sign is bound to be of trifling importance. Even if you've erred in the writing of it, the slip-up won't be costly. All the really important things to sign are written by lawyers with a gift for obscurity. (If you're a lawyer yourself, my contention still holds; in that case even if you've made a mistake in one part of the document, you've inserted enough clauses and jokers elsewhere to absolve you from any responsibility for what you've signed. You've done this by instinct, just as an experienced fighter keeps his guard up even when he's practically out on his feet).

So this brings us to the majority of documents, petitions, contracts, etc., etc., which, as I have said, have been written by somebody else, and are then handed to you to sign. My injunction is: sign them, and sign them quick. Of course I recommend that you get a general hazy idea of what you are signing, but the way to get this idea is to get it verbally. *Ask* the guy who hands you a paper what it's about, and listen to what he says. That's all you've got to do. That's simple enough, isn't it? What are ears for, anyhow? If you aren't deaf, you'll know all you need to know. You'll know for instance that you're about to sign a petition for the removal from office of your local superintendent of schools and not an order for a baby grand with player attachment. That's as close as you need to get.

Maybe my case against reading documents before you sign them will be stronger, if I give you some concrete examples of what has happened to people who committed that grievous error. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if it would. O.K. then, here goes: I had a friend who got married, and wanted to get his life insured. He wanted it insured so that when he died, his wife would get ten thousand dollars. (He'd have preferred a hundred thousand, but he knew he couldn't pay the necessary premiums.) Ten grand for his wife when he died was exactly what he wanted, and he knew that was exactly what he wanted.

He went to a friend in the life insurance business and told him so. The friend understood him perfectly (having, in fact, roomed with him for three years in college), and fixed him up a policy which would insure that when he died his wife would—well, you know.

The man taking out the insurance was reasonably cautious and asked his former roommate: "This means that Flora gets ten-thousand bucks when I die? Is that right?"

"Yes," said the agent.

"O.K." said my friend. "Where do I sign?"

"Here," said the agent, "but you'd better read the policy first."

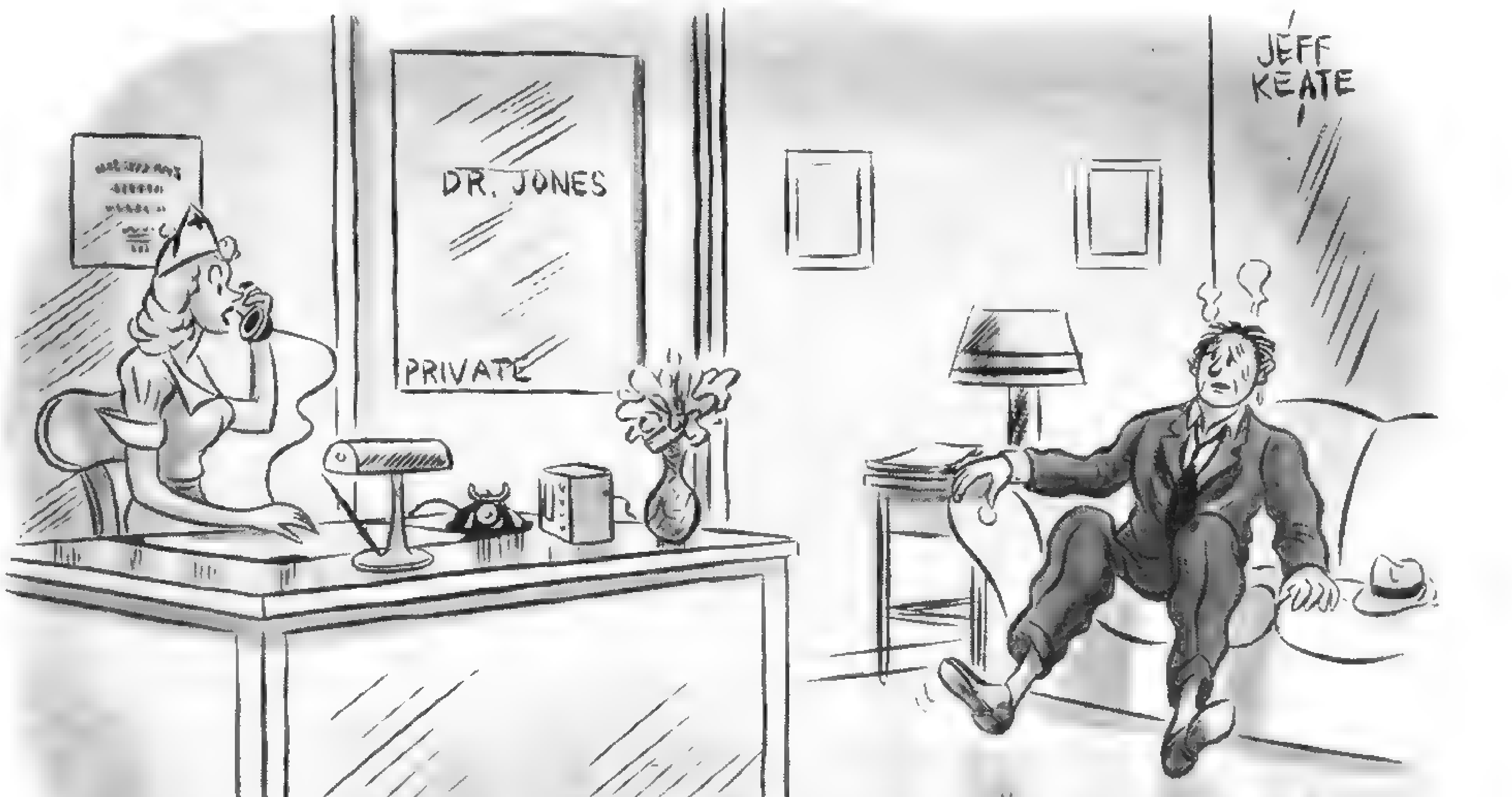
If my friend had used his bean he would have asked: "Why?" but instead he remembered the old cliché about first reading papers before you sign them, so he started reading his policy. It was a very big policy with columns and columns of fine print, and it got more complicated as it went on.

Among the things he read, for instance, was (and I am quoting word for word): "The surrender value under Option B will be the reserve of the policy and any outstanding additions, at the date of default in payment of premiums, less a surrender charge of one percentum of the face amount of the policy at the end of the second, one-half of one percentum of the face amount of the policy at the end of the third year, and thereafter the surrender value will be the full reserve at the nearest even dollar per thousand dollars of insurance, less any indebtedness to the Company hereon or secured hereby, but the Company may defer payment of any surrender value for a period not exceeding ninety days after the application therefor is made."

Now my friend knew absolutely nothing about life insurance except that he wanted a policy that would give his widow ten thousand dollars, but he was a conscientious man, and tried to figure this paragraph out. It was lunch time when he got to it, so he left the insurance company office, went down to the street, and started for a restaurant. He was still trying to figure what a surrender charge of one percentum of the face amount of a policy was when he absent-mindedly crossed the street against the lights, and was run over and killed by a taxi-cab.

He had not signed the necessary papers yet, so this meant that his wife, instead of getting ten grand, got absolutely nothing. It meant more than that. It not only left his widow penniless, but it made her a widow years before she normally would have become one. My friend, when not confused by writing which is far too complicated for the average healthy, normal man, was a cautious

Continued in center of page 116



"I'm not saying you've kept this patient with the nasty cold waiting too long, doctor, but now he wants to know what's good for pneumonia!"

The Cowboy Is a Gentle Guy

Far from the hard-riding reveler of the films, he celebrates quietly, works in slow motion, seldom sings

by DON MERRIAM

• ARTICLE •

Cowboys do not own horses.

Cowboys do not know how to shoot a six-shooter.

Cowboys ride at a slow walk.

Yet there are more cowboys in America today than ever before, and they have not changed much in ninety years.

Cowboys, by the way, are not hard drinkers, and are mild celebrators.

The cowboy is a gentle guy.

These things do not add up to the cowboy of the movies, and of fiction. His job is that of a herder of cattle, and always has been, and the only difference between the modern and the pioneer cowboy is that in those early days he had to solve his problems in the best way that seemed likely to succeed at the moment: so did the pioneer farmer, and miner, and lumberman, and trapper, and all the other combatants in the free-for-all battle for the natural resources of the country.

Cowboys used to wear revolvers—a few of them did, anyway—for much the same reasons as those which prompted the first farmers to carry a scythe over one shoulder and a blunderbus over the other when they went to work in the fields. But just as the farmer no longer fears the Indians, so are the Western herds protected against rustlers by the cops. The cowboy sometimes carries a rifle for use against coyotes, which is little more than target practice, for the fun of it, but he hasn't as much use for a revolver as your corner grocer has.

His business, primarily, is to move cattle around. He herds them up to the summer ranges in the spring, and herds them back again in the fall. The fall herding is called the roundup. It is the best known, and the dullest, phase of a cowboy's work. The cattle are moved with, so to speak, the slowest possible speed. The reason for this is that steers are merchandise which is sold by the pound, on the hoof. Movement wears them down. First responsibility of the cowboy, if the ranch on which he works is to make a profit, is to put weight on the steers as they move from the summer ranges into, and through, the cured-grass fall range, and to see that as little weight as possible is lost from there to the cattle train.

Thus during the roundup he rides at a mute, inglorious walk nine-tenths of the time. The perfect picture of a cowboy at roundup time is that of a bored young man sitting listlessly in the saddle, smoking a cigarette and wishing to God he was in the bunkhouse.

The rest of his work consists in riding herd—shepherding, it's called, when sheep are involved—on the feeding ranges, doling out hay during the winter if the ranch is in the north, mending fences, haying, cutting firewood, training horses, repairing corrals, etc.

I said that cowboys do not own horses. Why should they? Horses are furnished by the ranch. In the course of a roundup a hand may use up to half a dozen or more, alternating them. Sometimes when a cowboy has become a fixture at a ranch, he may have a favorite horse, or may actually own one, but ownership is the exception. To the usual itinerant or semi-itinerant cowboy, a horse would just be in the way.

His status as a horseman, even, while adequate to the occasion, is open to serious question. It is safe to say that in the eyes of, for example, a United States Army cavalry officer, he is a great deal less than an able exponent of the art. He rides without grace or style, any old way that seems a good idea. He likes to ride at a jog or lope, seldom has occasion to move at a full gallop, and when his horse trots he gets a pained expression upon his face and sits down in the saddle and takes it, or posts, or grasps the horse's mane, or stands up in the stirrups and supports himself by resting his hands upon the pommel, or invents combinations of these, often shifting from one to the other in rapid succession.

Riding is a part of his work, a necessary evil. He never is reluctant to dismount.

He needs, and uses, riding skill in cutting out, and in calf roping. Roping calves and branding them on the range is a normal activity in the Southwest, where the distances are so great that small herds may spread over a large area, but in the north almost all calf branding and dehorning is done in chutes.

Calf-roping is the only phase of a cowboy's work which is reflected in the rodeos. Rodeos give the impression that a cowboy, in the course of his work, "gentles" horses by getting on them and sticking there through thick and thin; that, in fact, any cowboy can ride any bucking horse. This is, of course, perfectly absurd. In the first place, a bucking horse is an oddity. About one colt in five hundred turns out to be a bucker, and as such he is worth many times more money than he would be worth if tamed down. He is sold to those who furnish bucking horses to the rodeos—and at this point it ought to be understood that a bucking horse is a professional bucking horse, not a frisky young bronc being ridden for the first time. The best bucking horse I ever knew, in Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, tossed his last rider at the fine old age of twenty-two.

On the ranch, a horse is gentled by a slow, gradual process, in which patience, not bravado, is the essential requirement. Bulldogging and the other rodeo stunts are just that: stunts, with no counterpoint on the ranch.

Coming right down to it, the most obvious distinction of the cowboy, the only thing that differentiates between him and any other type of farmhand, is the fact that his is the only group in the United States identifiable on sight by reason of its clothes. That is to say, his is the only approach to folk-dress, sectional or occupational civilian uniform, that we know in this country. And in this connection it is interesting to know that the fetching ensemble which is the badge of his trade comes straight from the requirements of his job and the vicissitudes of his environment: its picturesque aspects are largely accidental, and the cowboy of the movies is not so far removed from his cousin of the ranges, in point of dress, as is popularly supposed.

His chaps, for example, are in many respects, and in many places, the most essential article of dress or equipment, whichever they are: whether chaps are an item of clothing or a part of the saddle is an open question. The ordinary pair of chaps are made of heavy leather with wings extending toward the rear on the outside of each leg. They have a minor function of reducing friction between the rider's legs and his saddle and stirrup leathers, but their major purpose is to serve as a sort of leather apron to shed sharp brush, cactus, dead branches, bark of trees, and similar objects which otherwise would tear the stoutest pair of pants to shreds in no time at all under certain riding conditions.

Another kind of chaps are those covered with long Angora wool, sometimes left white but other times dyed black or in colors. These are made for cold weather only and are for warmth and nothing else. They are rapidly losing favor, as the leather ones serve all purposes satisfactorily. Why these wool chaps are shown upon cowboys in the Southwest—where they would soon be given a neat haircut by the sharp southern brush and cactus—in magazine illustrations and in the movies, is beyond my province or ability to explain.

The cowboy's hat is tall and broad-brimmed; it protects against both the heat and glare of desert or high-altitude sun, sheds the rain which must not hinder its wearer in his work, and is used upon occasion as a flag for turning horses or cattle when riding herd. The neckerchief, at first glance, appears to be entirely on the ornamental side, but this is true only to the extent that if you are going to wear a neckerchief, it is just as well to have some color in it. While it has grown into a sort of dude-catcher as magnified and employed by the summer boys, it is a standard item of cowboy equipment: tied across the mouth in dust storms, and in cold weather passed over the head beneath the hat, and tied under the chin, as a protection for the ears. The broad belt, frequently ornamented, is more than a device for holding up the pants: it helps keep the insides in place against the jar of riding; and even the broader band of leather, often metal-studded for extra stiffness, worn just above the belt, serves a similarly useful purpose.

The cowhand's pants are built especially for him. They are made of tough blue denim, and copper-riveted at points of strain. They are built snug about the hips partly so that when the wearer is in the saddle the friction of riding will come between the pants and the saddle, not between the pants and the human skin, and partly because the cowboy is slim about the hips himself: a posterior slenderness which is his main physical characteristic, for a stock saddle is the enemy of surplus meat. The pants are tapered in the legs, to facilitate tucking the ends into boot tops.

The boots are a perfect implement of the trade. In riding, the cowboy does not balance himself on the balls of his feet in the stirrup, as the custom is in fancy riding, but thrusts his boots all the way in and takes a strangle hold with his instep, hence the high heels. But these heels are not only high, they taper from the rear, coming almost to a point, and again we have a reason: when it comes to holding a roped animal, on foot, nothing is quite so convenient as those sharp heels, dug into the earth.

All right; now we come to the cowboy as a person. What about him? I have said that he is gentle. This is his outstanding characteristic. Primary reason for this is that he is an outdoorsman: he looks upon his work, not as a job, but rather as a way of life. He loves the mountains, deserts, forests, the broad ranges on which he rides. He loves the West, and is proud of his place in it. This never-lifting consciousness is an essential part of him.

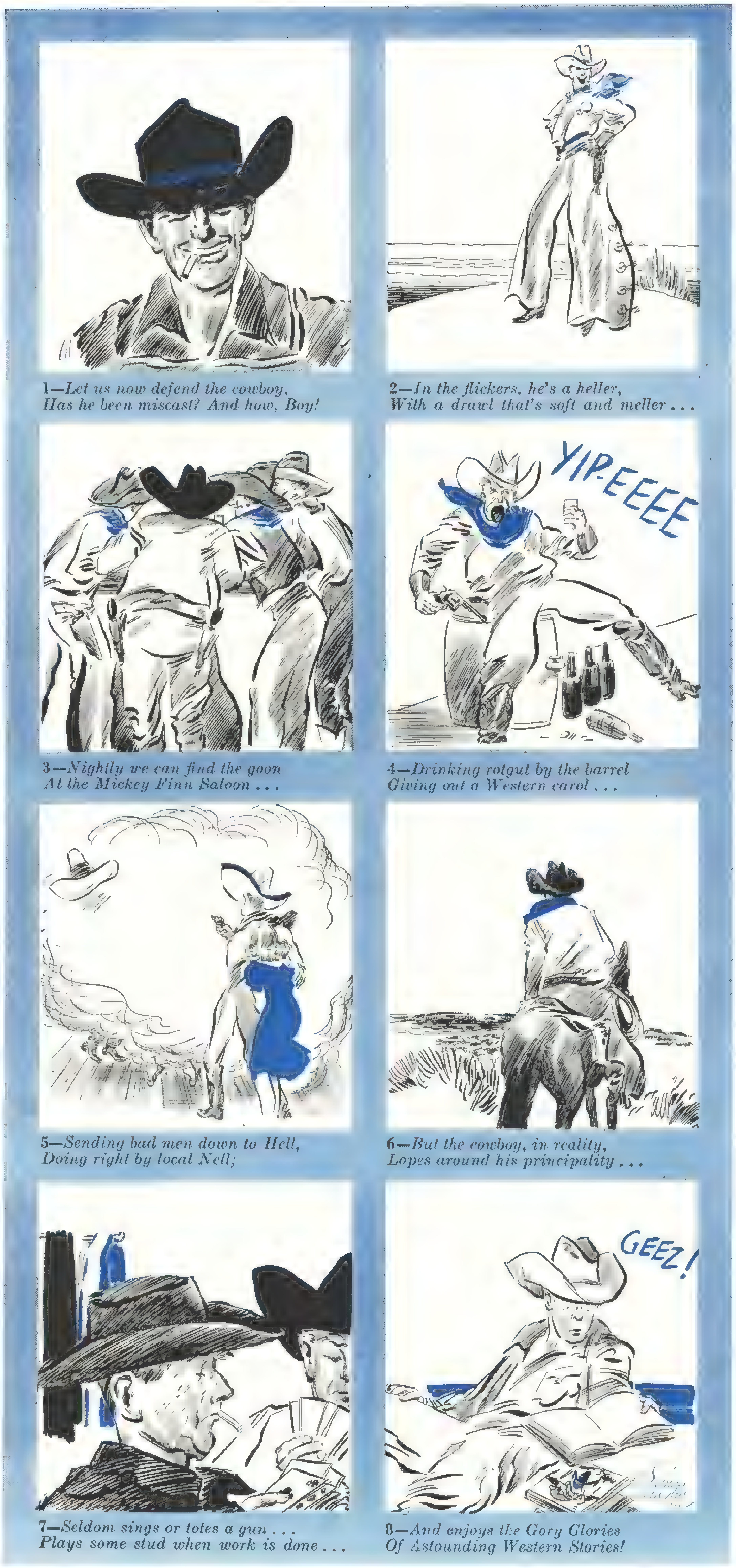
He is the only type of worker in the United States who dresses up, not by discarding, but by refining and polishing up, the usual garments of his job.

Those who work outdoors and whose occupations are closely associated with their natural environment, look upon their surroundings with a sort of familiar awe which it is impossible for the view-gazer even to understand, much less feel. There is a good deal of humility in the gentleness of the cowboy.

In his spare time he is gregarious, likes to gather in the bunkhouse and talk, or read magazines—among which those devoted to lurid Western tales invariably take first place —and when he is in town his headquarters is the bar. He likes to drink, and to gamble, or sit and talk. As a drinker he is medium, as a gambler he is insatiable. The Western bar, filled with cowboys, is quieter by far than the average city saloon which is patronized by manual workers, and than the small town emporium which entertains the farmhands. In these others, drinking and hell-raising usually represent a release from intolerable monotony in the daily work, plus an environment that is despised. The cowboy drinks and plays, not as a release from anything, not by way of escape, but just because he wants to have some fun. Thus his drinking never is vicious or brutal. The average cowboy, so far as my experience and observation goes, is no champion at the bar.

Incidentally, I never have known a cowboy who could sing, or owned a musical in-

Continued at top of page 160



1—*Let us now defend the cowboy,*
Has he been miscast? And how, Boy!

2—*In the flickers, he's a heller,*
With a drawl that's soft and meller . . .

3—*Nightly we can find the goon*
At the Mickey Finn Saloon . . .

4—*Drinking rotgut by the barrel*
Giving out a Western carol . . .

5—*Sending bad men down to Hell,*
Doing right by local Nell;

6—*But the cowboy, in reality,*
Lopes around his principality . . .

7—*Seldom sings or totes a gun . . .*
Plays some stud when work is done . . .

8—*And enjoys the Gory Glories*
Of Astounding Western Stories!

—Phil Stack

Murder In Fly Time

Though the iceman was smart, he could hardly have counted on a Blowfly with principles

by JOHN RUSSELL

FICTION

R

THE Housefly was very distant toward the Blowfly when he first came booming into the death house. She was young, and of her species quite lovely; and she had the conviction of so many feminine creatures—that the male persuasion is a bad thing anyway; probably cherishing wicked designs on you . . . She was aware of his presence as a blundering buzz somewhere in the kitchen.

"There!" she thought. "One of those rude fellows has found that hole in the screen. Well, I shan't tell him what happened here yesterday. I shan't tell him anything. Blustering bully!"

The Blowfly was all of that. He had the vanity of a bumblebee, which he was always trying to imitate. "Hello, sweetheart," he hailed. "You're up early, this hot summer mornin'. You've had blood for breakfast! I smelt it a whole block away! Naughty gal—with your high principles!"

The Housefly tried to be very prim. "Please don't speak to me so coarsely. I'm nobody's sweetheart. And besides—I don't like blood!"

"No, not at all!" he jeered. "Only when you bite somebody on the leg of a sticky day. Then you wash y'r hands like Lady Macbeth and pretend you never done it . . . Say; I know your people. Reg'ler cannibals!"

"I'd rather be a c-cannibal than a s-s-scavenger like you!" the Housefly tried to hiss indignantly.

"There, there," soothed the Blowfly. "No offense. Ain't we both insects of the same genus? H-z-z-?"

He went soaring around the living room like a minuscule airplane; but maneuvering as no airplane ever could hope to do—bumping rowdily into the walls, the floor, the remnants of food and drink on the table. Of course this didn't hurt him a bit; it was only a smart way of showing off his gleaming armor of bronze and gold. Moreover, he was really making a very keen survey of the premises. The Housefly had 2,038 lenses to each of her eyes, but the Blowfly had 2,048 to each of his. And when he had used them all he was quite aware that an event of peculiar interest had taken place hereabouts not long ago.

In the meanwhile the Housefly was making her toilet with the insufferable air of superiority with which her sex so often disguise their deepest emotions. First she smoothed out her glossy coattails. Then she scrubbed the back of her slender neck, though indeed there was no need—it was only *her* way of showing off, too. Then she manicured her little fore paws inordinately. And that was the time, the wise old Blowfly knew, to get what he wanted.

"Beautiful!" he admired. "You know, you have a wonderful style, Miss. I'm only a rough sort meself. But I sure can appreciate finer feelings in a lady . . . Something must have happened to give you an awful shock."

"It did; oh, it did. A dretful thing!" She whimpered with her left front wing. "And the worst of it is, there just seems no justice. Because there's positively nothing that any living creature can do about it now."

"Tell papa," he coaxed; which all along of course she had been naturally dying to do.

"Well, when those two men fought in this room yesterday afternoon, I declare it truly *was* awful!"

"How was that?"

"With beer bottles—that's how . . . They were sitting at the table right where you be. The little fat man who lived in this house, and a tall, skinny devil of a man who used to be the iceman on this route."

"How hateful is an iceman's trade," murmured the Blowfly, taking his cue from her vindictive tone.

"Detestable! And this one had come visiting because it seems he had run off with the poor little fat man's wife . . . So he pretended he wanted to talk it over, friendly-like. So anyway the two were eating and drinking together."

"So—so. Then what?"

"Well, all of a sudden this skinny wretch swang out with his beer bottle and hit the other a terrible clip behind the ear. The fat man tried to ward it off, and his own bottle broke in his hand. But just as he fell backward, he stabbed the iceman with the sharp, broken half of it."

"Ugh!" said the Blowfly, involuntarily.

"Precisely. And dretful! But that iceman was smart. Right away he hopped to the bathroom and stuffed all the extra towels inside his shirt. Next he swept up the place and wiped everything to make it look like only *one* person had sat there. Then he took and dragged the dead man into the bedroom yonder."

The Blowfly shot away like a singing bullet. He was gone only a moment. "I'd have found him myself pretty soon," he confirmed. "But please go on, Miss."

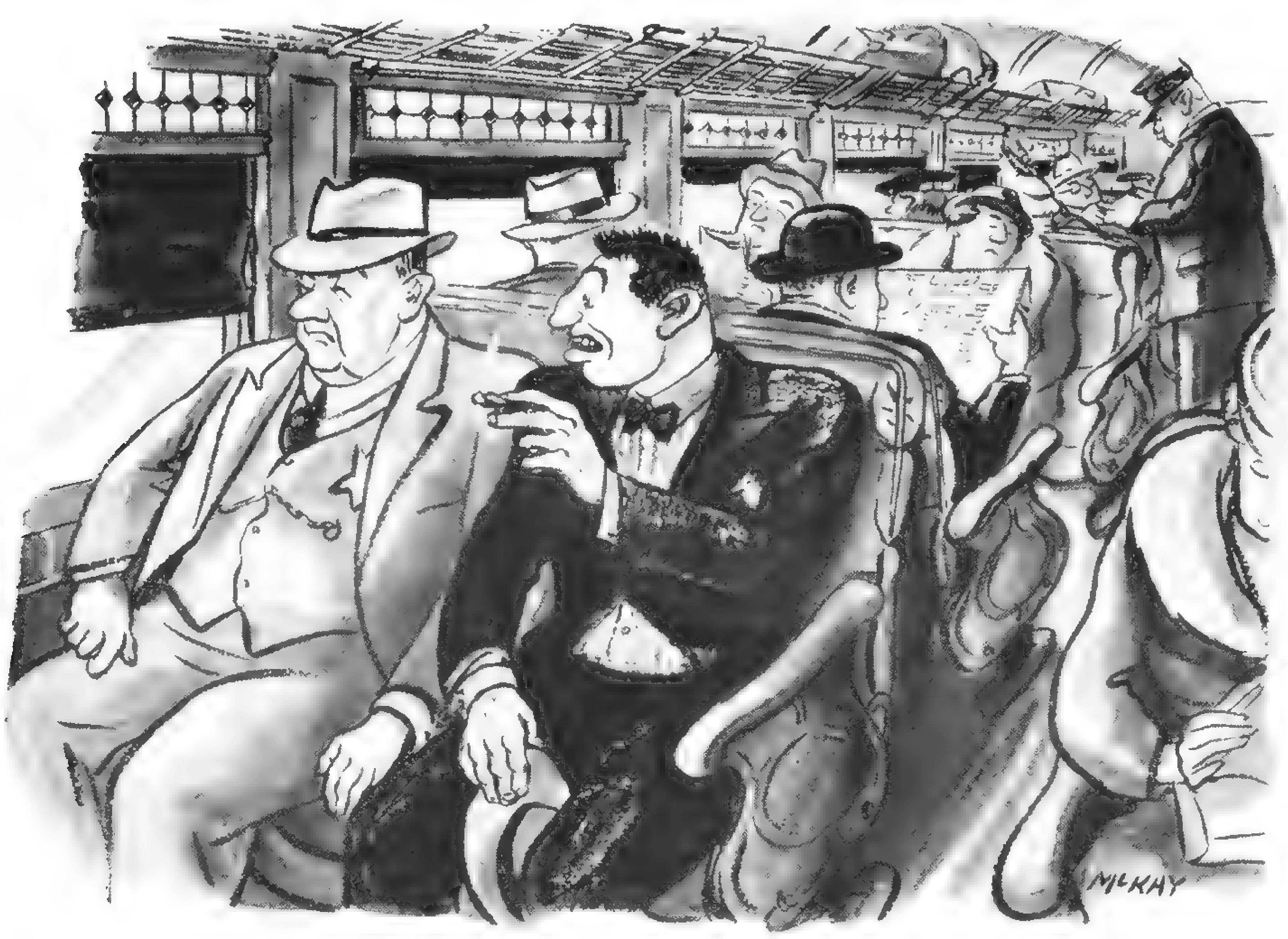
"About the iceman? Well, he locked the doors inside. And he waited till dark. And he crawled out the kitchen window and locked the screen, through that hole, behind him. And that's all."

"H'm, h'm." The Blowfly rubbed his nose. Then he rubbed his thoracic segment with the gesture of a professional gent consulting his watch. "The subject," he stated, "the subject has been dead about eighteen hours . . . How soon would any neighbors, or such, be likely to start up a police alarm?"

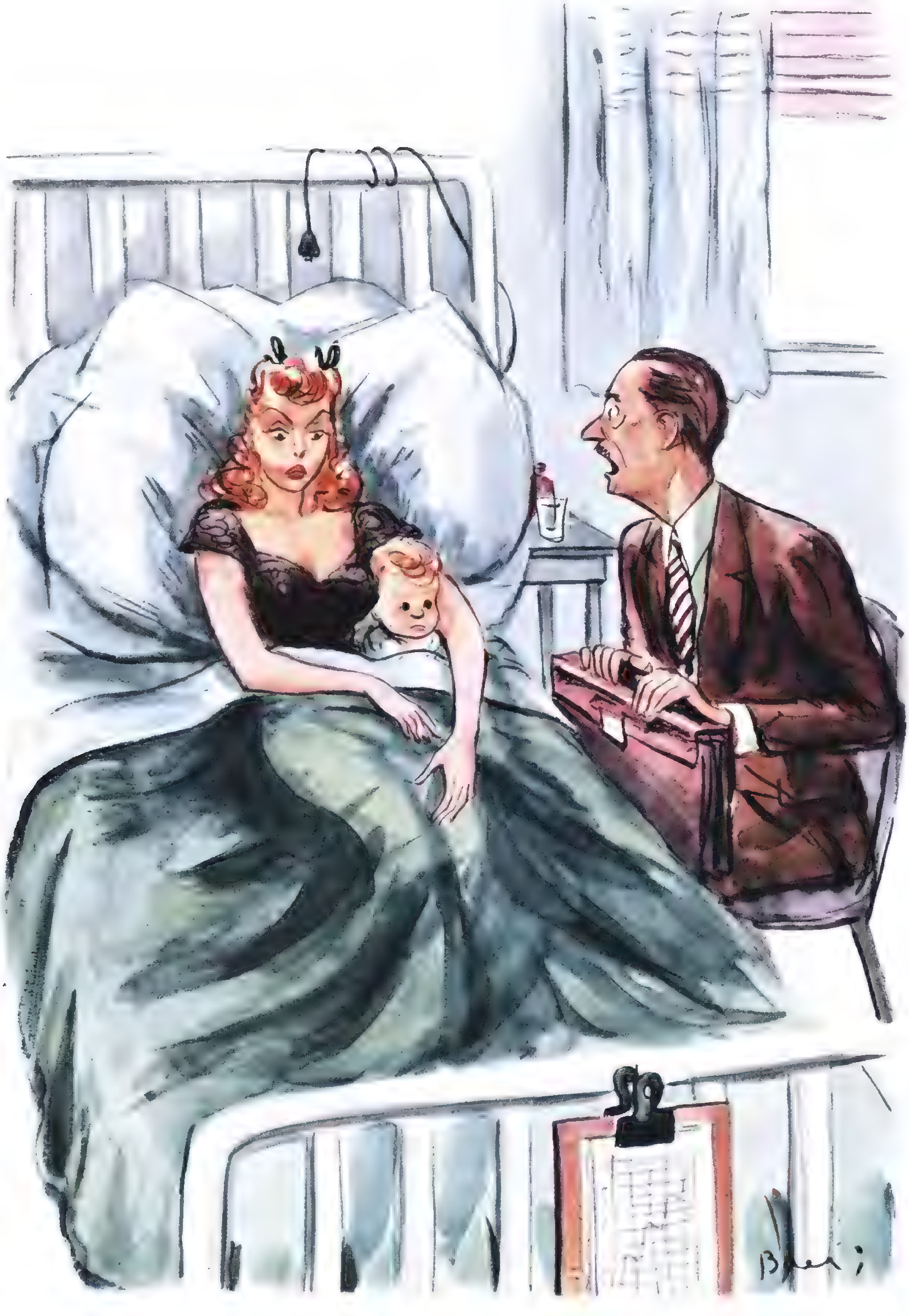
"Well, the postman always comes, about now. He always stops to chat with the little fat man. He'll surely be excited when he finds the place all closed up."

"H'm. In that case," he reflected, "there'll

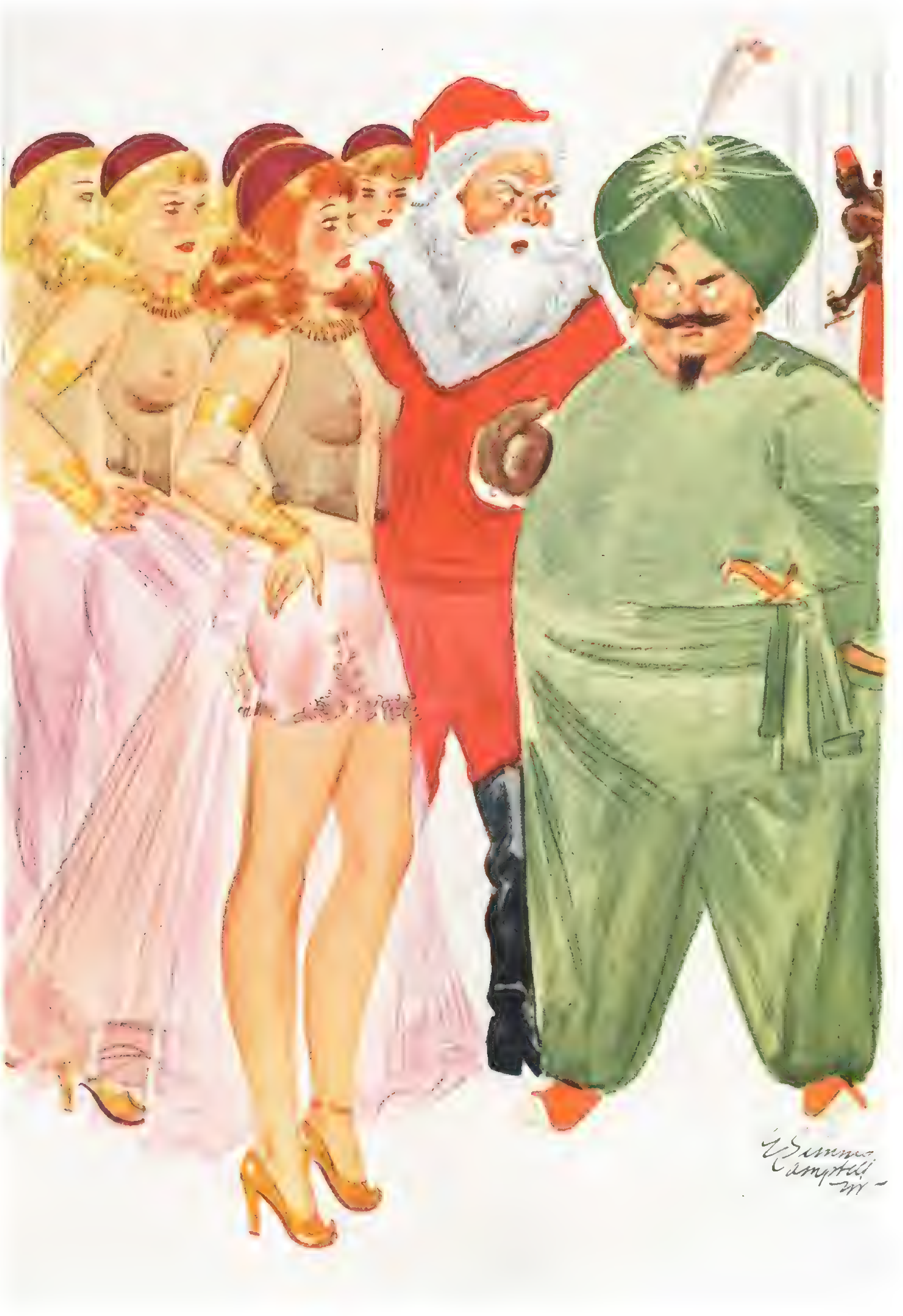
Continued on page 124



"I guess I'm not very good company today!"



"But Miss Lawson—I'm afraid you won't get to first base suing General Motors"



"I know I'm two months late with these girls, but next time you try to get them past the British blockade!"

Our Coast Is Guarded

The U. S. Coastguard patrols our shores in seaplanes, watches our busy harbors, inspects belligerents' radios and arms

by PHILIP HARKINS

• ARTICLE •

A FEW weeks ago two young women from Halifax, Nova Scotia, called on a friend in the Coast Guard station at New York harbor. One of them had a strongly marked scar running from her eye to her jawbone; the other had one eye missing. On December 6, 1917, they had been among the hundreds of little children in the path of a blinding inferno that swept up from the harbor of Halifax when a ship loaded with high explosives was bumped by another vessel. Comparatively speaking, the two little girls were lucky. For the pulverizing force of the explosion and the tidal wave it engendered, killed 1,226 people and obliterated 3,000 houses. A generation of the town's inhabitants was wiped out.

By pure coincidence, these two citizens of Halifax were calling on an officer whose organization is determined to prevent a recurrance of this tragedy in an American harbor. For among other duties imposed by this second world war on the Coast Guard, is the strict supervision of munitions in United States ports.

The work of this Coast Guard patrol flows through three fields: seaplane patrol from Maine to Panama, harbor patrol from Boston, through the gulf, to Seattle on the West Coast, and radio and armament inspection of all ships from belligerent countries using United States ports.

In the air the Coast Guard flies wing to wing with the Navy planes over our Neutrality Zone. In checking armaments on "belligerents" (ships from countries at war or countries whose merchant fleets are now under the British Navy) it works with Customs squads. To supervise munitions-loading and to seal radios on "belligerents" the Coast Guard has its own specially trained divisions.

The New York district is considered the guinea pig district by Coast Guard men. Here, new ideas are tried out and if proved practicable are put into effect in other districts all over the country. It goes almost without saying that the New York district is the one most affected by war, for bombers and other material are being shipped day and night, armed merchantmen are constantly coming and going and munitions will stream eastward in an ever-increasing flow as the English supplies shrink under the drain of defense and bombing attacks.

Headquarters for the perpetual patrol of the New York district is an unimpressive building called the Barge Office, which squats at the extreme seaward end of New York's famous Battery, a plot of green grass at the foot of steel and concrete Manhattan. Into the busy Barge Office come constant reports from day and night patrols, Customs squads in launches and cars and five patrol planes spread-eagling from Floyd Bennett Field, Long Island.

It was in this New York district that the Black Tom explosion occurred in July, 1916, a year before America entered the war. Compared to the Halifax holocaust, Black Tom was a fireworks display, but it was a shocking disaster in its own right. Twenty-two million dollars worth of munitions were blown into a reddened sky and for miles around shattered window panes tinkled into streets. A Coast Guard crew, rushing to the scene, discovered to its horror that a nine-car train of trinitrotoluene (known to innocent bystanders as T.N.T.) was standing dumbly in the path of leaping flames and exploding shrapnel. Expecting to be blown to bits at any moment the crew dashed toward the train only to find that the track had been twisted by the blast. With all hell breaking loose about them, they had to go to work and straighten the track while each succeeding second brought them nearer to a violent death. A piece of shell, shot from a munitions car, decapitated one man; a steel splinter killed another.

In the nick of time the track was repaired and the train feverishly shunted out of danger. It is no exaggeration to say that at least a thousand American citizens owed their lives that night to the heroic work of the Coast Guard patrol.

The Black Tom explosion was a case of sabotage definitely pinned on German agents after a series of international law suits which dragged on through the courts, enriching various teams of lawyers, until June 15, 1939, twenty-two years after the disaster.

It should be borne in mind that our country today is much more pro-ally, or pro-British Empire, than it was in July, 1916. "Every means short of war" is pretty tall talk. If Germany has trouble subduing a stubborn Britain it may strike hard and fast at the "short of war" supply train based in New York harbor and the danger of disasters like Halifax and Black Tom will be imminent.

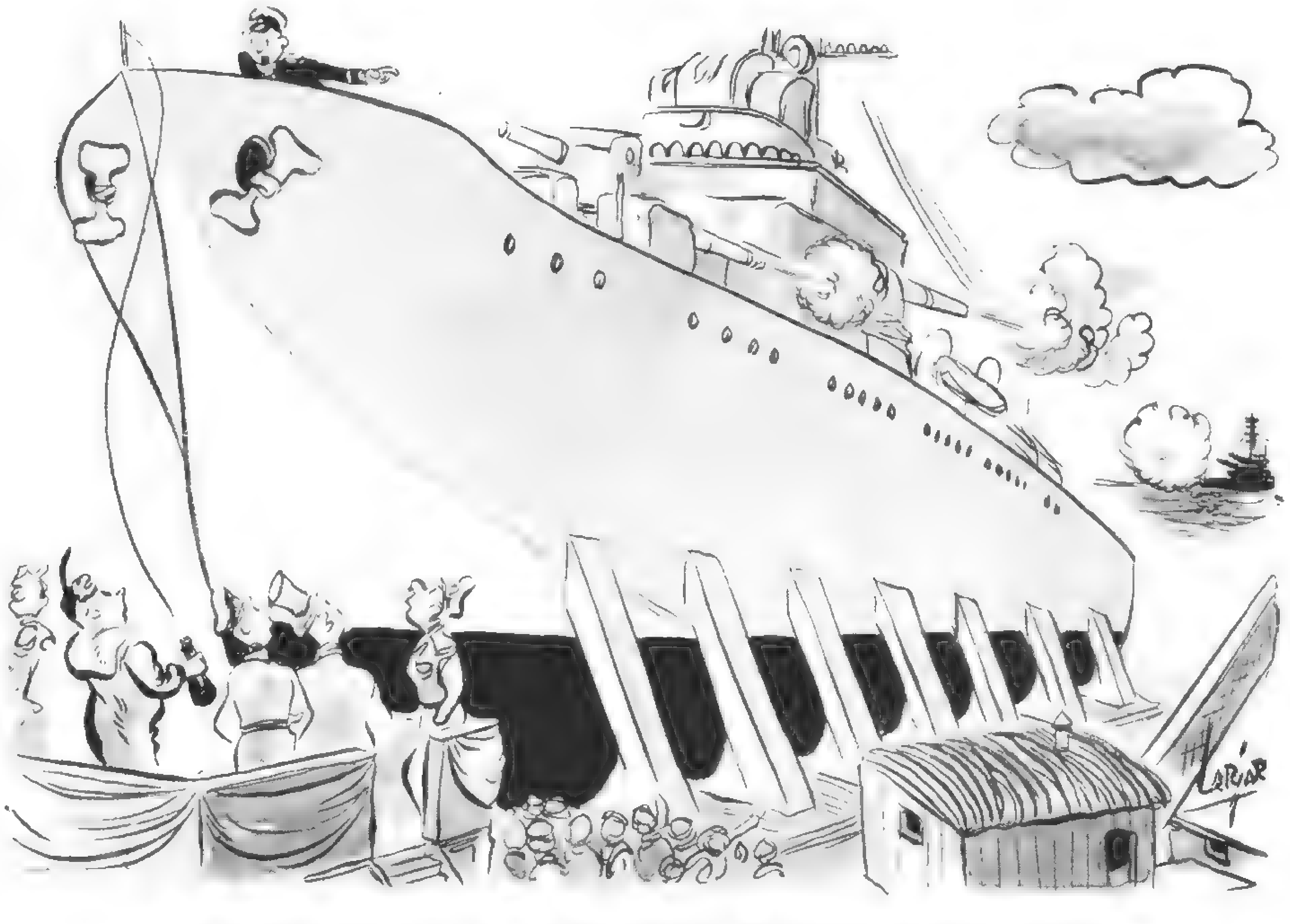
To prevent such disasters from striking the great port into which supplies for England are being funneled, the Coast Guard has prepared three carefully guarded sluices through which munitions can flow not only to Europe but to our own troops, such as the Canal Zone detachment.

There are three explosive anchorages in New York harbor. When a munitions ship is lying in any one of these anchorages a strict twenty-four hour watch is kept over it. And when munitions ships are loaded from lighters, a specially trained explosive detail from the Barge Office checks every movement.

For a vicarious thrill come along with a ten-man explosive detail as it supervises the loading of a munitions ship.

We set out from the Barge Office in a small patrol boat and splash down the harbor with salt spray in our faces, down past the Statue

Continued on page 150



"Could you snap it up a bit, lady? We're being attacked!"

At the Fertility Sing

It was a private affair: Many Goats wanted a child or two so he called in Tall Singer to make things right

by ERIC HOWARD

▪ FICTION ▪

After a long, rough ride in the trader's truck, over a road seldom used by cars, we came within sight of the campfire outside the hogan of Mister Many Goats. We were going to a "sing," where a Navajo medicine man would officiate in the mysterious rites of a healing ceremonial.

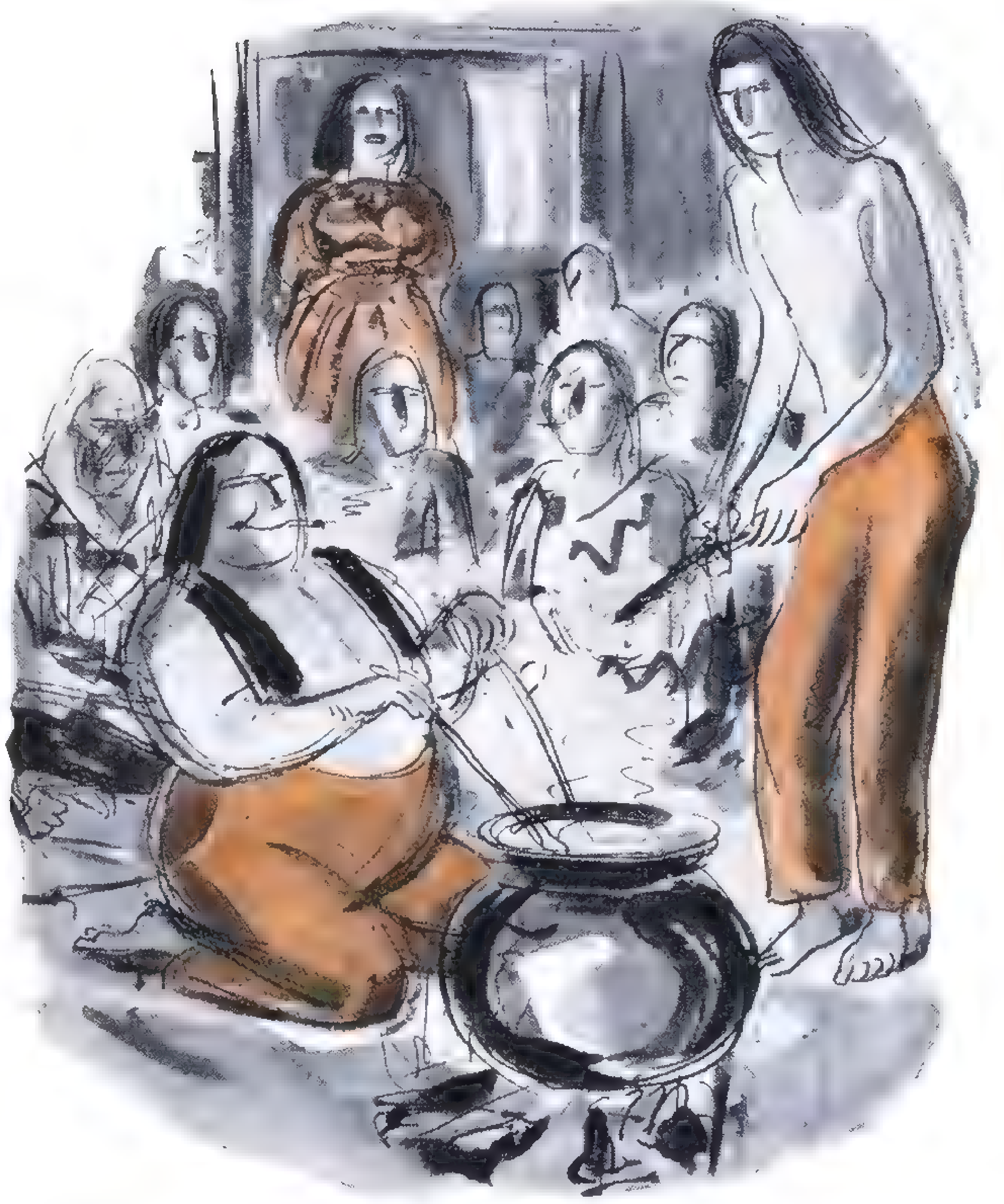
"That's Many Goats' camp," the trader said, and swore as the front wheels of the truck dropped into a ditch.

We went as gift bearers. Before leaving the trading post, the trader had filled a box with food—a sack of flour, several cans of tomatoes, as many of peaches, cigarettes and bags of tobacco, candy, several pounds of coffee.

The trader was a young man, handsome, powerfully built, with an unfailing zest for the full, busy life he lived. Although his trading post was remote, he had many visitors, white as well as Indian. Travelers came through the country, especially during spring and summer; sometimes a party of archaeologists; more often, Indian Service men and women, nurses, doctors, missionaries. All of them were hospitably received, well fed and bedded down. His regular business of trading with the Navajos was a full-time occupation. His working day averaged about fourteen hours.

He bought wool, rugs, sheep and cattle, pinon nuts and silver jewelry from the Indians; he sold them flour, coffee, and other supplies. When they had nothing to sell, he gave them credit on their personal belongings—jewelry, saddles, guns, and the like. Sometimes he held these things in pawn for several years, until they were able to redeem them. He spoke their language well, and he had drifted easily into their ways of thinking and talking. The Navajos liked him because he had their kind of humor.

Only that afternoon, for example, an old, scolding Navajo woman had brought a sack of wool into the post. The trader weighed it and found it surprisingly heavy. But he said nothing. When he dumped it out on his wool pile, he discovered a large, heavy rock in the bottom—an old trick. Still he said nothing, but addressed the old woman courteously, calling her "shi-mah," my mother. She was well pleased with herself; she had put one over on the smart American. Among her purchases was a bag of sugar. The trader put the rock into the bag, poured sugar all around it; and charged her for it by the pound. She carried her purchases outside in a blanket and arranged them in a bundle she could carry horseback. She discovered the unnatural weight of the sugar. She opened it and found the rock. With great indignation, she stormed into the store and violently denounced the trader.



He smiled at her gently and quietly said, "But, *shi-mah*, I thought you loved that heavy rock because you wrapped it so carefully in your wool. I didn't want to deprive you of such a treasure, so of course I gave it back to you. Why are you angry? I have done you a great favor."

The other Navajos in the post all laughed at her; and, so great is their dread of ridicule, she grinned shamefacedly and slipped outside, murmuring her admiration for his smartness.

"Many Goats," the trader said, "is a fine old boy. I guess he must be seventy now. His wife was a great weaver—wove some of the best rugs in this district. She died about three years ago. You know how they are—scared of death and dead ones. Well, so am I; so's everybody, I guess. Anyway, when she died, Many Goats sent a boy over to me to ask if I'd bury her. Since I've been here, I must have buried fifty Indians. A regular mortician. It's part of the job. They just won't bury their own folks if they can get a white man to do it—and it's usually up to the trader.

"Many Goats is well off, as Navvies go. And honest as they make 'em. I'd trust him with anything I have. He's a pretty fine old man. You'll see when you meet him. Well, of course, a man who owns a lot of sheep, goats and some cattle needs a wife. Many Goats had two or three in the old days, when he was younger. This one that died out-lived the others, and she was a mighty nice woman. His children have all grown up and married. So Many Goats, naturally, was in the market for another wife.

"You know how they are. A rich old man often marries a young girl, giving her people some sheep; or an old woman with a big herd marries herself a young buck. A lot of people make a fuss about this custom, but I don't know—maybe it's sensible, in some ways. Because, if two youngsters get married, and are both poor, how are they going to get along? This system seems to work out pretty well. Say a young girl marries an old man that's well off. She takes care of him, takes care of his sheep, makes him a pretty good wife. Maybe she takes a lover. There's not much objection to that. Maybe the old man dies, leaving her well off. Then she's all set to marry a man her own age. That's how it works. I'm not for it, and I'm not against it. That's how it is.

"I wasn't surprised when old Many Goats married Chewing Tobacco's Daughter. Chewing Tobacco—that's the name he had on the books when I took over the post, and that's how he's known—is pretty poor. Maybe he's shiftless, maybe he's had hard luck. Anyway, this girl of his is a mighty pretty kid. Full of fun and mischief, with an eye for the boys. In a way, I suppose you might say Many Goats bought her. Chewing Tobacco sure needed the sheep and cattle Many Goats gave him. But don't get the idea that the girl objected. No, sir. She sure enjoyed herself when Many Goats bought her everything she wanted. I think she was darn glad to get away from home and go to his camp. She knew she'd have everything she wanted there. Many Goats was well off, and he's a kind, generous old boy.

"So they got married. Now this 'sing' is a sort of special occasion. They don't have many of 'em, because the Navvies are a pretty virile people. This is a 'fertility sing.' You see, Many Goats wants a child or two by Chewing Tobacco's Daughter—and so far they haven't had any luck. So he called in Tall Singer, one of the best medicine men around here, and this sing is supposed to make everything all right. Won't be many people here, not even Indians. It's a sort of private business. Many Goats counts me a friend or he wouldn't have told me about it. You folks turned up just in time to get in on something special. Well, here we are."

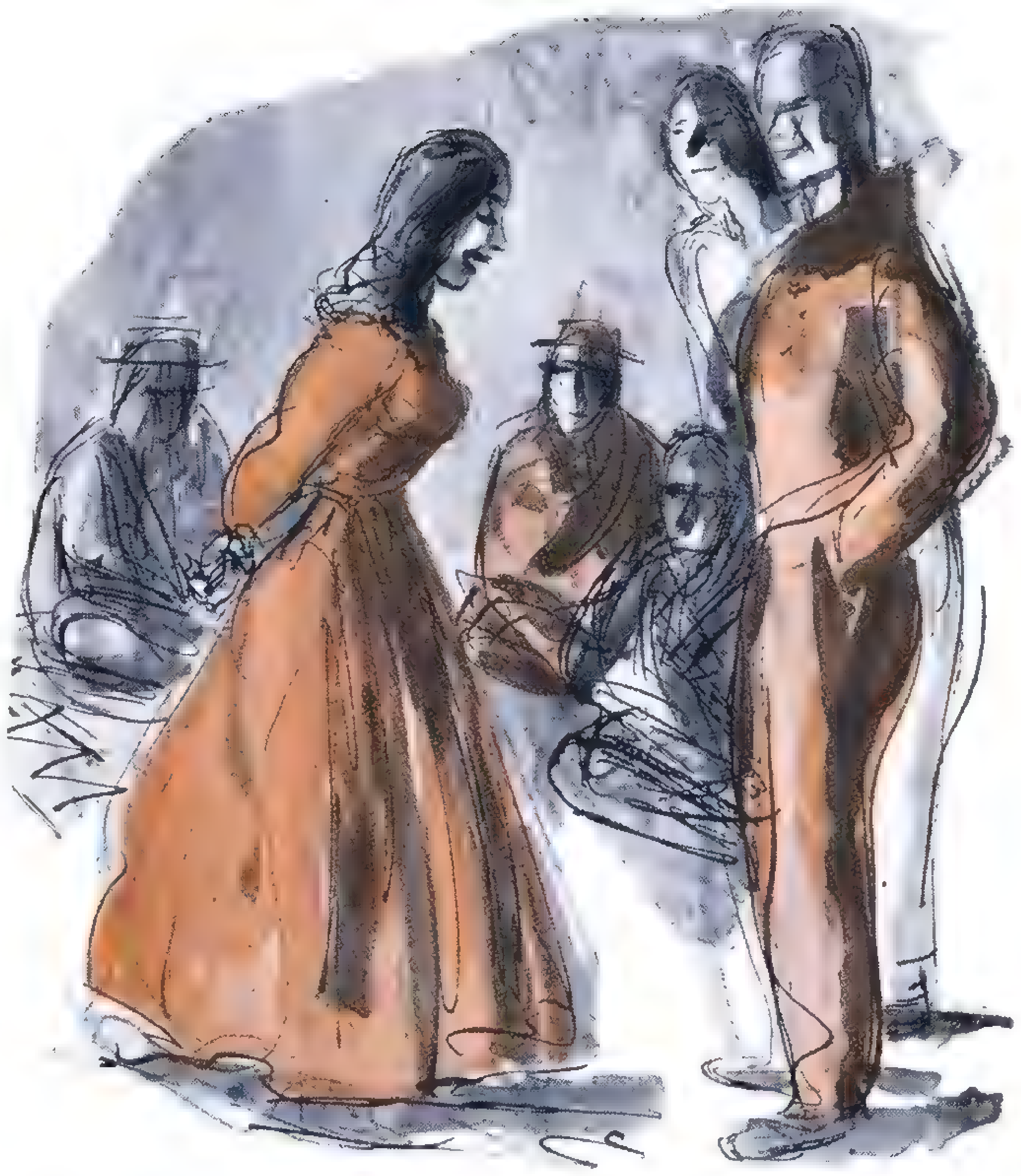
It was a beautiful, clear, crisp night, there on top of the mesa. In the light from the cedar campfire, as we approached, we saw that the hogan was new, large and well-built. Outside it, a brush shelter had been erected for summer living; and under it were several small cook fires. Mutton ribs were broiling on a wire rack over low coals; a large Dutch oven was full of mutton stew. There were several pots of coffee, fire-blackened, and an old woman, sitting on the ground, was making "squaw bread"—tortilla-like discs made of white flour.

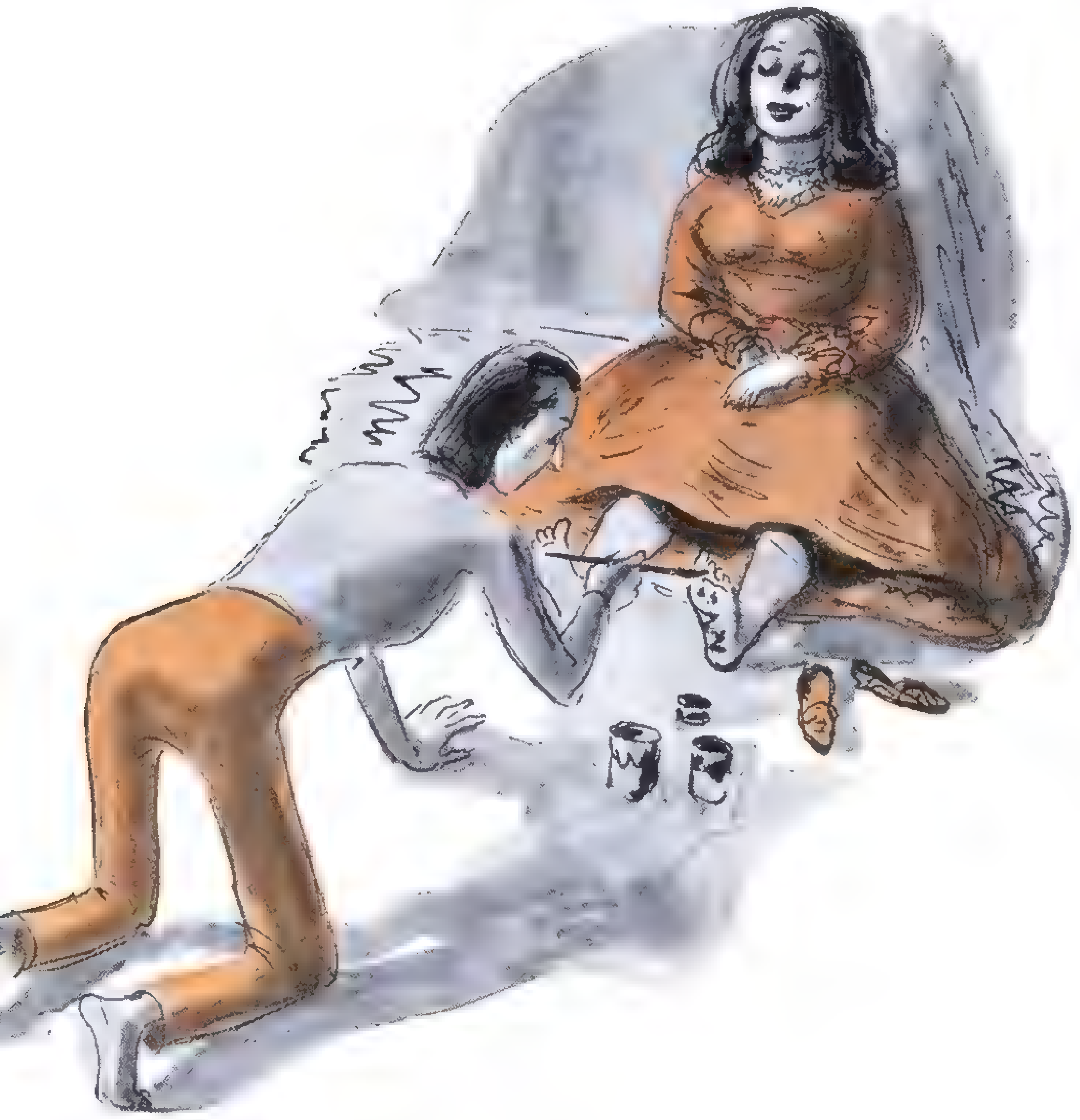
Two Navajos, both tall, came forward to greet the trader. He clasped hands with them, one after another, and spoke to them quietly. He introduced us, and we in turn clasped hands with them—first with the medicine man, Tall Singer; then with Many Goats.

Tall Singer was a man of about forty, with merry eyes and mobile lips. Far from being a stoical, expressionless Indian, he seemed to be on the verge of smiling or chuckling. Life to him, one saw, was a very amusing business; he reminded me, indeed, of an urbane French hedonist. Although, as a healer, he was both priest and doctor, there was certainly nothing solemn in his manner. He made a somewhat ribald jest, in Navajo, about the purpose of the sing, which the trader translated to us. Tall Singer was well-padded with flesh; and it was obvious that he was a man who enjoyed life to the full.

Many Goats, although as tall and straight as a youth, was a man of great dignity and gentleness. His face was full of lines indicating character; his hair was gray; his eyes were very gentle and understanding. It was impossible not to like him and respect him; he was full of years and wisdom. His welcome was that of a courteous gentleman.

We sat on the ground, near the fire, and were at once offered food. We ate some broiled mutton, bits of squaw bread, and drank coffee. The box the trader brought had been graciously accepted.





It was about nine o'clock. Everyone was at ease, unhurried, with no sense of time. The sing would last all night. From time to time, however, as we sat around the fire, a young Navajo, Tall Singer's assistant and pupil, moved quietly into the firelight and received instructions from the medicine man. This boy, who would be Tall Singer's successor after years of rigorous training in the ceremonies of the people, moved with the lithe, free grace of an animal or a great dancer. He was tremendously alive, but every motion was fluid and controlled.

There were others there—a few older men, friends of Many Goats, a timid young girl who kept out of sight, a second old woman who helped with the cooking.

Tall Singer's assistant was quietly busy with preparations for the ceremonial. We saw him thrust prayer sticks, topped with colored feathers, into the ground outside the hogan door. He moved in and out of the dwelling. He squatted near a fire and dropped something that looked like dried herbs into steaming water.

A blanket had been hung over the hogan door, but when the young medicine man thrust it aside we saw that another low fire burned in the center of the floor.

After a time, Many Goats got up and went in. He came out, a little later, followed by his wife, Chewing Tobacco's Daughter. He seemed very proud of her, in a manner that was slightly paternal. He might well have been proud, for she was an unusually pretty girl of perhaps eighteen. She had a round, smooth face, glowing with health; sparkling, lively eyes; rather full lips that smiled easily, revealing perfect teeth. Her hair had been freshly washed, in the suds of the soap-weed, and dressed; it was bound with new white yarn, in a *bit-si-yael* at the back of her neck. She was wearing new clothes—a voluminous skirt of green sateen, a golden yellow velveteen blouse, new moccasins and much silver and turquoise jewelry.

Her blouse outlined the attractive curves of her figure, and her skirt flowed gracefully as she walked. She was full of life and health; and she seemed also to be a good-natured, even-tempered, and affectionate girl.

She was on friendly terms with the trader, calling him by his first name. Modest, like all Indian women, she spoke quietly, hung her head, gave a giggling little laugh; but she was quick-witted and made amusing replies to the trader and Tall Singer. Toward her husband, she seemed respectful and grateful; she no doubt responded to his gentle kindness.

We observed, though, that she said nothing to Tall Singer's assistant and seemed shy when he came near her.

At a word from Tall Singer, she returned to the hogan.

Tall Singer ate more food with great enjoyment, smoked a cigarette and spat into the fire. Then, lazily, stretching himself, he got up and walked towards the hogan. We filed in after him and sat down, cross-legged, on sheepskins along the wall.

None of these people, not even the younger ones, spoke English; none had been to school. With our scant Navajo, we depended on the trader's whispered translations of what was said.

Even now, as he spread a piece of deer skin out before him and placed on it various objects from his medicine pouch, Tall Singer did not become solemn. He spoke jestingly. No one present, except Many Goats and the young medicine man, seemed to be in earnest. Many Goats, if I could read his face, was praying with deep faith for the success of the sing—and for a child. Tall Singer's assistant was very serious, intent upon his work; he seemed to me like an earnest young priest whose bishop is a laughing, worldly man.

The ceremony was less formal than any other we had witnessed. There was no sand painting, as in the usual healing sing. Tall Singer began a chant, and the other men took it up. One old man beat out the rhythm on a water drum—a jar with water in it over which buckskin had been stretched taut. One chant would fade away or end on a high note; there would be a pause, vibrant and sustained; then another singer would start a new chant. There was only this pause, no real break in the singing; as in all things Indian, one felt a sustained continuity of rhythm. There in the hogan, lit only by the center fire, from which the smoke rose to the hole

Continued on page 131

"The Gentle Rain"

A soufflé must not be kept waiting and Sir John saw no reason to let the air raid interfere with supper

by STANLEY LOGAN

▪ SATIRE ▪

IN LONDON in the last year of the last war, which as all the world knows was a war to end war, Sir John Ducky sat on the bench at the Old Bailey in one of those oak-paneled court rooms which British tradition has ordained should possess neither acoustical properties nor ventilating system.

These defects notwithstanding, his surroundings were pleasantly familiar to Sir John for he had dispensed justice therein many times these twenty years. Now the deportment of His Majesty's Judges is one of calm detachment from the mundane affairs of this world only equaled in all probability by that of the Grand Llama of Tibet.

In addition to this universal quality some of these legal luminaries enjoy a reputation for a pretty wit; and second to none was the reputation of Sir John Ducky in this respect.

From early Oxford days his brain had been intrigued by litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees; but his soul had always cherished the saving grace.

And so throughout his judicial career his *bon mots* and *jeux d'esprit* were vociferously acclaimed by members of the Junior Bar and were summated in the public prints as "(laughter in court)"; but never at any period of that career had Sir John Ducky been more at the top of his form than on that particular day in March, 1918.

Despite the fact that the case of the hardened criminal before him in the dock compelled him, as a Judge, to assume his sternest manner while sentencing that thick-eared transgressor to seven weary years beyond the infinite and boundless reach of mercy—the inner man in Sir John rejoiced.

And a very good reason it had for doing so; for on that day of days his only son—Captain Hugo Ducky, M.C.—was returning on leave from the wars, sound in wind and limb, and that very evening they were to commune together.

The prisoner having disappeared like a salted snail to his doom in the cells below, the court adjourned and Sir John disappeared from a gratified public gaze through the green curtains leading to his robing room.

There he was greeted deferentially by his confidential attendant, one Samuel Butterclip, who through long and close association with the Judge almost equaled him in forensic appearance.

Only the complexions of the two men presented a striking contrast. Sir John's being of a refreshing rosiness; Samuel's being pale and parchmenty.

The wig removed in a trice—the robes doffed in a jiffy—Sir John relaxed into a capacious chair.

"Glass of sherry, Sir John?"

Most certainly a glass of sherry.

"Cigarette, Sir John?"

"Thank you, Butterclip."

The cigarette lit, the sherry sipped, Sir John sighed gratefully, closed one eye and twinkled with the other.

"It's been a trying day, Butterclip," he said. "A very trying day."

"A trying day, Sir John? Oh! Yes, I see—ha, ha. Yes, *indeed*—a *trying* day! Ha, ha, ha. Capital, if I may say so, Sir John—capital!"

The Judge twinkled with both eyes.

"Happily, in this instance," he murmured softly, "the punishment was not capital."

"Not capital punishment? Ha, ha. Oh, very good. Very good *indeed!* I'm gratified to observe, Sir John, that you have not been unduly depressed by the onerous labors of the day."

"It wasn't a matter of hard labor, Butterclip—merely penal servitude."

In chuckling tribute to this last scintillating sally, Samuel could not do less than proffer a plate of dry biscuits, shaking his head the while as if to intimate that Sir John would be the death of him one of these days.

Having taken the biscuit and accepted a second sherry, Sir John proceeded to assume the garb of an ordinary English gentleman about to dine. And a very distinguished figure he made of it. Not even the most provincial visitor to the Metropolis, however bottled, could have mistaken him for a head waiter at any time. "*There,*" he would have said to himself, "is *Some*body!"

Having presented the hat and handed the cane, Samuel Butterclip consulted his tablets, cleared his throat, and delivered himself.

"You dine, Sir John, at the club—alone—at seven-thirty-six."

"Quite."

"You sup, Sir John, at the Savoy with Captain Ducky—at eleven-eighteen."

"Quite. Did you ascertain the exact hour of my son's arrival at Victoria Station?"

"Unfortunately, I was not enabled to do so, Sir John. The movements of leave trains from the front are erratic. But I was assured by the Assistant Provost Marshal and the Railway Transport Officer that Captain Ducky will be enabled to join you at supper at the stated time."

"Excellent—excellent."

"And, in conclusion, Sir John, I would remind you that the first case to come before you tomorrow morning at nine-fifty-seven is that of Rex versus Isadore Aripopulos."

"And the gravamen of the charge, Butterclip?"

"Attempted murder, Sir John."

"And whom did Mr. Aripopulos attempt to murder?"

"Mrs. Aripopulos, Sir John."

"Indeed? It sounds to me, Butterclip, like

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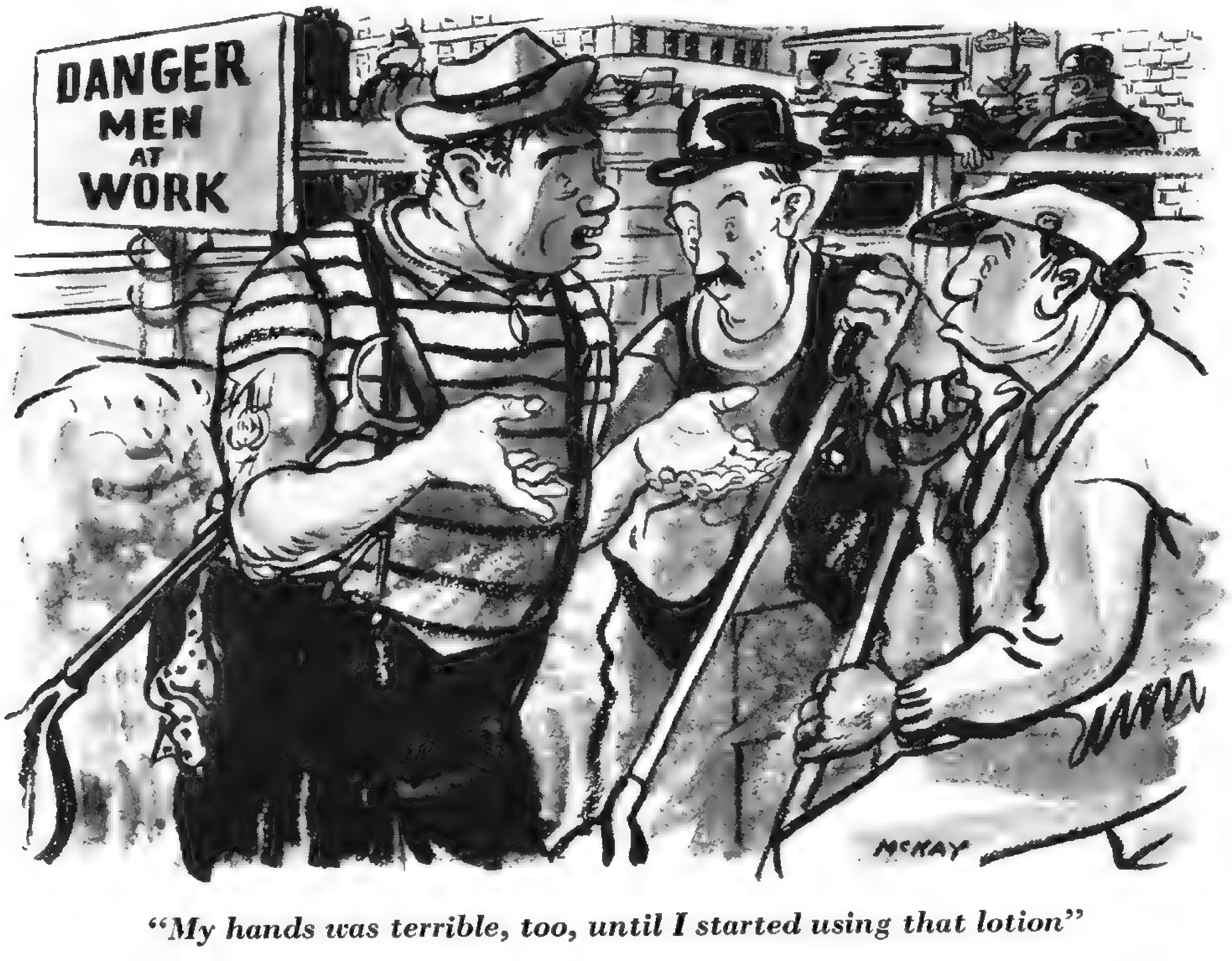
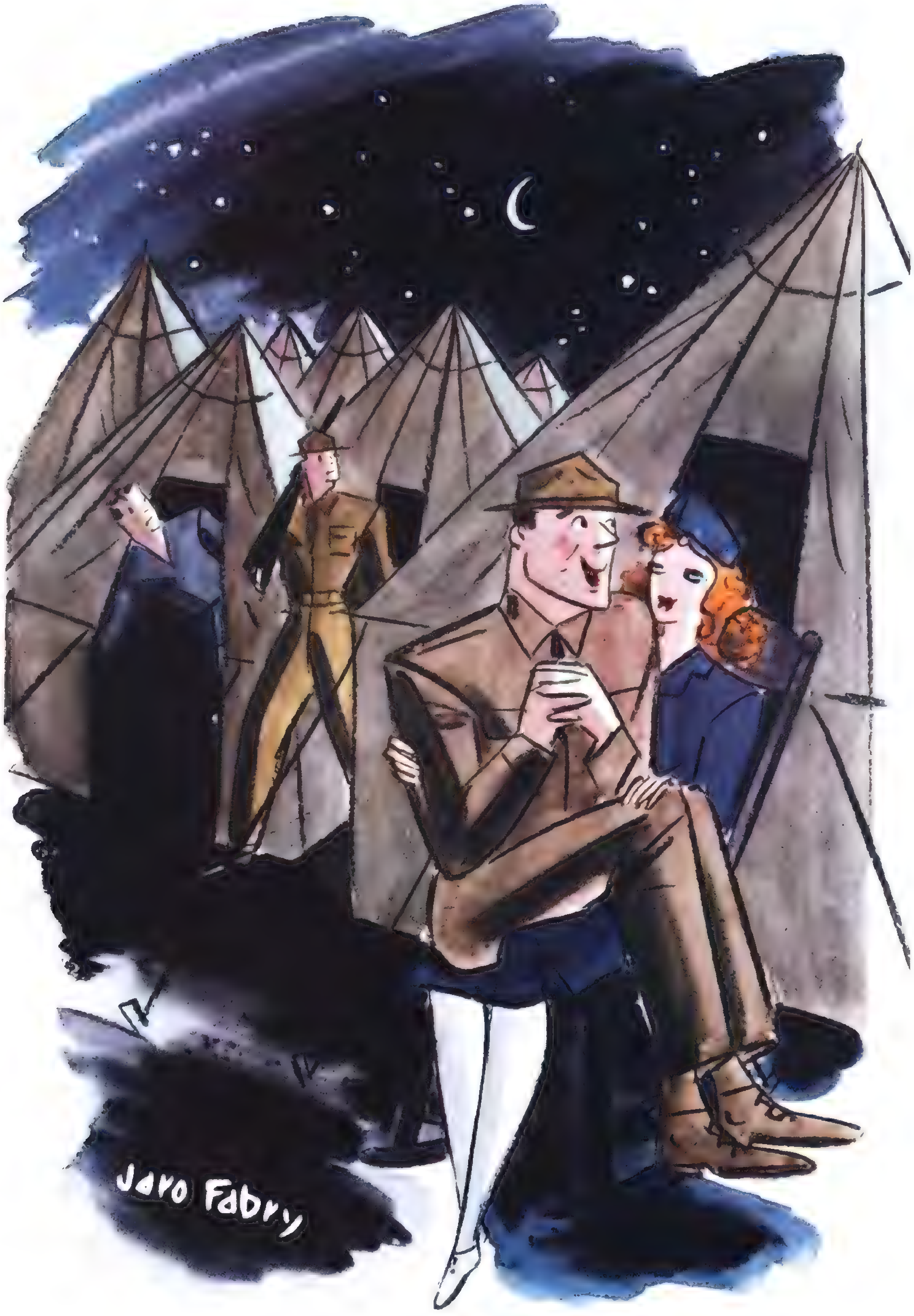
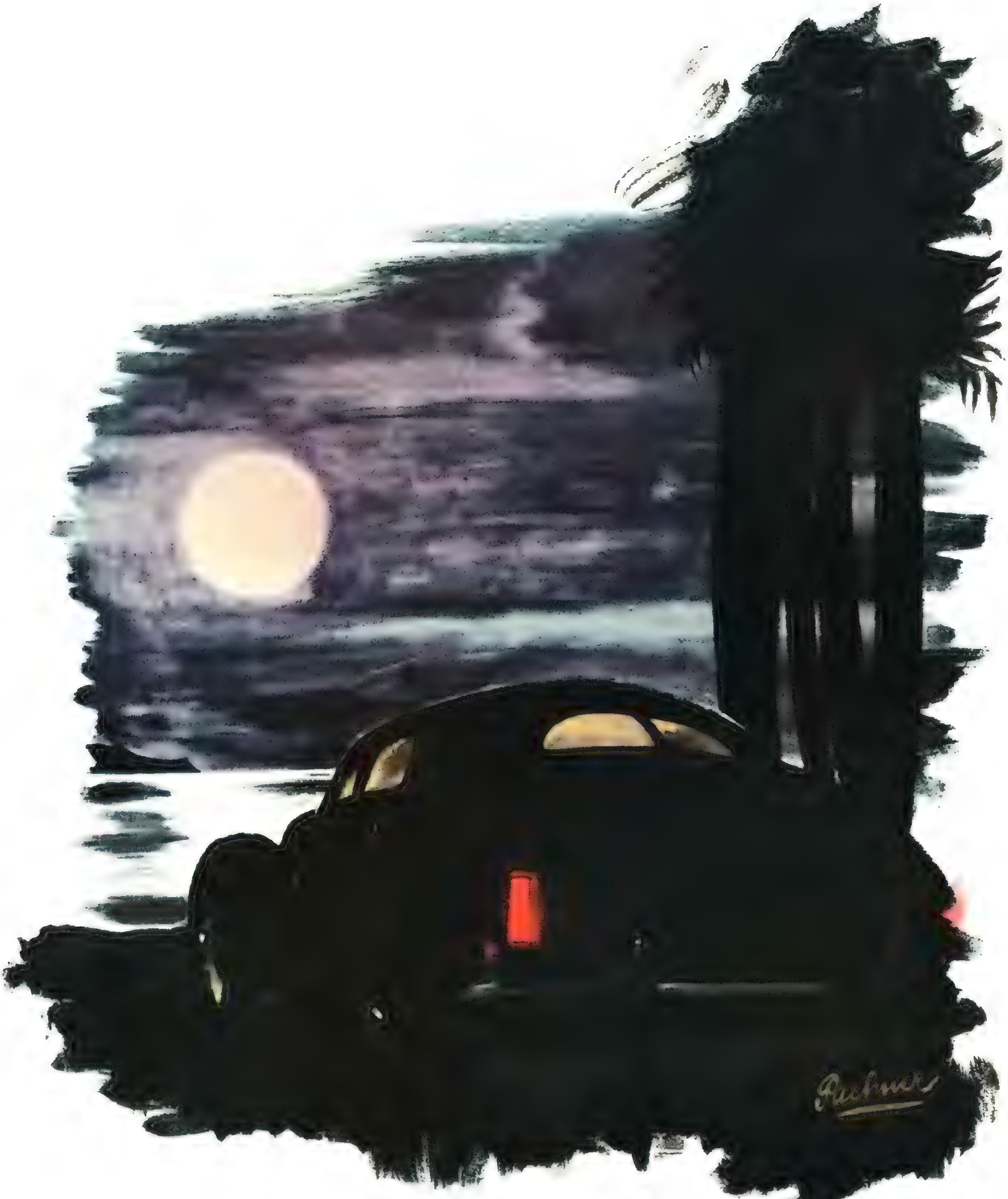


"My hands was terrible, too, until I started using that lotion"



"This is awful nice of you, Miss Terrel—I wrote Mamma I wasn't homesick no more"



"Mother was right! She said you couldn't be trusted . . . you darling!"

Two Old-Timers

Pat not only remembered this hero of silent films, he could and did recall some rather amazing details

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

FICTION

PHIL MACEDON, once the Star of Stars, and Pat Hobby, script writer, had collided out on Sunset near the Beverly Hills Hotel. It was five in the morning and there was liquor in the air as they argued and Sergeant Gaspar took them around to the station house. Pat Hobby, a man of forty-nine, showed fight, apparently because Phil Macedon failed to acknowledge that they were old acquaintances.

He accidentally bumped Sergeant Gaspar who was so provoked that he put him in a little barred room while they waited for the Captain to arrive.

Chronologically Phil Macedon belonged between Eugene O'Brien and Robert Taylor. He was still a handsome man in his early fifties and he had saved enough from his great days for a hacienda in the San Fernando Valley; there he rested as full of honors, as rollicksome and with the same purposes in life as Man o' War.

With Pat Hobby life had dealt otherwise. After twenty-one years in the industry, script and publicity, the accident found him driving a 1935 car which had lately become the property of the Acme Loan Co. And once, back in 1928, he had reached a point of getting bids for a private swimming pool.

He glowered from his confinement, still resenting Macedon's failure to acknowledge that they had ever met before.

"I suppose you don't remember Coleman," he said sarcastically. "Or Connie Talmadge or Bill Corker or Allan Dwan."

Macedon lit a cigarette with the sort of timing in which the silent screen has never been surpassed, and offered one to Sergeant Gaspar.

"Couldn't I come in tomorrow?" he asked. "I have a horse to exercise—"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Macedon," said the cop—sincerely for the actor was an old favorite of his, "The Captain is due here any minute. After that we won't be holding *you*."

"It's just a formality," said Pat, from his cell.

"Yeah, it's just a—" Sergeant Gaspar glared at Pat, "It may not be any formality for *you*. Did you ever hear of the sobriety test?"

Macedon flicked his cigarette out the door and lit another.

"Suppose I come back in a couple of hours," he suggested.

"No," regretted Sergeant Gaspar. "And since I have to detain you, Mr. Macedon, I want to take the opportunity to tell you what you meant to me once. It was that picture you made, *The Final Push*, it meant a lot to every man who was in the war."

"Oh, yes," said Macedon, smiling.

"I used to try to tell my wife about the war—how it was, with the shells and the machine guns—I was in there seven months with the 26th New England—but she never understood. She'd point her finger at me and say 'Boom! you're dead,' and so I'd laugh and stop trying to make her understand."

"Hey, can I get out of here?" demanded Pat.

"You shut up!" said Gaspar fiercely. "You probably wasn't in the war."

"I was in the Motion Picture Home Guard," said Pat, "I had bad eyes."

"Listen to him," said Gaspar disgustedly, "That's what all them slackers say. Well, the war was *some*thing. And after my wife saw that picture of yours I never had to explain to her. She knew. She always spoke different about it after that—never just pointed her finger at me and said 'Boom!' I'll never forget the part where you was in that shell hole. That was so real it made my hands sweat."

"Thanks," said Macedon graciously. He lit another cigarette, "You see, I was in the war myself and I knew how it was. I knew how it felt."

"Yes sir," said Gaspar appreciatively, "Well, I'm glad of the opportunity to tell you what you did for me. You—you explained the war to my wife."

"What are you talking about?" demanded Pat Hobby suddenly, "That war picture Bill Corker did in 1925?"

"There he goes again," said Gaspar. "Sure—*The Birth of a Nation*. Now you pipe down till the Captain comes."

"Phil Macedon knew me then all right," said Pat resentfully, "I even watched him work on it one day."

"I just don't happen to remember you, old man," said Macedon politely, "I can't help that."

"You remember the day Bill Corker shot that shell hole sequence don't you? Your first day on the picture?"

There was a moment's silence.

"When will the Captain be here?" Macedon asked.

"Any minute now, Mr. Macedon."

"Well, I remember," said Pat, "—because I was there when he had that shell hole dug. He was out there on the back lot at nine o'clock in the morning with a gang of hunkies to dig the hole and four cameras. He called you up from a field telephone and told you to go to the costumer and get into a soldier suit. Now you remember?"

"I don't load my mind with details, old man."

"You called up that they didn't have one to fit you and Corker told you to shut up and get into one anyhow. When you got out to the back lot you were sore as hell because your suit didn't fit."

Macedon smiled charmingly.

"You have a most remarkable memory. Are you sure you have the right picture—

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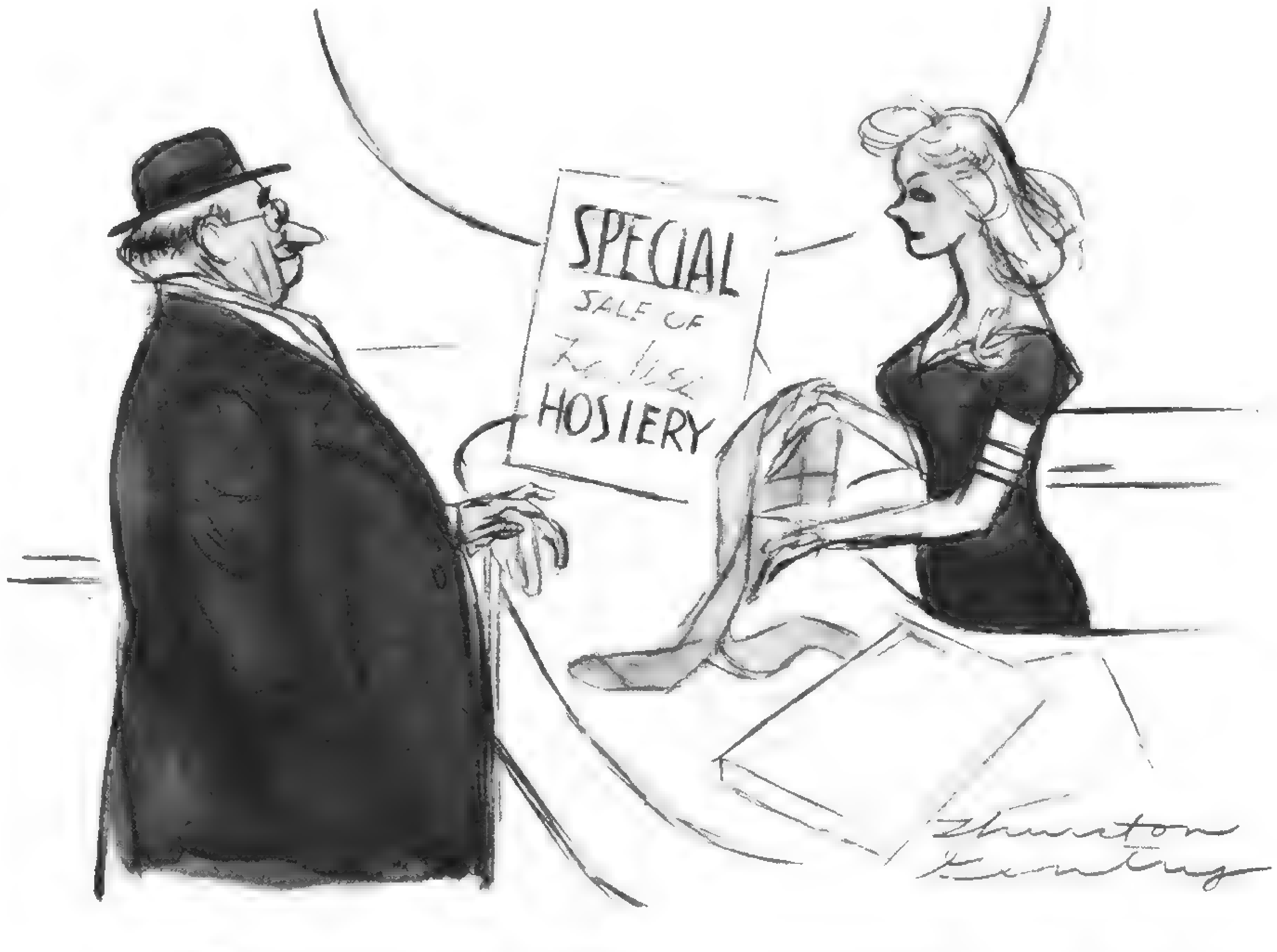
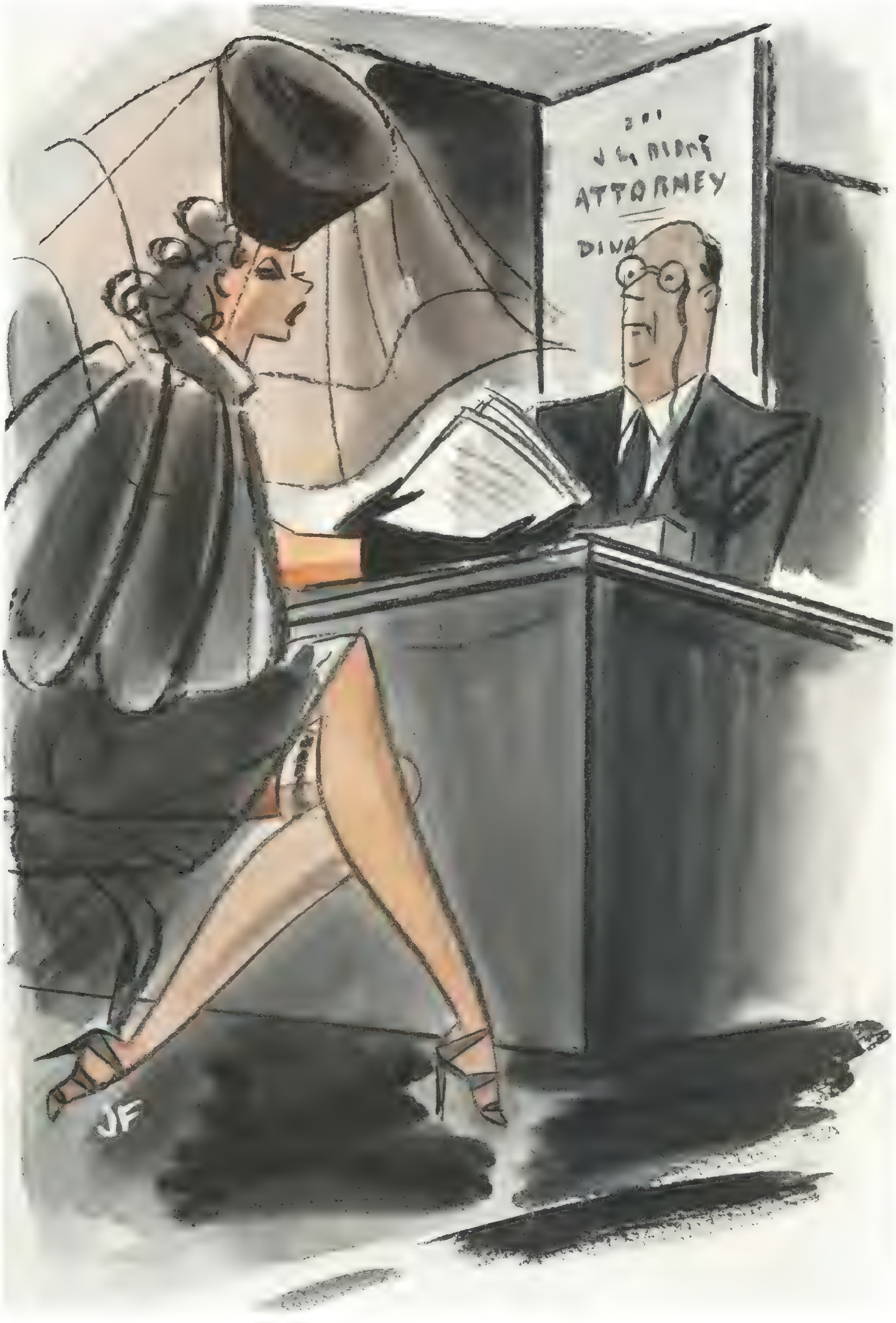


"Can you wrap them to look like a stenographer's notebook?"


201
ATTORNEY
DIVA
JF

"Hostilities began the first day we were married and I've prepared a white book giving my side!"

Trouble-Shooter on the Bench

Federal Judge William Clark, who ended New Jersey's boss rule, speaks with a candor never before known on the American bench

by J. L. BROWN

▪ ARTICLE ▪

The most colorful and unique jurist on the American scene today is Federal Judge William Clark, who was recently elevated to the Circuit Court of Appeals by President Roosevelt after a dozen years on the District Court bench in New Jersey. Imagine a judge who would as soon cite Shakespeare or Gilbert and Sullivan to prove a point as some legal savant, and who is so frank and unconventional as to declare himself on various subjects as follows:

Law: "I feel a fool using the stunted gibberish of legal phraseology. I would be glad of a chance to speak plain English."

Lawyers: "There are too many lawyers. They must steal or starve, and few starve. If I were subject to the temptations in the overcrowded bar of today I might be tempted myself."

Precedents: "They are the lawyers' broomsticks upon which they ride like witches."

Justice: "The right to a day in court has been perverted to a second in the judge's chambers."

Judges: "There are too many and they're too old. The present method of appointing them is detrimental to the choice of the best-fitted."

Bankers: "Bank failures are not so much due to the depression as to the bankers."

Stockbrokers: "Cogs in a rotten machine."

Taxes: "The people can't raise more taxes; I advise them to raise more hell."

These will serve to convey a faint idea, but only the faintest. For Judge Clark not only refuses to pull any punches in his courtroom, he goes out of his way to mix in a fight.

Obviously, no man could dissent more vigorously from the notion that a judge's duty ends in holding various sets of lawyers and litigants to prescribed rules. But even where the law is a game, despite all he can do, no one else lends it such originality, gusto and surprise as this lean, sardonic, immensely tall, immensely wealthy ex-Harvard don who looks like young Abe Lincoln, speaks with a Yankee twang that is particularly adapted to giving a quip the right edge, and has five languages at his command.

Lawyers in the East are generally critical of Judge Clark on two grounds. They charge him with being unpredictable—"cracked" they have been known to call it—and with being a publicity seeker. The judge and lawyers have never hit it off together. He likes to prick their sensibilities, to bait them and make them squirm. He disclaims what he considers a false sense of fraternity within the profession. But, strangely, lawyers like to try their cases before him, for upon one thing there is unanimous agreement: no one can "reach" Judge Clark. The breath of scandal has never remotely touched him, and there are even surer signs. When the American Civil Liberties Union, for example, decided upon a test of the autocratic powers of New Jersey boss, Hague, the tribunal they entrusted with the matter was Clark's.

This case which, after the Supreme Court affirmed Judge Clark, served to end the reign of terror in Jersey City, is most recent and fresh in the public mind, but it is not the only important case in which the jurist has figured.

His most celebrated, perhaps, was the one in which he held the Prohibition amendment unconstitutional. He was all of thirty-nine when he made this most audacious pronouncement, and the fact that the U. S. Supreme Court had already approved the amendment, and that he himself had been endorsed by the Anti-Saloon League didn't faze him. Clark also presided in the Wendell kidnapping trial—that fantastic epilogue to the Lindbergh case—outmaneuvered "Dutch" Schultz in the sanguine affair which ended with the gangster's demise, and broke the Insull scandal among other things. This last he precipitated by merely refusing to appoint the financier ancillary receiver in New Jersey, after other Federal judges had complacently accepted him. Between times, Judge Clark inaugurated the first Jury School in America, and, with Yale University, organized the first "bankruptcy clinic" to probe the human causes of business failures. With it all, he wages unceasing and ofttimes, spectacular one-man war against the myriad evils and rackets in public, professional and business life.

A typical instance of the "shortcutting" of legal procedure, for which he is noted, was the case of the notorious "Dutch" Schultz. Schultz, beer baron, numbers racket boss and underworld overlord of the immediate post-repeal era, had been acquitted of income tax violations in upstate New York, but the Federal authorities sought him on new indictments. Schultz was in hiding and annoyed. Was there no way to end the continual hounding so that a man could attend to business? He sent for his gang's attorney general, J. Richard "Dixie" Davis. Davis, clever and resourceful, had a plan. It was a diabolically clever plan, with one important exception. It failed to take into account Judge Clark.

Briefly, the scheme intended so to strain what Clark calls "the curiously technical operation of the criminal law," as to make the government itself the protector of the gangster chief. Schultz was to steal over to New Jersey, get himself arrested on a technical disorderly conduct charge; be released on nominal bail to be arranged in advance. He would then hie himself promptly before a friendly United States Commissioner, be arraigned as a fugitive, and be freed on small bail, also fixed in advance. When the government men arrived, it would merely be to put

Continued on page 121

"Did you ever see the Nile in the spring, Mrs. Stevenson?"

Speaking of Public Speaking

They may use cards or recite from memory with gestures—anyhow, your ice cream melts

by HOWARD ERICKSON

▪ SATIRE ▪

In almost every university, college, junior college, high school, military academy and private preparatory school in this broad land, there is a class in public speaking. In the colleges, there are even professors of public speaking. The art of addressing remarks to an audience, or of expelling wind accompanied by words, often badly chosen, often improperly pronounced, receives, in most schools, more serious attention than, for example, the incomparably finer art of poetry or even music. It is also taught by correspondence.

Public speaking, we are told, is eminently practical. It enables the practitioner to think on his feet, to sway opinion and to influence people, to direct vast enterprises by orating before the boards of directors, even perhaps to become a politician or a radio commentator. It is easily as important as a good mouth wash or a deodorant in guaranteeing one's success in the financial, professional or social world.

I understand, although I have sedulously avoided attendance upon such classes, that the professors teach breathing, voice placement and control, emphasis, gesture and speech-organization. A speech, like other works of man, is built. No trained public speaker ever permits himself to get up and state simply, in a paragraph or two, what is on his mind. The simplest and most obvious thought, if thought is the word for it, must be presented according to the rules of speech-building. The professors cling to the Aristotelian concept of form; a speech must have a beginning, a middle and an end. In the case of a trained, graduate public speaker, you know exactly where his Introduction leaves off and the Body of his speech begins; you know, without being told, when he has done with the Body and is gasping into the Conclusion. Every speech is built precisely according to the rules.

If a man simply stood up, like Lincoln, and made a few heartfelt observations, in well-chosen words, like the Gettysburg Address, his fellows in a public speaking class as well as his professor would criticize him for the lack of organization, development and form. And also for the brevity, because trained speakers are those who can expand ten minutes' worth of ideas into a full hour of sound.

Some professors urge upon their pupils a handful of neat little cards, about the size of calling cards, on which a speech is outlined point by point. I have seen some of these cards. They look something like this:

Introduction: Subject — *Child Laborers Who Have Become Presidents*

I. Child labor in historic perspective.
  A. In ancient Egypt.
  B. In China.
  C. In Greece.

II. Child labor in the early United States.
  A. Its advantages and benefits.
    1. Develops self-reliance and strength.
    2. Educates the child along practical lines.
  B. The critics of child labor.
    1. They wish to abolish a training school for future presidents.
    2. They represent subversive forces.

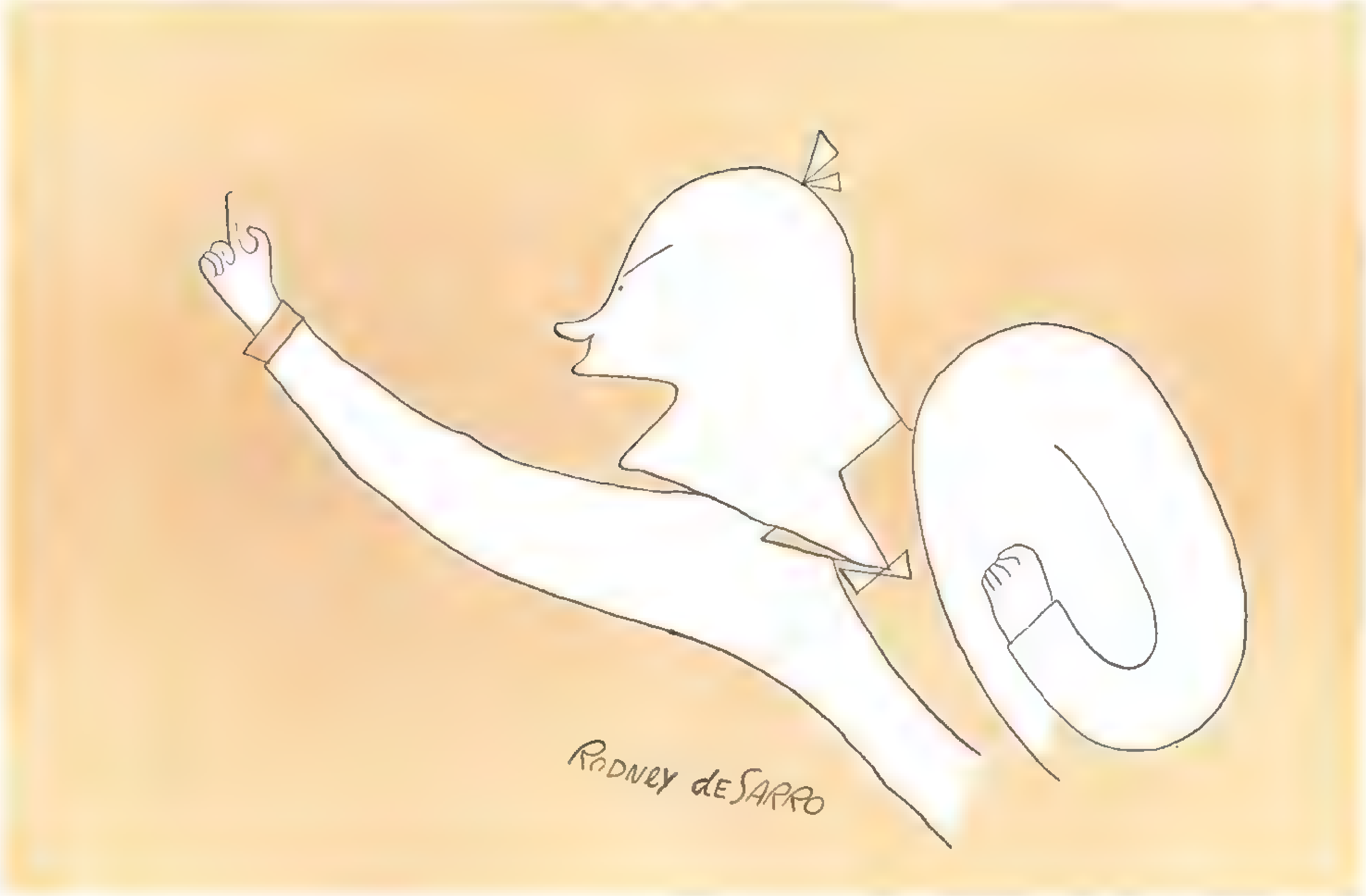
And so on, card by card, detail by detail. These cards, perhaps fifty for one speech, are held in the palm of the lecturer's hand. They are supposed to be inconspicuous. Actually, however, most public speakers, even after years of practice, fumble with them, get them mixed up, look down at them with fixed and fascinated stares; and their auditors pay more attention to the card trick than to the speech itself.

Other speakers, using a full manuscript, spread it out before them and read from it, a process that kills spontaneity and destroys effective emphasis. The audience invariably cranes its neck and strains its eyes in an effort to guess the length of the speech and the time it will take. Speakers so often stumble over their own scripts that auditors suspect they have been ghosted, as they often have been.

Most to be dreaded, however, is the speaker who writes and then memorizes his speech. After putting all that work on it, he is going to deliver it in full, word for word, gesture for gesture, regardless of audience reaction. Others, finding an audience restless or bored, may cut short their remarks, speed up or abandon the prepared talk altogether. Not so the gentleman—or, in these days, the lady—who has written a speech, memorized it and rehearsed it with gestures before a full-length mirror.

Of all public speakers, if we must have them, the most listenable is the truly extemporaneous talker who has not expected to make a speech. Stirred by something, such an orator may get up and deliver an effective, stimulating, straight from the shoulder talk on a subject he has thought deeply about. A talk of that kind is seldom padded; it is seldom longer than it need be; and it is often interesting enough to be listened to without a yawn, even if one completely disagrees with the speaker.

So-called extemporaneous speaking is taught in the classes. But it isn't the real thing. It is a tricky business of memorizing standard patterns for all occasions, including a stock of anecdotes, and of using them with slight variation whenever the opportunity arises. Thus we still actually hear, incredible as it may seem, such old ones as "Unaccustomed as I am," "I deem it a great privilege and a pleasure to be here," "I have the distinguished honor to present," etc., etc.



In the two political conventions many hours were wasted by men who couldn't skip the chance to make a speech. Called upon to cast a delegation's vote, which could have been done by naming their chosen candidate, many of them indulged in some such oration as this: "Mr. Chairman, fellow delegates, ladies and gentlemen. We of the great state of Whatyoucallit, true to the sound principles of American democracy, loyal to the inspired leadership of our great party, secure in the knowledge that our candidate will be the next President of this great and glorious country, have the honor to announce that all of our votes are unanimously cast for that great man, that distinguished statesman, that true humanitarian — the Honorable So-and-So!" Some of the delegates traveled thousands of miles for this brief moment before the microphone.

Once bitten by the public speaking bug, it is almost impossible for a man on his feet to avoid stringing words together. The sound of his own voice becomes the food on which he lives.

For years past, the schools and colleges have been turning out trained public speakers—trained to leap to their feet and speak at the slightest chance of commanding audience attention. A great deal of educational effort has been expended to help students overcome stage-fright, gain self-confidence and control the attention of listeners. One feels that it has been overdone. A little stage-fright or mike-fright might be a blessing. Once cured, it is gone forever. Every graduate of every school is a trained public speaker, forever rid of his diffidence, thoroughly prepared to deliver an address of considerable length at every opportunity. Worst of all, he is seeking the opportunity.

Curiously, though nearly all speeches are cut to a familiar pattern, although they nearly all contain rhetorical clichés that must go back to Demosthenes, the great American voice is infinitely variable. In matters of diction, inflection and pronunciation, there are few standards; every man is his own master. The schools have either failed or neglected to standardize these elements of speech. Such words as "totalitarianism," "unprecedented" and "hegemony" gave the politicos, in convention assembled, a lot of pronunciation trouble; and neither party has been able to unite on the pronunciation of "economics," "Nazi" or a dozen others. Our voices range in tone from the somewhat hollow, slightly British and slightly phony to the extremely harsh and flat. But the speeches, and the way they are put together, remain the same.

Free speech has become much more than a constitutional guarantee or something to be defended. It has come to mean that we will be showered with free speeches, whenever a group gathers, by those who have taken degrees in the art of public speaking.

The professors evidently do not teach their pupils that the best speech is the shortest. To do so, perhaps, would be to shorten the term of their own teaching.

Nor, it would appear, do they teach that a public speech should be preceded by private thought. Thinking is relegated to other classes, if it is taught at all.

The public speaking classes teach one to speak publicly, with force and confidence, regardless of what one has to say. Form is more important than content. Every speech must have an Introduction, in which is set forth—firstly, secondly, thirdly—what you intend to say; a Body, in which you say it, firstly, secondly, thirdly; and a Conclusion, in which—firstly, secondly, thirdly—you sum up and reiterate all that you have said before. For anyone to depart from this order is sure sign of ignorance of the rules.

Even books are written on the subject.

Anyone who has ever compared even a good speech, in printed form, with a good article on the same subject will agree that the speech, in comparison with the article, is full of meaningless rhetoric, unnecessary words and traditional oratorical devices. These are the things we must listen to if we make the mistake of wandering into an auditorium or of dialing the radio to the wrong spot. Because speeches are unfailingly windy, they are too long.

I remember two speeches that won great applause.

One was a speech of introduction. Ordinarily, in introducing another, a man takes full advantage of the fact that the audience has come to listen to the more famous fellow and, having them pinned in their seats, delivers a full-length address. Often he leaves the principal speaker with nothing to say. On the occasion I remember, after a rambling talk by the chairman, the introducer stood up and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, you came to hear Joe Doakes, and you shall hear Joe Doakes. Mr. Doakes!" (Applause.)

The other was a speech in acceptance of a nomination. The nominee merely said, "Thanks, friends, for the nomination. If elected, I'll do my damnedest." (Loud applause.)

Surely anyone articulate enough to hold a conversation could say as much, without a course in public speaking.

The point is, there ought to be a law against long speeches.

But the mere suggestion would bring forth thousands of long speeches, all against the proposed legislation. When we speak of free speech, we want free speech—for every graduate of a class in public speaking. ⧺

A Lady to the Last

She had paid for her elegant suite and didn't mean to inconvenience herself for those awful refugees

by SÁNDOR HUNYADY

▪ FICTION ▪

THE seas in our time have been made hazardous not only by storms and floating icebergs but also by war. Still, the very attractive lady bought her passage and embarked. Not because she was courageous or defiant. She was only conceited. She was made conceited by her fashionably slim figure, the successful tint of her hair, the sophisticated glance of her almond-shaped eyes under the long artificial lashes. Why should she have been afraid of the ocean? In the course of her pleasant life she had gathered only pleasant experiences in connection with the water. Beautiful crossings, flirtations, sunshine, salty sea-air, deck sports, dancing, and cocktails in the evening in the brilliantly lighted salon. This time, too, she traveled first-class, of course; all by herself in a large suite. It cost money—and why not? The very attractive lady had never been stingy with money when it was to be spent on her pleasures.

Just as her boat was crossing between two continents, so she was in the process of crossing from one man to another. Her fiancé remained on the shores she had just left behind. Her husband, whom she was just divorcing, was somewhere on the other side of the globe. That was just why she was going to him: she knew she could squeeze more money out of him if she reduced the distance which separated them.

She was a woman wedded and betrothed at the same time. And even in this condition she succeeded in destroying the mental equilibrium of a whole army of men who were her fellow passengers on the ship. She stirred from his senile tranquility an old gentleman who hobbled around on crutches and held a monocle in his eye, and whom she believed to be very rich. She took up more of the captain's social time than was seemly. She allowed the ship's doctor to kiss her, just because it was easy to hide away with him in his office. With her mysterious smile she intoxicated the waiter who served her like a galley slave. But her real and serious beau was the youngest of the ship's officers. A naïve, blond chap, who, when they were left alone at night on the deck, spoke to her of love and of the beauty of the moonlit ocean, instead of telling her racy jokes.

On the second day of the trip something unpleasant happened. The first steward knocked on the door of the very attractive lady, just as the manicurist was painting her toenails. With due respect the steward asked the lady to exchange her suite for a smaller but just as elegant stateroom. The ship was crowded, and the captain had thought of putting in her two-room suite a group of women who were traveling with small babies. If she wouldn't mind.

The very attractive lady was deeply angered. She read the law to the steward, and through him to the whole Line. She informed the man that it was an insult to make such a request of her. She told him that it showed the grossest lack of breeding to place a lady in such a dilemma. And she didn't give up her suite. She had paid for it; she was going to stay in it. In her annoyance she even maligned the ship: never in her life had she seen such a measly tub, so full of scum. In truth, the third class was full of human misery. Refugee families and the human debris of war. Crying babies, wrapped in filthy diapers; despairing mothers and desperate fathers, who glared at the water hours on end as if trying to decide whether it wouldn't be much better to leap across the rail and give up the terrible struggle for survival.

The steward and the manicurist were deeply sorry for these unfortunates, and in secret a common thought occurred to them: if only this bitch would come down with the measles, right on the spot there, before their eyes! But because class distinctions are punctiliously observed on such liners, neither of them showed his disgust. The steward left with an apologetic smile, and the manicurist breathed on the lady's delicate toes, so that the carmine might dry quicker on the nails.

The very attractive lady was quite satisfied with herself. She felt proud to have had enough energy to repulse the attack against her comfort. She made up her face for the morning, got dressed, and began her day.

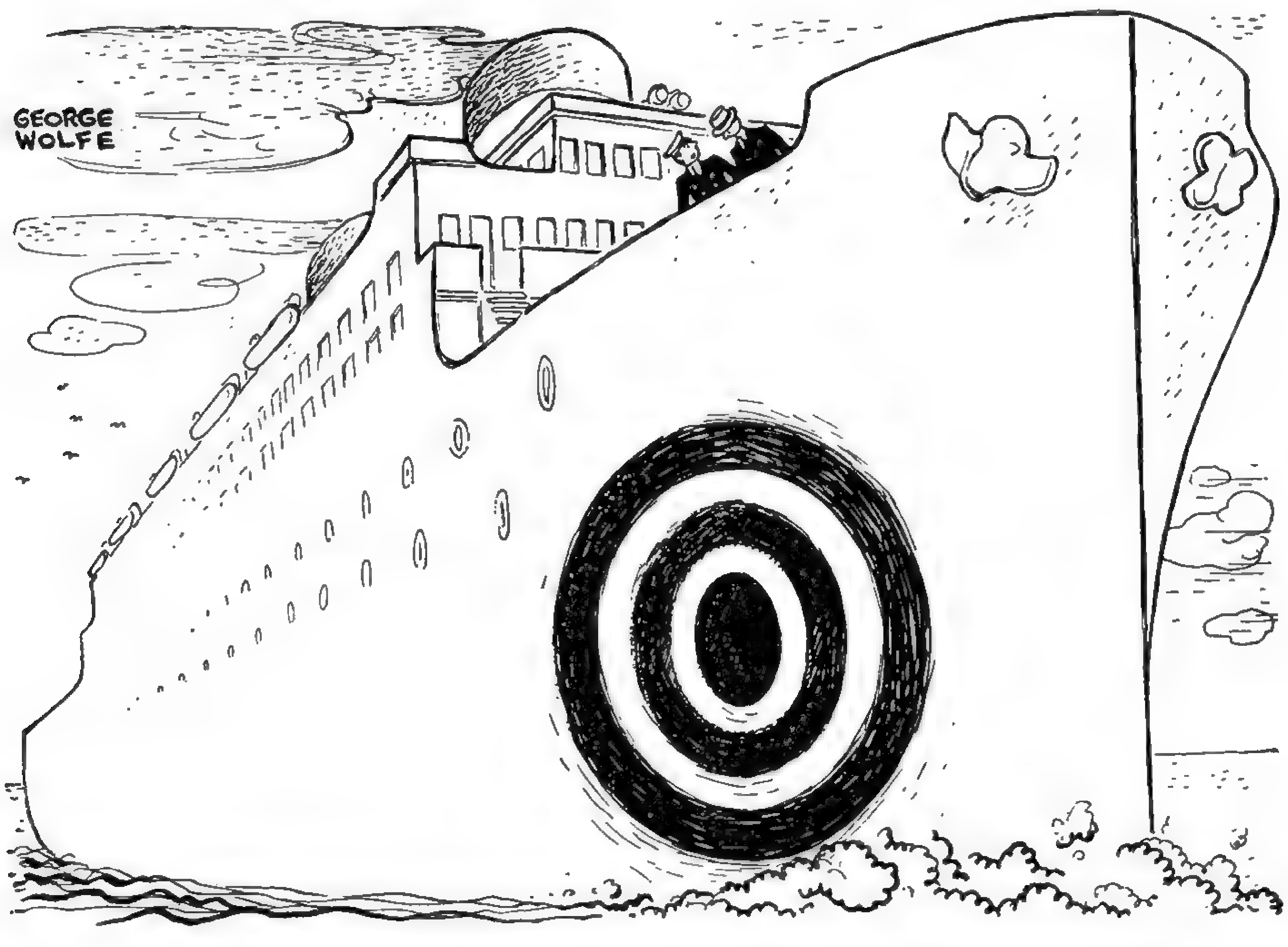
She devoted some time to the old gentleman, who, in the meantime, had got a haircut and exchanged his crutches for a coquettish looking walking cane. After lunch she engaged in some necking with the doctor. At dinner, while she was being served, she accidentally touched the waiter's hand. Later on in the evening, she gave vent to her admiration of the dark ocean in the company of the little officer, on the most lonely spot of the deck.

The boy kept sighing as if trying to get rid of some great burden which was weighing down his conscience, and finally, after much stammering and hesitation, like stupid young lieutenants in the movies, falling into the net of beautiful spies, revealed a great secret:

"I am going to tell you something, Bernice, if you promise not to repeat it to anybody . . . Swear that you won't! I am playing with my head if you tell anybody!"

"I swear!" the lady whispered curiously. All this mystery came just in time; she was beginning to feel bored with the boy, the ocean, and the room.

"Well, this is it—" the officer began his story in a low, subdued tone. "Since we are just passing through the war zone, at dawn we are going to hold a lifeboat drill. At six o'clock sharp, the sirens will start screaming. Of course, the passengers know nothing of



"It's a new school of thought in camouflaging; makes a torpedo gunner overconfident!"

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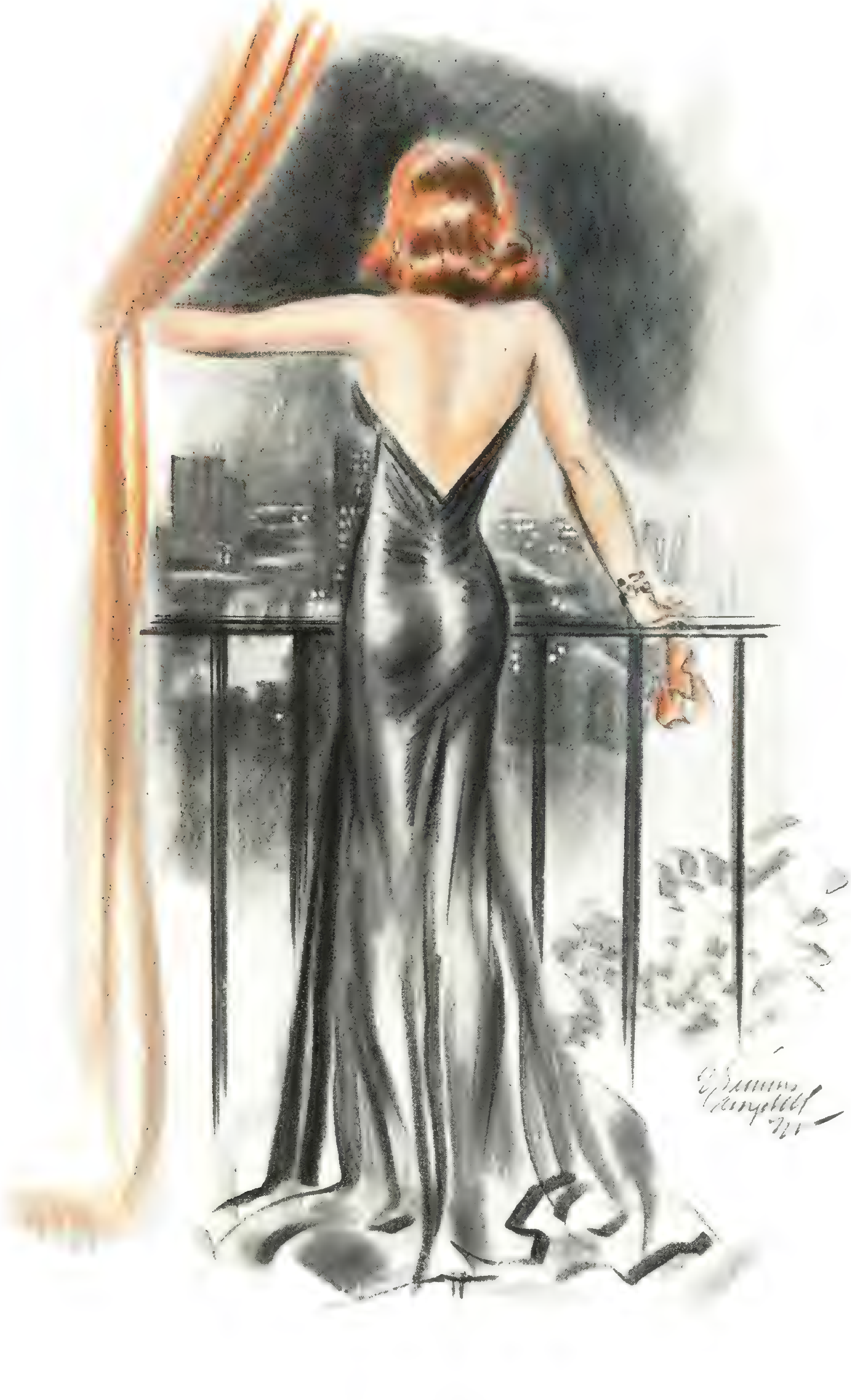


"Oh, Mr. Munson! Couldn't you just spend hours gazing at this wonderful skyline?"

Golf's Finishing School

Winter tournaments make all the difference between the scores of leading amateurs and pro golfers

by LAWSON LITTLE, JR.

• SPORTS •

It may be a long, long time before an amateur again wins the United States Open golf championship. In 1933 Johnny Goodman beat Ralph Guldahl by a stroke at the North Shore Golf Club, near Chicago, to win the latest National Open golf title that has fallen to an amateur.

Since then only one amateur has been close to the Open crown. Bud Ward took fives at the two par-3 holes of the finishing nine in 1939 at the Philadelphia Country Club's Spring Mill course after it looked like he was going to be able to coast in. Bud finished with 285 against the 284's scored by Craig Wood, Denny Shute, and the eventual winner, Byron Nelson. Otherwise the boys who play for fun haven't been close. Why?

I want to go into the scorecard on this subject in order to point out to you what you may see without realizing this winter.

Johnny McDermott was the first American-born golfer to win our own National Open title. McDermott, a professional, won the Open in 1911 and 1912. In 1913 Francis Ouimet entered sports history as the first amateur to win the U. S. Open. From that time the amateur victory record in the Open reads:

Jerome D. Travers	1915
Charles Evans, Jr.	1916
Robert T. Jones, Jr.	1923
Robert T. Jones, Jr.	1926
Robert T. Jones, Jr.	1929
Robert T. Jones, Jr.	1930
Johnny Goodman	1933

Let's see how the first amateurs finished in the National Opens since 1933. I list below the position of finish and the number of strokes behind the winner.

1934	Lawson Little, Jr.	Tied for 25th	13
1935	Chris Brinke	Tied for 32d	16
1936	Charles Kocsis	Tied for 14th	11
1937	Johnny Goodman	Eighth	9
1938	Arthur Doering, Jr.	Tied for 41st	26
1939	Marvin Ward	Fourth	1
1940	Wilford Wehrle	Tied for 23d	10

The especially weak showing of the amateurs in the 1938 National Open probably is accounted for by the fact that the U. S. Walker Cup international amateur team was unable to make travel arrangements permitting play in the Open which began at Denver only five days after our amateurs had defeated the British at St. Andrews, Scotland. Playing on the U. S. Walker Cup team that year were Goodman, Ward, Yates, Fischer, Kocsis, Billows, Reynolds, Smith and Haas, at least one of whom probably would have done fairly well in the U. S. Open at the Cherry Hills club.

But there's no getting away from the fact that in the latest seven U. S. National Opens there has been a difference of 86 strokes between the leading amateurs and the winning pros of these competitions. That analyzes down to showing the leading pro as averaging more than 3 strokes a round better than the leading amateur.

There's a possibility that the figures may be misleading. However, this seems to me to be one of those cases where you can't argue with the scorecard. Expert golfers, either pro or amateur, are by no means as consistent as expert tennis players, and there are the wide variations in courses and weather conditions that must be considered. But, when you look at the pros and the amateurs under identical conditions of National Open play you come as close as possible to getting an accurate comparison.

So we come to the point where we can look at the figures while we're asking ourselves if the standard of amateur golf has slumped since the days when Bobby Jones was monarch, or whether the pace of pro golf is faster.

In my mind there's no doubt about the right answer. Pro golf has out-distanced amateur competition by the margin represented by the heavy schedule of money tournaments, and particularly because of the winter tournament events in which only comparatively few of the better amateurs compete. Amateur golf has improved, but not at the pro pace.

Consider your own competitive experience, if you're the ordinary week-end golfer, to get an inkling of what the steady routine of keen competition does for a player's game. You know that when you are playing with fellows who are a few strokes better than you, your own game is snappier. When you're playing with those who at their best are no better than you, your performance is indifferent.

Now the fellow who depends on his tournament scores to eat, travel, and sleep under shelter has this same reaction. He is contesting with players who are capable of going around anybody's course in the high sixties. He knows he must play every shot as carefully and as competently as he's able or he will be wiring home for money, having exhausted the financing possibilities of companion strugglers on the tournament circuit.

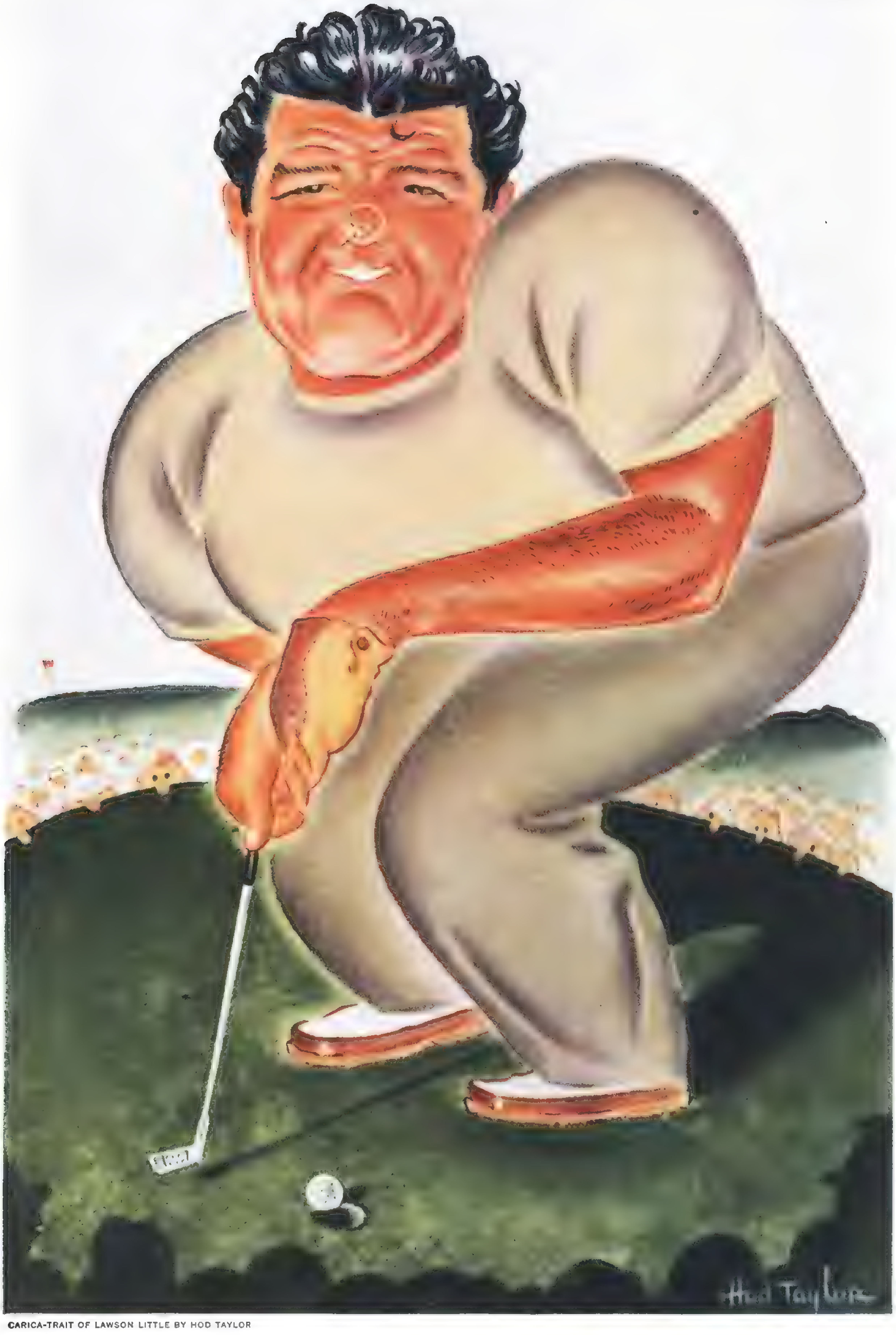
Less than a dozen of the hundred-or-more who make all, or the southeastern or southwestern sections, of the winter golf tournament circuit manage to do any better than break even financially. The others can charge the expense up to education, vacation, or gambling.

For my own part I'd say that the winter circuit expense is just as logical an educational charge for a young professional golfer as university costs are for a young man who wants to become an engineer. Consider some of those who have taken their masters' degrees in golf on what the sports writers refer to as "the winter sunshine route," although

Continued on page 165

DR. BINSON
FOOT
SPECIALIST

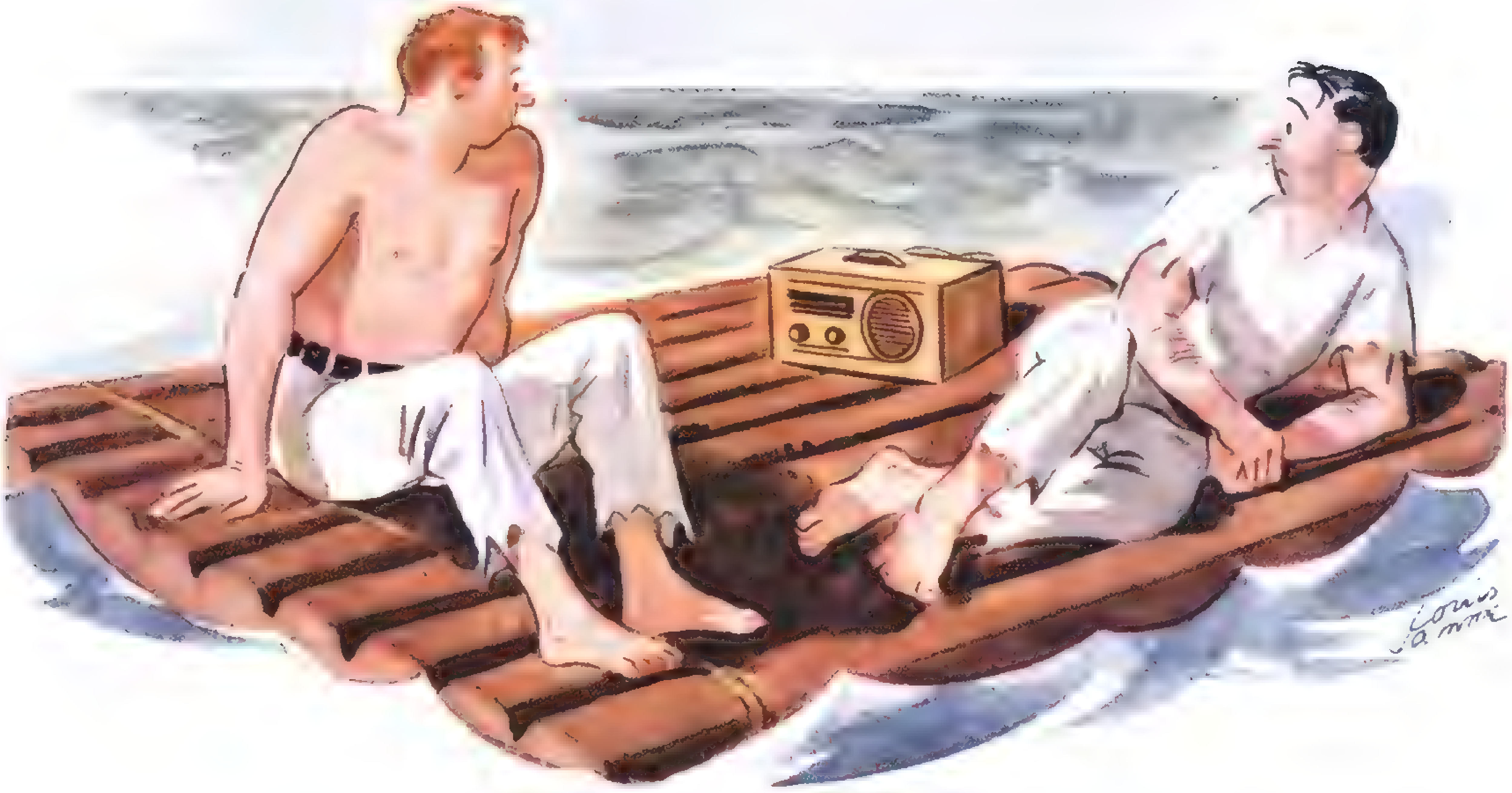
"Boy! Are my feet killin' me today, Doc!"



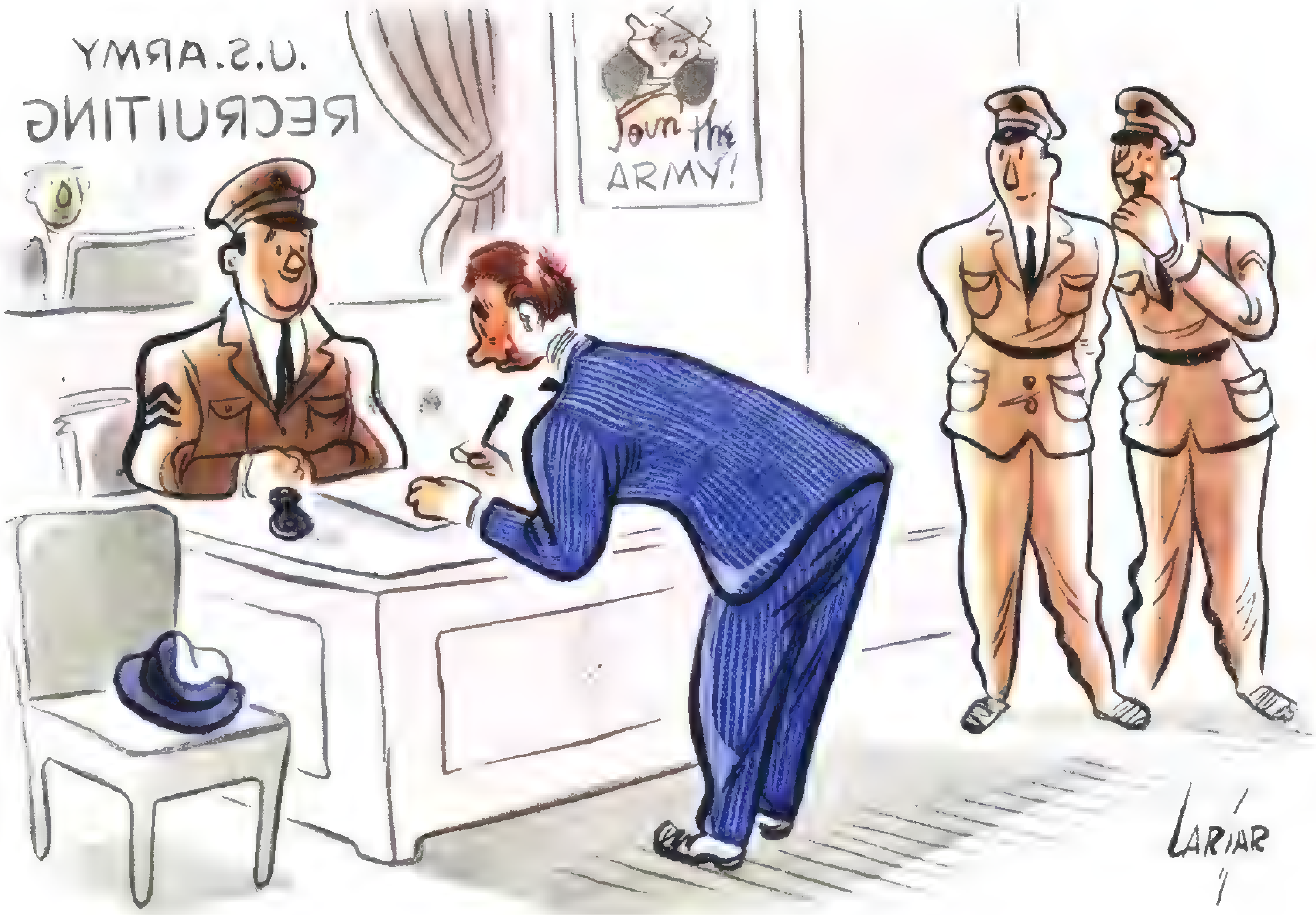
CARICA-TRAIT OF LAWSON LITTLE BY HOD TAYLOR

THIS BIG LITTLE MAN IS A STUDY IN CONTRAST

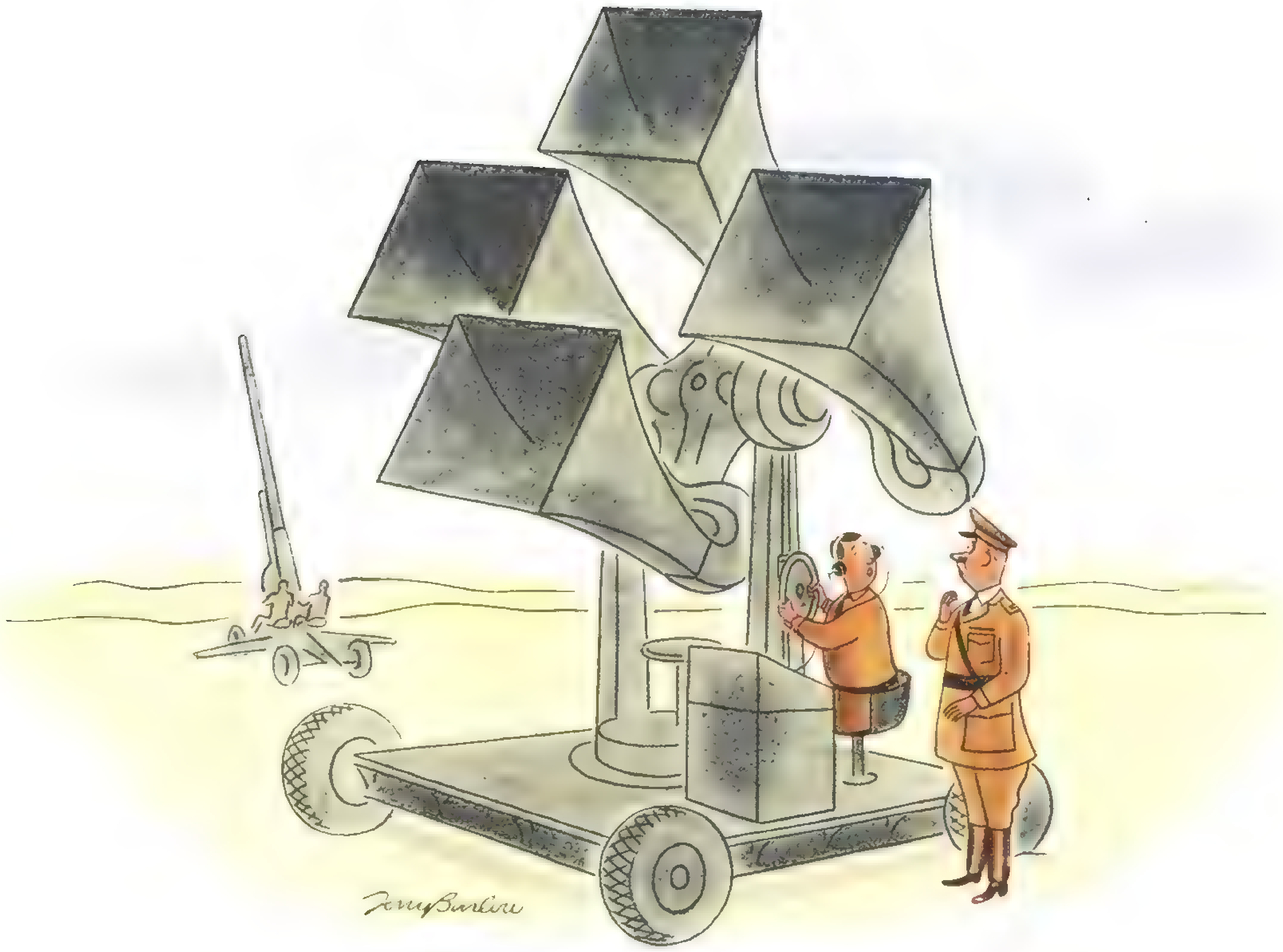
The press is divided between California and China as Lawson Little's birthplace—he was born in Newport, Rhode Island. As National Open Champion, he is entitled to be rated game's leading golfer—he takes lessons from virtually every pro he knows. Not long ago, he was one of the most unpopular performers with players and press—today he is easily one of the best liked. He is probably the world's greatest match play golfer—he couldn't compete in the most important match play tourney of all, the P.G.A., because he hasn't been a pro the required five years. Lawson is the game's most consistent swatter of booming 300-yard drives—he gets a bigger bang from dropping a 30-foot putt. His play under pressure ranks him as the most savage, relentless, and devastating competitor in the game—he is always jocular, grinning and friendly after he annihilates. Upon turning pro in '36 he gave promise of immediate professional dominance in winning the Canadian Open with a record breaking 271—he was in eclipse for four years until last summer's National Open victory catapulted him into the sport spotlight. Is there any wonder that he now worships the very ground on which the Cleveland Canterbury Course is built?



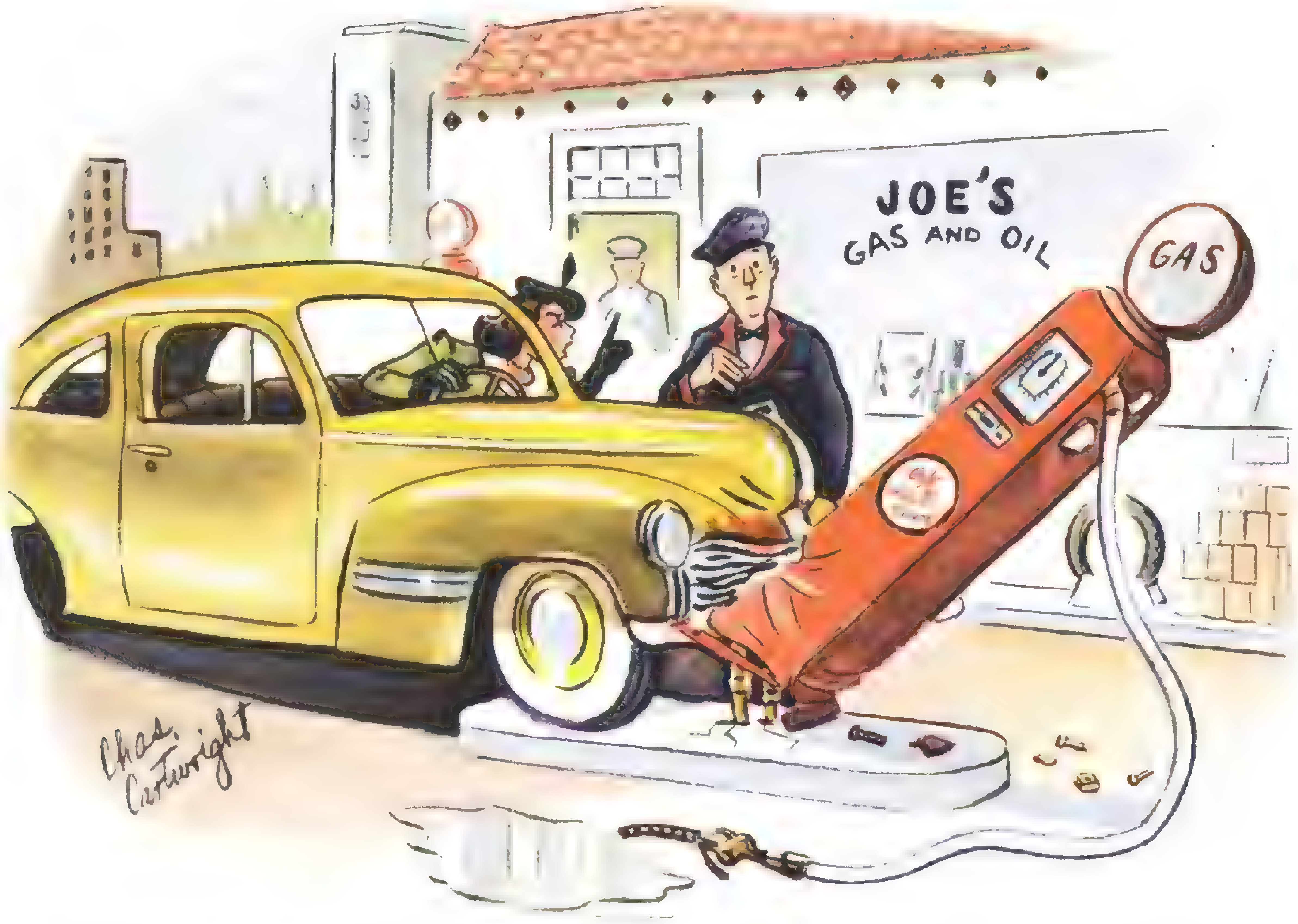
"If you want one of our famous chicken dinners delivered to you just call Mayberry 9999—we deliver anywhere"


U.S.ARMY
RECRUITING
Join the ARMY!
LARIAR

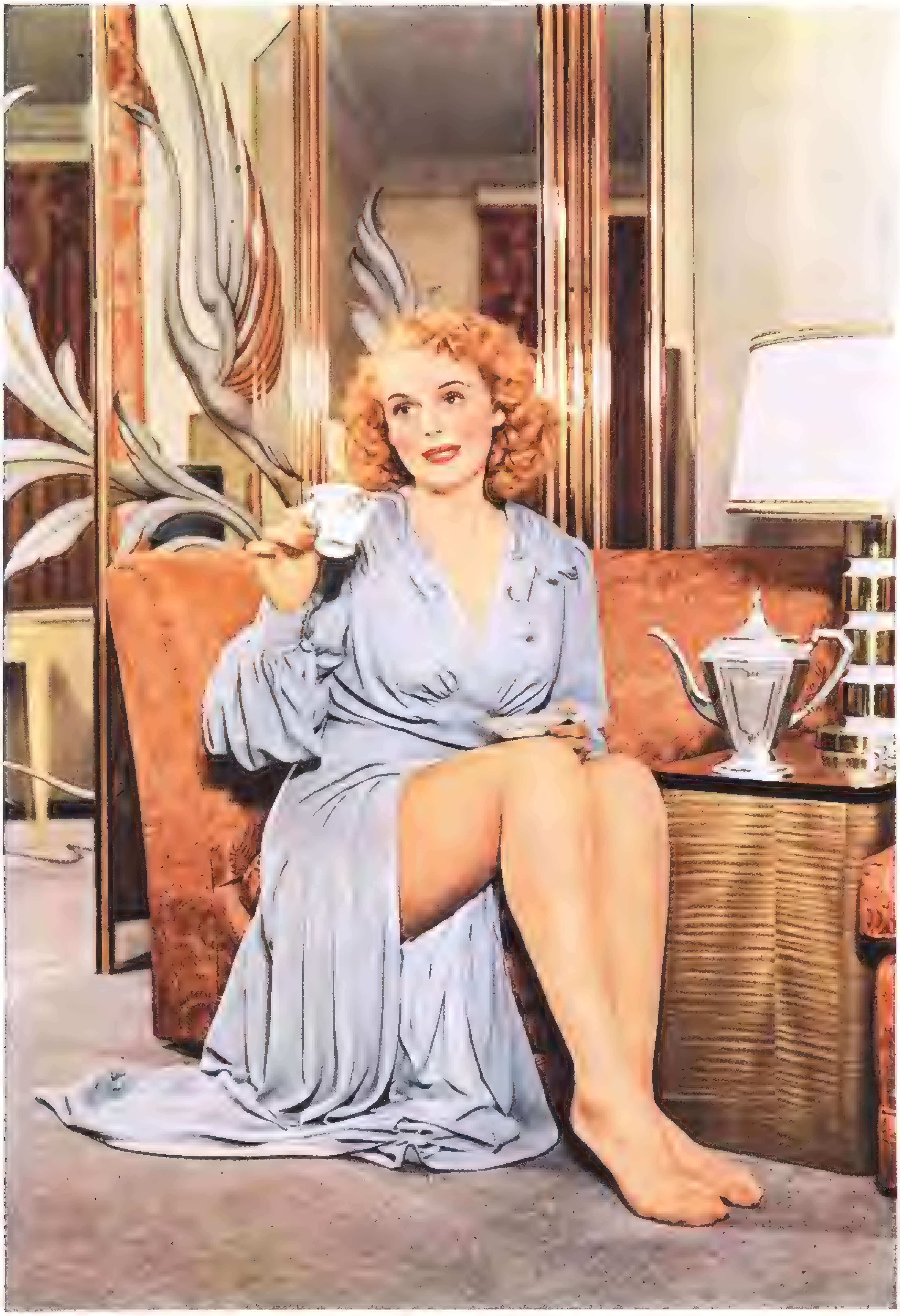
"He recently got married to get out of being conscripted —and now he's enlisting!"



"This new detector is too powerful, sir—all I keep hearing is harp music!"


JOE'S
GAS AND OIL
GAS
Chas. Cartwright

"Well you shouldn't have your old pumps stuck right out in the drive!"



MARIE WILSON *obliged Jules Buck, Esquire's photographer, by sitting for this portrait as she rested after her current picture, "Virginia." Edward Griffith is director and producer for Paramount, Bert Glennon, cameraman.*

Nobody Home?

Especially if they're built like Marie Wilson, pretty blondes may not be so dumb

by DONALD HOUGH

• ARTICLE •

I push the button again, and once more comes the faint tinkle of the bell, hollowly, from the depths of the empty house. I can't understand this. I look at my watch. On time to the minute.

Six-thirty, she said. It is six-thirty.

I look at the number. There it is: I have made no mistake.

The door, I notice, is ajar. Open about two inches.

I push the button for the last time.

"Hello," somebody says. It is far away.

Well, I am not going to stand there talking to a door, ajar or not ajar. So I kick the door open. Nobody there.

"Hello!" I shout.

Here comes the faint voice: "Please come in. I'm downstairs. I'll be right up."

What the hell is she doing downstairs? She ought to be upstairs, saying she'll be right down. Then I remember the house is on a hillside. You walk into the living room, but the bedrooms are downstairs. I cannot help thinking of a wisecrack: in Hollywood, the bedrooms are downstairs.

Anyway, I go in. This is the living room. I walk around. There are three books on a table. I glance at them, screwing my head around to do so, so if anybody enters I can instantly assume a non-prying pose. They are *Moment In Peking*, Vol. I of *The Junior Classics, for Boys and Girls*, and a book marked *Longfellow*.

I walk around some more, looking at the pictures on the walls, and open the Venetian blinds and get a nice view of Hollywood.

Conscious of a movement behind me, I look around. A beautiful girl stands there, in the doorway. I never have seen her before.

She does not seem to know what to say, so I say, "Won't you come in?" I advance toward her, bowing.

"Thank you," she says. She says: "Is this Mr. Hough?"

Who is it supposed to be?

I bow even lower.

She says, "I'm sorry you had to wait. I lost track of the time and couldn't even put on the dress I had planned to wear."

Naturally, I look at the one she has on. It is black. It is not much, technically, but it has the best shape I ever had known a black dress, or for that matter any kind of a dress to have. I don't see how they can make them that way. It is cut well down toward the waistline in front, which further, I think I may say, sets it off. It accentuates her blonde hair, which, as the saying goes, falls to her shoulders.

She has red lips and long black lashes above brown eyes, and at the moment she is wearing a charming if undistinguished smile.

"What's the matter with this dress?" I cannot help but ask, while looking again.

"Oh, but I was going to knock your eyes out," she says, happily.

"What do you think you're doing now?" I ask, looking down at her shoes, which also are black.

"Tee hee," she says. She looks around vaguely. "Look," she says, "I skipped lunch today. Mind if I make us some tea?"

Confound it, she has time for making tea, but not time for that other dress, which was to knock my eyes out. "Suppose," I say casually, "I make the tea. That would give you a chance to put on that other dress."

"I wouldn't think of it," she says.

Damn it to hell.

She goes out into the kitchen. I stand there a while, trying to collect my thoughts, and there comes a crash from the kitchen. I listen, and can hear a movement, which indicates she is not dead. I stroll out there. She is picking something up off the floor.

"Can I help?" I offer.

She straightens up and passes a hand across her lovely forehead. "I don't know," she says uncertainly. She smiles at me. Then she begins looking in cupboards. Above the stove, beneath the sink, every place. She stands still and puts her hands over her eyes, then takes them down.

She looks distressed. Suddenly she goes to the broom closet, opens the door, reaches in and grabs a yellow box. She holds it up, grinning.

"The tea," she says in great triumph. I see. She has the tea.

With a delighted expression on her face, not unlike that of a baby who has succeeded in touching its toes for the first time, she makes the tea. She rinses the pot first. She says: "Once when my young brother went camping he made some tea and it tasted funny, and they found a mouse in the pot. A dead one, I mean. So I always rinse the pot."

"Whether there's a mouse in it or not?"

"Just to make sure."

The tea made, she turns to the table, on which are two plates of what appears to be shrimp salad. She looks at it a moment, then for some reason which was, is, and always will be, a mystery to me, she gets two new plates from the cupboard and carefully slips the salads onto these.

"You can take these in," she says, placing the plates, with two forks, on a tray. So I take it into the living room and place it on a coffee table. In a few minutes, after a couple of minor crashes, she comes in with another tray on which are two cups, a teapot, four quarters of lemon, a pitcher of cream, and a bowl of sugar. Since there is room for only one tray on the coffee table, I lift mine. She puts hers down. Then she sees there is no place for mine, so she lifts hers again. We stand there.

"Dear me," she says.

She thinks this over for two or three min-

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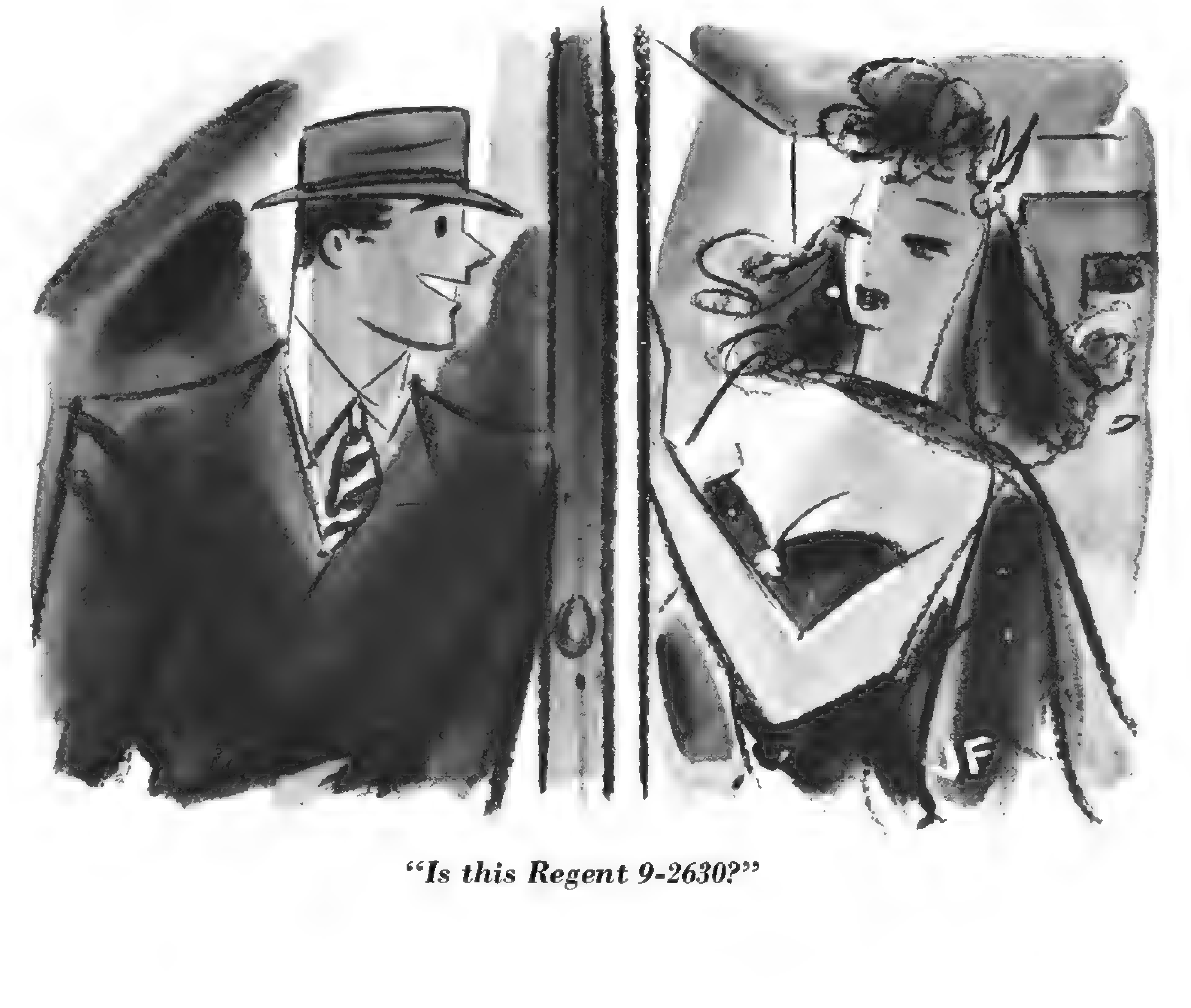
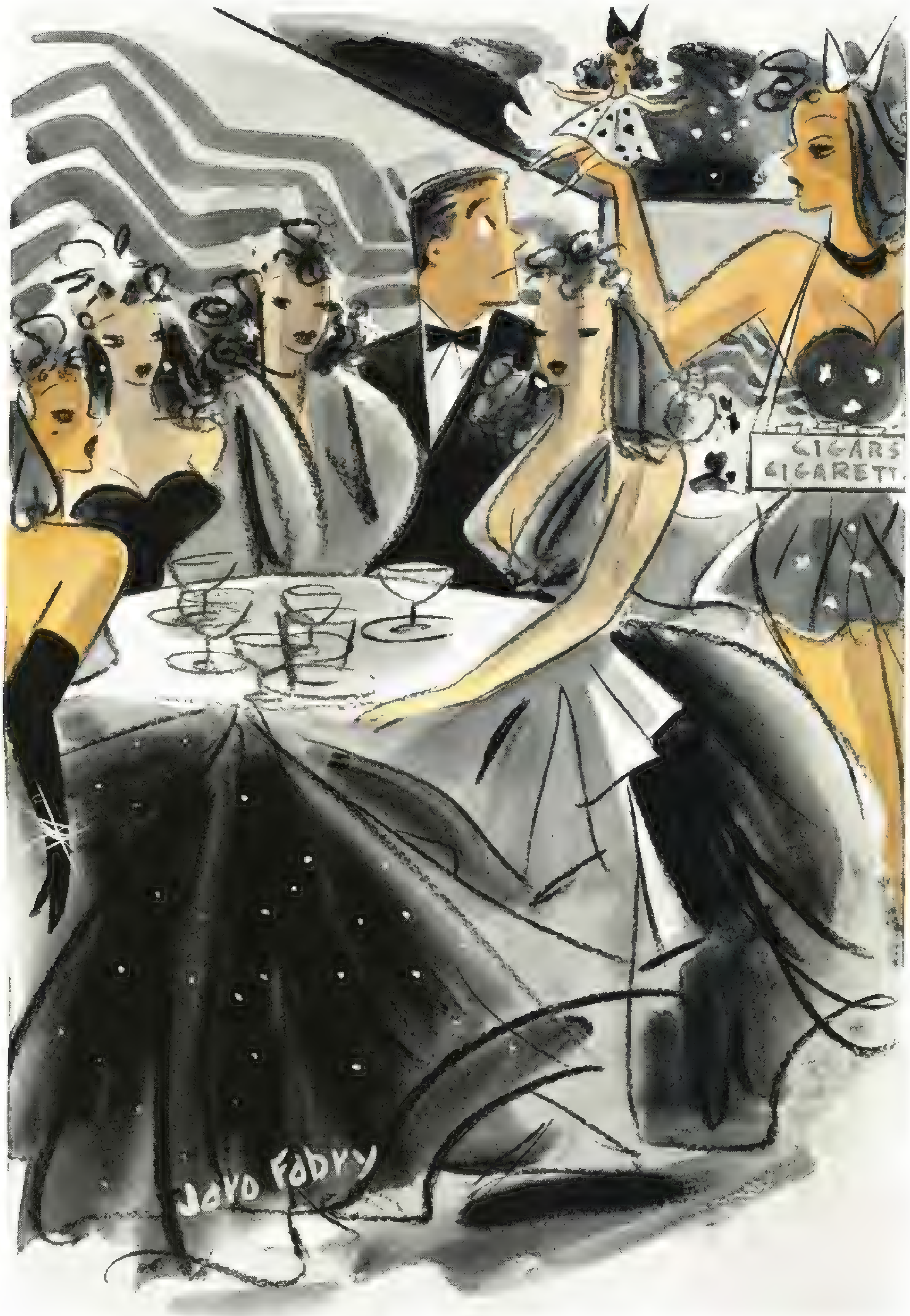


"Is this Regent 9-2630?"


CIGARS
CIGARETT
Jaro Fabry

"Would you like a doll, sir?"

Come, Follow Me!

When Levi the tax collector heard reports of the wondrous miracles, he longed to see This Man, Jesus

by MANUEL KOMROFF

• FICTION •

THE hut of the customs collector was close to the shore of the Sea of Galilee. No boat could beach and transfer its fish or other produce to the waiting carts without being observed by the sharp appraising eyes of Levi, the collector of revenue.

Everything about him seemed like a page in a ledger. The lake before him was a source of revenue. The orchards in the distance were a separate page. The green hills paid their land taxes. There was also a house tax, poll tax, a salt tax and a road tax and a page for this and a page for that. The whole world was for him one great ledger. And every page of this massive book was a source of bitterness, dispute, haggling, ill feeling and resentment.

As he sat looking out across the water, Levi spoke to his young clerk, Jacob.

"Go on," he said. "Tell me more about Him."

"Yesterday, as I was walking along the road to go the widow's farm and count the fruit trees, I saw ten people coming out of the wilderness. They were singing and laughing and some were weeping and gathering up handfuls of dust from the road which they threw into the air for no reason at all. I went among them and asked the meaning of all this. At first no one would trouble to reply to me, but then one of the youths spoke up and said that they had been outcasts because they had been unclean and He happened by. And He cured all ten of leprosy."

"All ten at one time?"

"That is what they said. Ten at one stroke."

"It sounds a lot. As an officer of taxes, I have a great suspicion of numbers. Speak to me in words and leave the numbers out."

"The tablets of Moses had ten commandments," shouted the clerk with anger. "Ten is a number, a truthful number. It is not eight and it is not twelve."

"Very well. The Commandments are ten. I have had a full and troublous morning. Do not start an argument with me," Levi begged.

"All right. So all these ten who had been lepers were cured."

"In one stroke?"

"Yes. In one stroke."

"He found them in the wilderness?"

"And at first they wanted to drive Him away. But as He rested He spoke to them."

"Some day I wish I could hear Him speak."

"And as He spoke the blood returned to their limbs and . . . They were cured."

"And you met them all on the road?"

"Yes. They were going home."

"And He? Where was He?"

"That is exactly what I asked them. But they did not know. Could you believe such a thing! They were so overjoyed that they just ran off and left Him."

"Do you think that He would ever pass this way and I might catch a glimpse of Him?"

"Yes. He goes out with the fishermen and sometime He is certain to pass along this shore."

"Would He talk with me?"

"You might hear Him speak."

"But would He talk with me?"

"I don't know, perhaps," the clerk replied after a slight hesitation.

"I know what you are thinking. Tax collecting is not a very honorable business. We are called oppressors and extortioners. But little do they know the demands of the king and the heavy demands of the Romans. We are low publicans but the Lord only knows—and you know too—our days are made ugly with quarrels and the hours punctuated with oaths and even the minutes . . . Here comes the rich widow. What does she now want?"

"As I told you before, I went to her lands and in the orchard there are forty trees. She saw me count the trees and that is why she is here."

"With one word I will send her home! I am in no mood today to haggle. You know, Jacob, I swear to you that a day will come when I will suddenly give up this whole nasty business."

"How can you give it up?"

"You will see. Some day I will just walk out and never return... Here she comes now."

The rich widow came swiftly; her short mincing steps brought her sailing down the path.

"Good afternoon, collector Levi!" she called in an over-sweetened voice. "Good afternoon, clerk Jacob."

"Good afternoon," replied the collector of taxes.

"Your clerk Jacob, he came by our way yesterday. I offered him some honey and some cakes but he would not even let me give him a crumb. What is the meaning of this? Are we no longer friends?"

"First of all, my dear widow, we were never friends. And when my clerk is sent to your fields he is not supposed to eat honey and cakes."

"Then it is as bad as all that?"

"Worse."

"Lord help us!" cried the woman in a tearful voice. "We are doing all we can. Even from a poor widow you must squeeze the last drop of blood."

"Listen. I would like to have no argument with you today. The facts are simple. You have been paying tax on twenty-five trees and you have forty trees."

"Forty!" she exclaimed.

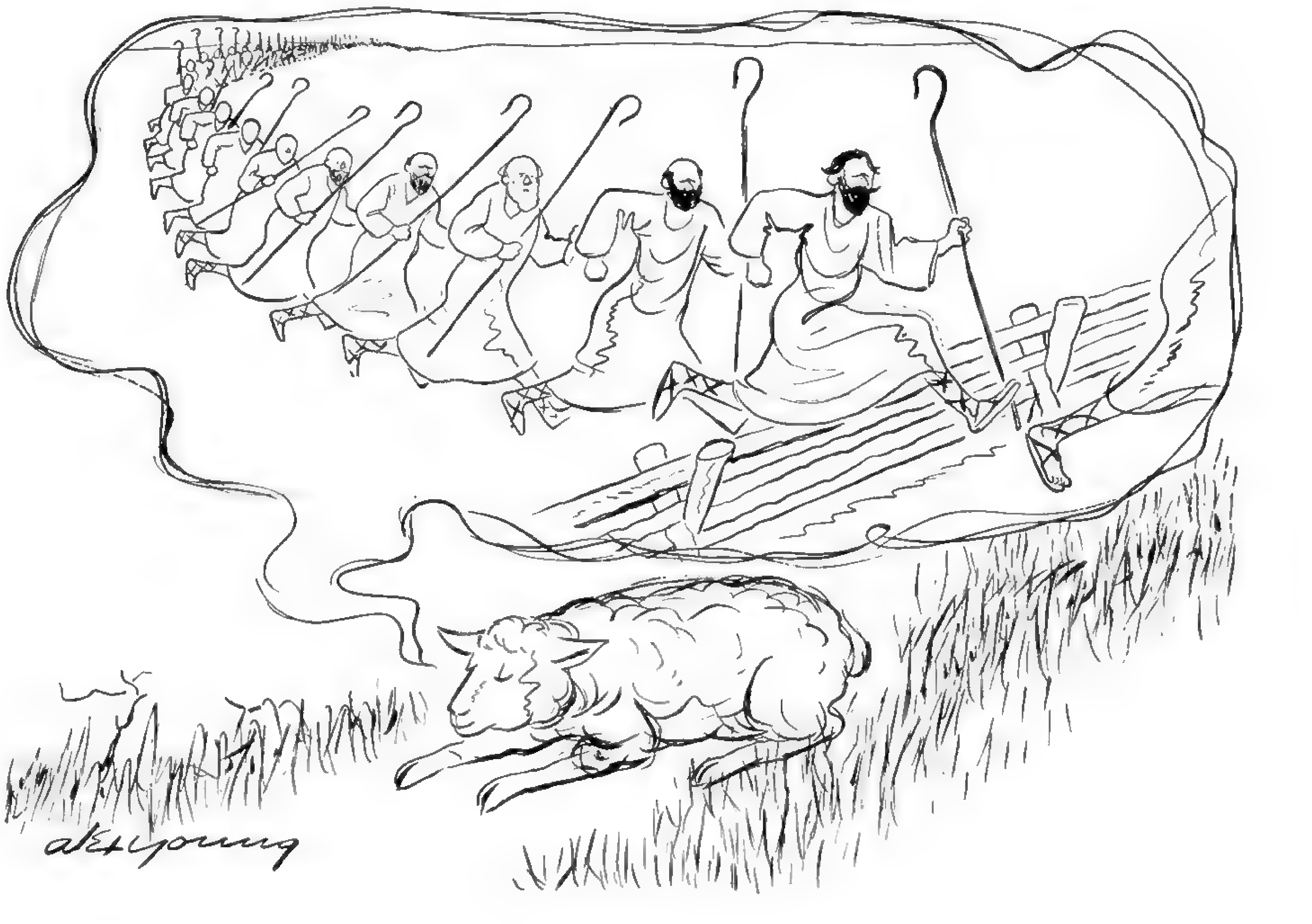
"Yes, forty. Jacob counted them."

"Very well," she said quietly. "So it's forty. And he counted them. But did he look to see how many were too young to have fruit and did he count the ones with blight and those whose bark bleeds? And then besides . . ."

"He counted forty."

"And besides in the world there is a little

Continued on page 155



Growing Wilder in Tahiti

Cut off from France, with no market for copra and the franc where it is, how can the islanders buy anything?

by DONALD BARR CHIDSEY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Raumanu
Punaauia, Tahiti

Dear Steve

Sooner or later you were bound to ask that question! Everybody who meets or corresponds with a chump from hereabouts does. It comes in different forms—"Is Civilization ruining the South Seas?" "I suppose it's just like anywhere else except that there are a lot of palm trees?" "Do the girls really wear grass skirts or is that just publicity?"—but inevitably it does come.

They say, they always say, some a bit defiantly, most of them with hope in their voices: "I suppose everything is spoiled there now?"

Well, I've knocked around a lot, as you know, Steve, and from all I can gather every place in the world has been "spoiled." That is, if you listen to the boys who were there before the First War, or before the tourists came, or even merely before *you* came. I have been solemnly assured that New Orleans isn't what it used to be, nor is Shanghai, nor are Marseille, Monte Carlo, Greenwich Village, Cairo, Saigon. Maybe; but all the same I've had some grand times in those places; and it seems to me that holding forth on whether a given city or country is as charming and as interesting as it once was is as futile as arguing (thousands do this, interminably) that Fitzsimmons or Jeffries could easily have knocked out Dempsey, who himself would not have needed half a round to polish off Joe Louis. Let the old-timers drone on in this wise, if it makes them happy! Nobody is ever going to prove them wrong.

Then there's "civilization." I don't mean to be evasive; but after all, that word "civilization," which once meant a lot to us, is only used nowadays when our sarcasm waxes so hot that it becomes polysyllabic. I don't pretend to know what "civilization" means, and I don't suppose you do either.

So let us confine ourselves to the things we do understand—food, drink, dress, habits, speech. Have these things changed in the South Seas? Why, of course! What do you think this place is—the moon? Is Vienna the same city it was in Melville's day? Has Vladivostok not been altered a whit since the time of R.L.S.?

There is something in every man which prompts him to try to revise, revamp, modify, censor, streamline, edit or otherwise tamper with practically everything about him, whether it be his wife, his backyard, his neighbor's opinions, his government, or the number of minutes it takes him to get to work in the morning; while at the same time this man yearns in a deep place in his soul (or thinks he yearns, says that he does) for a land in which everything will always remain the same. There is probably some long German word for this. There is usually some long German word for such feelings. Anyway it exists—as the clever Mr. Hilton knew when he wrote *Lost Horizon.* Even those who cling to the harp-wings-halo conception of Heaven do so a shade wistfully. Yet I'd guess that one out of every three of them secretly hopes, despite spoken scoffings, that at least in the South Sea Islands nothing has been "spoiled."

Well, I wouldn't know, Steve. I'm just a guy who lives here, and maybe I'm prejudiced. I know that we do change, but whether we change more rapidly or more slowly than the rest of the world is something I could not say. Likewise whether we're changing for better or for worse: I wouldn't know that.

We'll get down to details, and you can make up your own mind.

How was it I listed them—food, drink, dress, habits, speech?

You must assume, Steve, that unless I make mention to the contrary, I am always writing about French Oceania, the Tuamotus, the Gambiers, the Australs, the Marquesas, the Society Islands, and particularly Tahiti, in my opinion the only place in the world worth writing about. There are other parts of the South Seas, but what of it? I've visited them. Save yourself that trouble, if you get down this way.

The food here is lousy. It has no taste, and the natives do not know how to prepare it. They are not naturally good cooks. They do not greatly love eating. There is plenty; but most of it is tropical food and about as exciting as a blue boiled potato. The fruit, however, is swell. The native coffee isn't bad, if you can persuade your cook not to over-roast it. Pork is plentiful and good; veal and beef are neither. All the lobsters, shrimps and crab you want, and naturally fish. The natives, parenthetically, don't care much for fresh fish. They prefer it canned. They take for granted fish which would make patrons of the Ritz lick their lips in an altogether unmannerly manner, but turn them loose on a tin of sardines of the sort that at home you'd be ashamed to feed to your cats—and oh boy! They'll talk about it for weeks afterward.

The Tahitians still eat in their own way, using little or no condiments. They don't care for *popaa* food. The French haven't modified these habits much, except for the introduction of onions (which for some mysterious reason won't grow here) and bread, of both of which the Tahitians eat plenty. The bread is white, flat, utterly tasteless. A whole loaf of it contains about as much nourishment as half a spoonful of ice cream.

Graham bread, rye bread, whole wheat? No! And I'd do a Faustus for a chunk of honest-to-God pumpernickel.

The Tahitians eat a lot of sugar and very little fresh milk and eggs, which is probably why they have such poor teeth. There isn't much fresh milk, and what there is is thin, grazing being poor. As for chickens, they abound, but your native can't see any sense building coops or runs for them. This is a free-and-easy place, a live-and-let-live place, even for poultry. The chickens roost in the trees at night, and they lay any place they happen to be. When a Tahitian needs eggs, whether to eat or to sell, he just sends one of the children out to find some. The first of those cracked might be only two hours old, or it might be two months. You take your chances.

No, this isn't any place for an epicure. The best food here comes in cans, and is expensive, being taxed as a luxury. At first you live on it almost exclusively; but you get out of this habit; and when after a while you blow yourself to some mushroom soup or asparagus tips it is as though at home you blew yourself to a meal in a swank spot out of sheer good spirits, or perhaps to buck yourself up when you're feeling low.

The average Polynesian doesn't have much truck with knives, forks, spoons, not seeing any point in them. If however he is slinging a feast, and especially if he has some *popaa* guests, he will drag out knives, forks and spoons, beaming. On the other hand, a *popaa* who stages a Tahitian feast invariably does the thing up right by supplying no such utensils at all. Silly, isn't it?

Here, and in the other islands of French Oceania, excepting the Tuamotus, there will always be plenty to eat. The Tuamotus are different. Mere coral atolls, growing nothing but coconut trees and a scrubby scorched useless grass, their one product is copra. Today there isn't any price for copra, Steve. There hasn't been for the past four or five months, and it doesn't look as if there would be for a long while. The people of the Tuamotus, therefore, can't get anything from outside. They never did live high, but by a simple form of barter they used to be able to count on a sack of flour now and then, a few onions or potatoes, perhaps dried beans, even occasionally corned beef. Not now. I was knocking through the Tuamotus a few months ago on a trading schooner—we touched eighteen or twenty of them—and there was scarcely an able-bodied man anywhere who wouldn't agree to work all day for you, work a whole week if you demanded it, for one small peanut bar or a few figs. The Tuamotuans assuredly are not being "spoiled." Their diet today is what it was before the French came —coconuts and fish. Even *they* get tired of it. Moreover, missionaries in those islands (no better fed, for the most part, poor devils!) tell me that the Tuamotuans are having a hard time adjusting their digestions to this return to the *ancien régime.* Inhabiting as they do the most obscure and undesirable atolls in the world, they are not likely ever to have to worry about ducking into bomb cellars at the sound of a siren; but they are suffering none the less acutely because of the War.

To be sure, they eat dogs. The dogs are fed on coconuts, and they are not very nice looking—not, I need hardly say, thoroughbreds.

Not many years ago the Tuamotuans used to eat one another. They did this for the same reason that they now eat dogs—for the sake of variety. It was not religion with them, as with some peoples. It was not natural ferocity, for they are a mild lot. They were the last cannibals in this part of the Pacific (the practice still goes on, of course, in remote parts of the Solomons and the New Hebrides) and today they eat dogs.

What's more, Steve, there are not many dogs left out there, and what there are do not breed well. I'm not making predictions, but you asked whether "civilization" had effected many changes down this-a-way. Well, I think the missionaries are safe enough; the French have taught all natives to treat missionaries with respect; but I tell you honestly, Steve, I shouldn't care right now to be a Tuamotuan who didn't happen to be popular with the rest of the boys on the island.

About drink I don't like to write, for fear of getting rhapsodical. A little while ago there was everything you wanted here, and dirt cheap. That this isn't true now is because of dat old davil War. There is very little champagne left, and the price has doubled in the past few months, so that today it costs almost half as much as it does in the States. No absinthe left at all, goddam it. No cordials any more. The brandy's going fast. So is the whisky and gin, though we hope to get some of that up from Australia one of these days.

I can remember when we could buy real Pilsner here. At one time there was a flock of Swedish beer, Dutch beer and French beer in Papeete, the first two being not bad. *Finis.* Acme, Brown Derby, Raniers and Pabst all disappeared some months ago. There was never any draft beer.

But we have a brewery, and it has a large stock of hops. The native product, Aorai, costs less than three dollars a case, and it isn't bad when you get used to it. I've gotten used to it.

We won't go dry, Steve, never fear! The Tahitian likes his intoxicant but he never did have much use for fancy stuff like absinthe, champagne and brandy. Give him a jug of *vin ordinaire*, with or without a glass to drink it out of, or give him some rum with a little lime juice and sugar. Laws or no laws, money or no money, he can always make tomato beer, pineapple beer, orange beer, which is strong stuff, Steve, very strong stuff indeed. He gets the oranges, wild, back in the hills; the tomatoes from his back yard, the pineapples too; he gets the limes from a tree next to his house; the sugar, brown sugar, comes from a short distance down the road. The rum? From that celebrated giver of many things, the coconut tree, comes the rum. The process is a simple one, the product strong and pure. True, it hinders the tree's productivity, but what good are coconuts when there's no price for copra anyway? To eat? Hell, all the human beings, chickens, ducks, dogs, cats, cows and minah birds on the island couldn't possibly eat one-twentieth of the coconuts that fall every day. No, we won't go dry.

Ship service, always terrible, now is worse than that. All copra produced in these parts formerly went to France, not because France insisted but merely because she paid a subsidy. Now there's no market for it. Even planters in the western Pacific, who had other markets, are having a tough time.

We grow a little vanilla, but there's practically no market for that either. There used to be pearl shell, and as a side product pearls, in Mangareva and Hikueru, but that market was shot to hell even before the War. How many pearl-handled penknives do you see nowadays? How much pearl inlay work?

We never got much from the Outside World here, and what we did get came from France

Continued in center of page 147

Dieterle Among the Lilliputians

A restless, probing social conscience shines through *Pasteur, Zola, Blockade, Juarez*—every big picture he directs

by SIDNEY CARROLL

▪ ARTICLE ▪

In Hollywood there are a few directors who are bored with the fact that almost every time the cameras start cranking a Boy Meets a Girl. There are certain directors who hear, as an obbligato to the love songs, the sound of marching feet. Even director Charles Chaplin is tired of the old routines. In his new picture he forsakes the little tramp and fulfills a life-long ambition by playing *Hamlet.* Whether his choice was wise or not is not under discussion here. The point is that Chaplin is one of the men in Hollywood who feels that time marches on.

As the director goes so goes the industry. In the last analysis he is the man who takes the blame. Consequently, if he is a wise director, he will take the initiative. He must move with the times or become as antiquated as the old silents, and the list of men who are becoming fed up with the old formulas grows every year. A director like William Dieterle must have a social motivation behind anything he does. Call it a social conscience. In its different forms this social conscience is variable in the men who feel they must do something about it. Frank Capra will not make a picture unless an underdog comes out on top of the forces of evil. John Ford sees aristocracy in the poor people of the world. Dieterle must deal with men or movements that make the world move forward.

Directors are the most harassed of Hollywood's skilled workers, and the most skillful. Go through the names of the best directors in Hollywood and you will find that four out of five of them have been in the business ever since Keystone was a cop. Directing is one branch of the profession where there are practically no prodigies. Directors have to learn the long way. And just as no two directors do exactly the same thing about their social consciences, no two of them work exactly alike. Some of them work on a straight intuitive basis, making up scenes as they go along, seeking fresh ideas every day, and often as not, winding up as far from the original point of the story as North is from South.

Other directors—like, for example, the deliberative Dieterle—prefer to perform like conductors of symphony orchestras. Every move is planned beforehand, every instrument has its instructions. When Dieterle directs, the actual shooting of a picture is very much like the orchestra's concert performance. All mistakes have been rubbed out in rehearsal and conference beforehand. The shooting script for the day is adhered to as strictly as if it were an orchestration. When Dieterle stands up to his full six feet four and shouts for silence on the first day of shooting he knows what his last scene will look like. His orchestration is complete; he leaves very little room for intuitive moves or sudden inspirations. It is all a matter of generalship. Some directors plunge into things with no more plan of battle strategy than a Chinese guerrilla. Dieterle directs like a civil engineer.

Dieterle is as conspicuous around a movie set as a man on horseback. His great height sets him off in a land that is populated, strangely enough, by pygmies. He moves among his minions like a giant Watusi. Atop his six feet four is a straw hat; his large hands are always in white gloves. He has a resonant baritone voice that can make itself heard above studio din. His German accent still stumbles over the American language, but when he raises one of his white gloved hands and sings out for "qviet" on the lot, the immediate result is a great deal of quiet.

The visitor to a Dieterle set never has to be told which one of the participants in the drama is Dieterle. He looks more like an actor than anybody in the neighborhood.

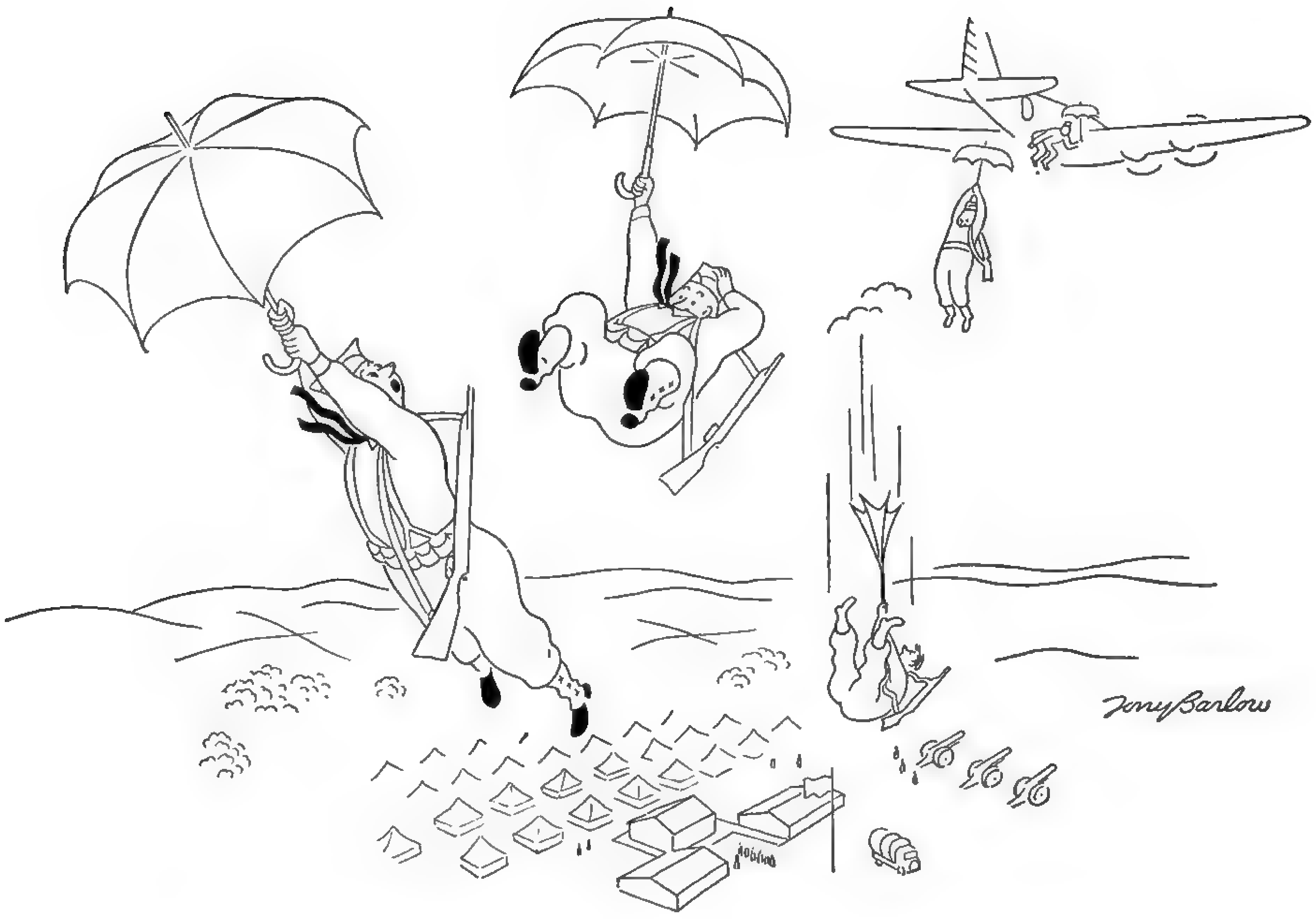
But the straw hat, an open shirt, a sweater, are designed solely for comfort in a hot country. The white gloves are a concession to a superstition he acquired in the old country, and to germ phobia; they save an awful lot of washing of the hands. He often uses lush white leather gloves that are rather expensive but he is also partial to the dime-store cotton brand. The main fact is that there is no exhibitionism in Dieterle's getup. He is not—as the wags would have it—a rootin' Teuton. As Hollywood's most eminent disciple from the German school of cinematic art he is remarkably shy and unaffected. There is nothing in him of, for example, Eric Von Stroheim, who once held the title of World's Heavyweight Champion German Director, and who would strut around the set like a Prussian lieutenant, barking orders, smacking a riding crop aginst his boots, getting himself cordially hated. Dieterle was nursed in the same school of the cinema but he is the antithesis of Von Stroheim. Technicians in the studio always like to work with him; actors are his friends. Only when an exciting scene is under way does he occasionally become excited, lapse into the German vernacular and even scream a little bit. Screaming, however, is the natural right of all directors.

In a land where the long suit of success is box-office power and second best is *succès d'estime* power, Dieterle is that enviable anomaly, a director who has made artistic pictures that made money. Hollywood is wary of the artist but Dieterle made *Pasteur* and *Zola* and that makes him okay, even if he is artistic.

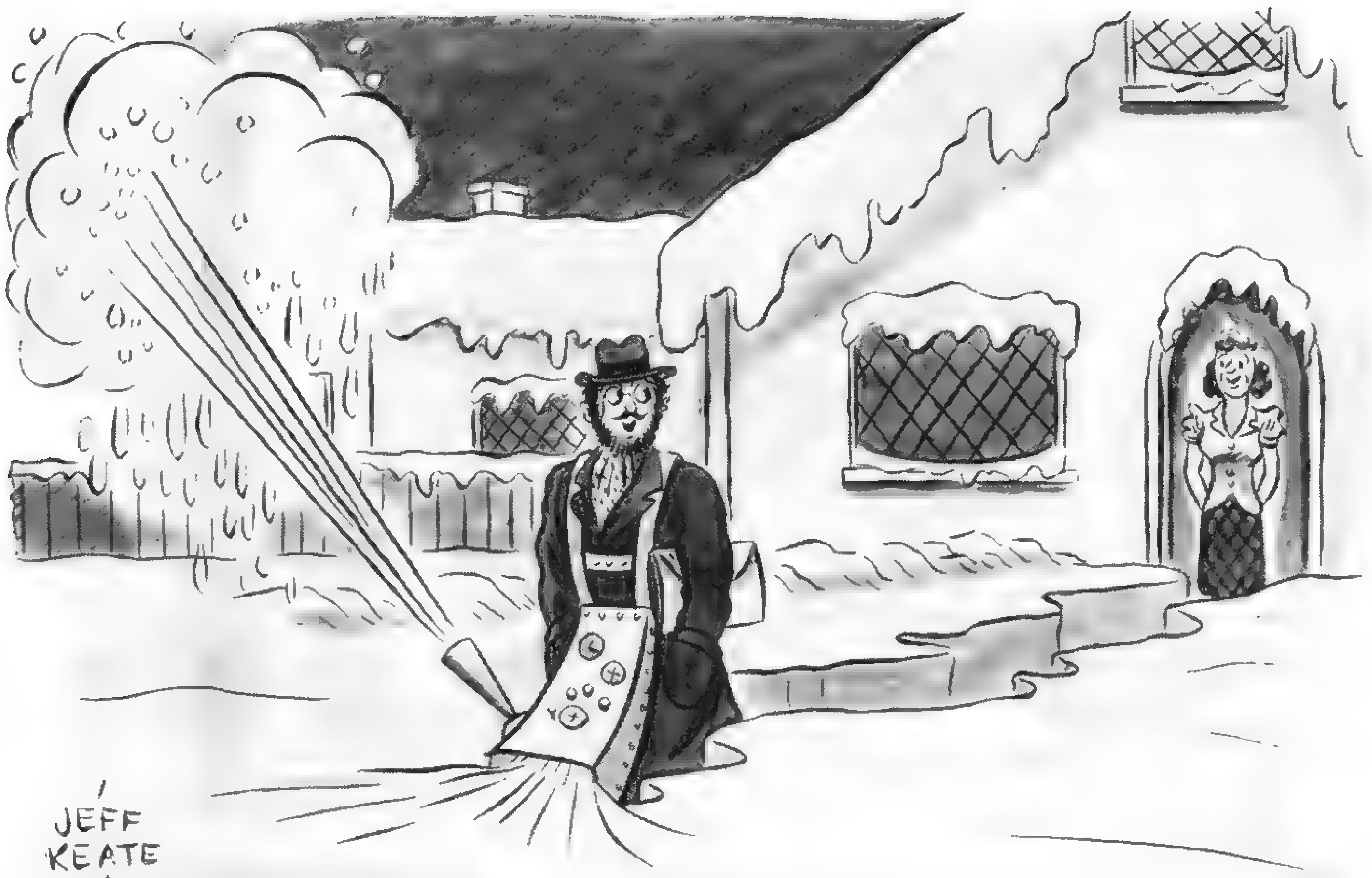
Pasteur, at least, must be considered one of the all-time "greats." Of course, that kind of praise is a gift from the Greeks as far as Hollywood is concerned. Our tastes shift; the memory of what looks like an "all-time great" at the first showing does not always

Continued in center of page 169

"It didn't bother me at first, but lately it's been giving me an occasional twinge"


Tony Barlow

"The Colonel says these things are only temporary"



"Well, I'm off to the Patent Attorney's, dear!"

Mayhem at the Box Office

Unless something is done soon, a lot of kids playing race-horse basketball will have heart disease in later life

by LEO FISCHER

▪ SPORTS ▪

BASKETBALL, as played today, is wrecking the future health of thousands of our youngsters!

What was once a recreational pastime has been "needled" into a frenzy of harmful action through radical rule changes in the past few years.

High school and college athletes are being "burned out" by the fastest, most exhausting and most nerve-wracking sport since ancient gladiators were tossed in to joust with ferocious lions and tigers.

Hard words, my friends?

Perhaps.

But watch the heart-disease curve go up and up—despite reports whitewashing basketball as it is now played. And the victims, unless something is done about it soon, will come in large numbers from the youngsters now cavorting on the nation's hardwood floors.

In the year preceding his death, Dr. James A. Naismith, originator of the sport, gave up almost completely attending games. Asked the reason, he shook his head sadly and replied:

"This isn't basketball the way I used to know it. I devised a game for players. I wanted it to be an interesting, healthful competition. And it was, up to a few years ago. Now the spectators have taken it over and the rules have been changed so that the game is played for their benefit. No one seems to give a thought any more to the boys or their health. I guess they just want to draw crowds. This isn't my game of basketball."

And he is right. About the only similarity between basketball of today and half a dozen years ago is reminiscent of the feud which once raged between Doc Meanwell at Wisconsin and Ward Lambert at Purdue. Each collected royalties on a certain type of ball and there was always a squabble about which was to be used when they met. Once, before a game, Meanwell wired Lambert

"What kind of a ball are you going to use Friday?"

Lambert wired back:

"A nice, big round one!"

It's still a nice, big round ball that they're using in the game—but the other rules have undergone amazing alterations.

From the time Dr. Naismith hung up those historic peach baskets in 1891 up to a few years ago, players had the entire floor in which to roam or rest. Then it was decided that there was too much resting and not enough roaming—particularly after a couple of Illinois high school teams played a 1 to 0 game and Wisconsin won a Big Ten conference contest by a score of approximately 12 to 9. There was also a game on the Pacific Coast where players on one side held the ball for fifteen minutes while their opponents read newspapers and the crowd jeered.

Instead of considering these as isolated freak incidents, the rules committee began to view with alarm, and proceeded to speed matters up. It decreed that a line should be drawn through the center of the playing floor. It decreed further that a player obtaining the ball in the half farthest from his own basket had to get the hell out of there within ten seconds.

Jesse Owens can run a hundred yards in ten seconds quite easily, but after all it isn't much space on a stop watch. You have to hustle to get across that line. And thus was taken Step No. 1 in the transition of basketball.

Three years ago it was decided to inject another shot of vinegar into the game. Following agitation from the Pacific Coast, the rules committee voted the sport's most radical change—elimination of the center jump. Those last five words on paper seem harmless, but their effect was to do away with the twenty or thirty second break between the scoring of a basket and the time the ball was again put in play by the two centers jumping for it in mid-court.

As a result, basketball now is sustained motion, except for an occasional injury or exhaustion time out. Play is practically continuous. As soon as the ball whips through the net, it is grabbed by a man from the other side and put into play, while players on the team which has scored sweep like tornadoes for the opposite end of the floor to take up defensive positions.

Certainly, it's a swell game to watch. We love it. So do the thousands of others who jam into gymnasiums, field houses and indoor stadia to watch the boys run themselves ragged scoring points and giving thrills to the cash customers.

Nat Holman, famous coach of New York's City College and one of the greatest players of all time, sounds the keynote of the modern game with this observation:

"Basketball is a spectator's sport. Its recent tremendous growth in popularity is clear evidence of that. We must keep it a sport of action and color to retain the public's fancy."

But what about the players?

Experiments prove that the abolition of the center jump, plus other changes, have added seven to ten more minutes of actual playing time.

The ball is rocketing back and forth for about thirty-eight minutes out of a possible forty in the average college game. Football, with all its hipper-dipper and speed-up, is cold molasses in comparison. Fifteen minutes of slam-bang play is about all in the average college game, careful timing reveals. And that is sixty minutes of play.

Cage scores have skyrockets. Not long ago at New Orleans, Loyola and Centenary played a game which the latter won, 78 to 72,

Continued on page 158

FINISH
Gregory d'Alessio

"He maintains a terrific speed till the end—then he tires a bit"

Casual Business and Travel—Blue and brown plaid tweed topcoat, notched lapel raglan model; brown snapbrim felt hat; Rusticolor tweed suit; tan broadcloth shirt; red and blue figured foulard tie; natural shade pigskin gloves; brown and maroon wool socks; brown calfskin shoes.

Country, Campus and Weekend Wear—Lovat and brown herringbone striped Shetland jacket, three-button single breasted model; green stitched felt hat; Sandune oxford shirt; red, gold and black crochet tie; Tattersall checked flannel waistcoat; covert slacks; Shetland striped wool socks; brown reverse calf Gummies with thick crepe rubber soles.

Country, Campus and Weekend Wear—Bluish brown Skye tweed topcoat, single breasted model with set-in sleeves; brown and white checked tweed cap; tan and white Glen plaid oxford shirt; red and blue foulard tie; brown duo-diagonal Shetland jacket; grey flannel slacks; blue wool socks; brown reverse calf shoes with crepe rubber soles.

Semi-Formal—Midnight blue worsted evening suit with double breasted jacket, grosgrain silk lapels; narrow pleated bosom shirt with attached collar; butterfly bow tie; black pearl studs; black Homburg felt hat; black silk half hose with self clocks; black patent leather low shoes.

Country, Campus and Weekend Wear—Blue on brown Shetland jacket, three-button single breasted model; khaki felt hat; blue oxford shirt with button-down collar; printed wool tie; tan Shetland pullover sweater; Sky Grey flannel slacks; blue wool socks; brown seamless top fringed tongue shoes, red rubber soles.

Country, Campus and Weekend Wear—Natural tan short cut corduroy coat, single breasted model with raglan shoulders; brown slope crown felt hat; soft green oxford shirt with attached collar; red and yellow foulard tie; Rusticolor diagonal tweed suit; tan knitted cashmere gloves; brown moccasin shoes with red rubber soles and fringed tongues.

Golf—Natural shade cotton pork-pie hat; blue and white over-checked flannel shirt with attached collar; dark red wool tie; natural tan processed cotton jacket with slide fastener and convertible collar; natural tan corduroy slacks; blue wool socks; brown moccasin golf shoes with spiked leather soles.

Formal—Midnight blue worsted tailcoat with grosgrain silk lapels; matching trousers with double braid; piqué stiff bosom shirt; white pearl studs; wide wing collar; white piqué butterfly bow tie; white piqué backless waistcoat; silk topper; black silk socks; patent leather pumps.

Robert Goodman

ESQUIRE'S CHART OF CORRECT DRESS

Conservative Business—Air Blue worsted suit; three-button single breasted jacket; black Homburg hat; white starched collar; white broadcloth shirt; Americana silk tie; Americana linen handkerchief; natural chamois gloves; maroon lisle half hose; black straight tip shoes.

Conservative Business—Olive tan covert cloth fly-front topcoat; brown snap brim hat; red and yellow figured foulard tie; tan and white striped broadcloth shirt with lounge collar; Peat Brown cheviot suit; reddish brown capeskin gloves; maroon wool socks; brown shoes.

Conservative Business—Grey pinchalk striped Saxony suit; long-roll lapel double breasted jacket; grey felt hat with brim up; Porcelain Blue shirt with widespread collar; Americana silk tie; dark blue six-and-three rib lisle half hose; dark brown calf straight tip shoes.

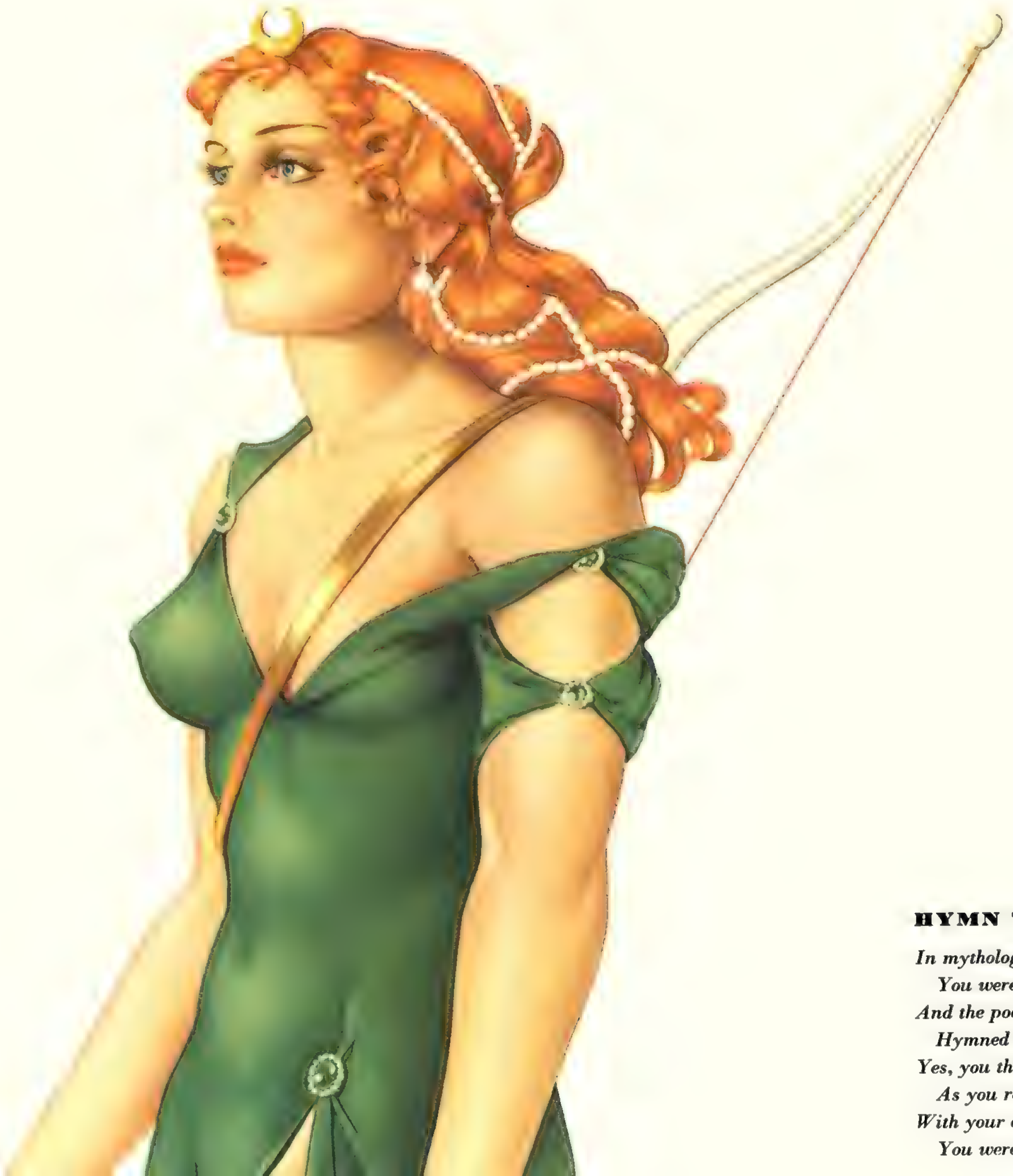
Conservative Business—Dark blue narrow panel double breasted overcoat; derby hat; red and blue Royal Artillery pattern silk muffler; chalk striped blue unfinished worsted suit; grey mocha gloves; dark blue ribbed wool socks with clocks; black calf shoes with straight tips.

Casual Business and Travel—Blue and brown herringbone tweed suit with three-button single breasted jacket; brown snap brim felt hat; striped Americana oxford shirt with pinned collar; blue and red Royal Artillery pattern tie; Argyle pattern wool socks; brown wing-tip shoes.

Casual Business and Travel—Air Blue herringbone cheviot suit, three-button single breasted jacket; grey felt hat with brim turned down all around; red and yellow foulard tie; dark red and white striped oxford shirt with pinned, rounded collar; maroon wool socks; brown reversed calf blucher shoes with leather soles.

Casual Business and Travel—Greyish blue tweed topcoat, fly-front peaked lapel model; greyish blue snap brim felt hat; blue and white striped broadcloth shirt; Americana striped tie; grey flannel suit; natural shade pigskin gloves; blue lisle half hose; brown straight tip shoes.

Casual Business and Travel—Oyster shade processed cotton raincoat, raglan model with military collar, slash pockets and fly front; greyish green snap brim felt hat; red-ground foulard scarf; grey Glen Urquhart plaid suit with red border stripes; grey and red mixture wool socks; brown calf thick-soled shoes.



HYMN TO DIANA

In mythologic ages
You were Goddess of the Chase
And the poets and the sages
Hymned the beauty of your face,
Yes, you thrilled them to the marrow
As you roamed the woodland, dense,
With your crafty bow and arrow
You were certainly immense!

But it seems a shame, Diana,
  That you're still not on the job,
What a uniform hosanna
  You would get from all the mob!
You're so charming, blonde and vital
  That if Broadway's haunts you graced
You'd soon have another title—
  You'd be GODDESS OF THE CHASED!

PAINTING BY VARGA
VERSE BY PHIL STACK

Someone May Have the Answer

Accident experts know that the jury may rule against you even though the lights were with you

by THOMAS M. NIAL

• ARTICLE •

How many times have you been driving along a main road and had a car come in from your right and make a right turn in front of you. You have to jam on your brakes to avoid hitting it. "Why the dirty so-and-so! Came right out and turned in front of me!"

Now let's try to visualize the thing. You're traveling only thirty-five along Highland Avenue, Anywhere. It's true the speed limit is twenty-five and a safe one but—well—everyone goes thirty-five along there. You pass Locust Street, Hillcrest Road, etc. Then you come to Franklin Avenue. Now, Franklin Avenue is just as important a street as Highland Avenue—the one you're on. But *you* don't recognize it as such. You're traveling along at a reasonable rate of thirty-five (although the law says twenty-five is reasonable) and you feel that no one has a right to come in front of you and turn right onto your street without waiting for you to pass. Anyway, you are approaching Franklin Avenue and you see a car coming towards your street. You somehow sense that the driver has no intention of waiting for you to pass. You also sense that he's getting ready to make a right turn in front of you. Maybe he isn't, though. Maybe he's going to keep along Franklin Avenue and come right out in front of you. Well, the hell with him! He's got to wait for you to get by the intersection. You step on it a little. He'll be scared—and he'll wait! He doesn't wait. But *you* have waited too long; that is, too long to avoid hitting him!

What happens? Your brakes go on. You swerve. You crash into his left rear. His car swings over and bangs into a street-light post. A woman screams. You jump out. The woman in the rear seat has been hurt. She's yelling a lot. The man says he thinks his arm is broken. His wife beside him has fainted. You try to get the woman out of the rear seat. Some stranger helps you. The wife and the woman are taken off in someone's car to the hospital. Evidently the fellow's arm isn't broken because he's using it a lot—to make motions while he swears at you, and says you ought to be put off the road, and are you drunk or crazy, and so on. Why, the idea of his blaming you! It was all his fault.

After two policemen have all the information they need, and your car and the other fellow's have been towed away for repairs, you go home, sit down, and think.

Who is going to pay? That is the question that always arises after all these accidents that are happening by the thousands every month. In your heart, you know that you took an unnecessary chance—you saw him coming and could have slowed up but you'd be damned if you were going to let him block you off. But, practically, you decide you have nothing to fear. He came to your street at a fairly good clip and turned right so that he was immediately in front of you, and you couldn't avoid hitting him. Just a damned-fool driver that deserved being hit.

Let's skip all the unpleasantness that follows—the arguments, summons, commencement of suits, attorneys, countersuit and what not. You get into court. To your amazement, the opposing attorney tells the court and jury that his client, a law-abiding citizen, was driving his sedan along a well-used thoroughfare, Franklin Avenue, with his wife in the front seat beside him and Mrs. Doe, a guest, in the rear seat. Coming to Highland Avenue, he approached at a speed of fifteen miles an hour and made a right turn as he was legally entitled to do. The defendant, that's you, traveling along Highland Avenue at an excessive speed (the limit, you know, was twenty-five and you were going thirty-five) and evidently not looking to see where he was going, and therefore driving recklessly, crashed into the left rear of his client's sedan causing severe injuries, concussion, mental shock, pain, etc., etc. to Mrs. Doe and to the wife of his client and to his client and on and on. You haven't a chance. The jury, besides hearing the testimony of Mrs. Doe and Mr. & Mrs. Client, also hears the testimony of two witnesses which the opposing attorney produces. Those witnesses are a shock to you. You hadn't thought, in the confusion, to get the names of any witnesses. In fact, you had not thought that the other fellow had done so. But there are the two witnesses just the same. Maybe you should have dug up a couple of fake witnesses and paid them. But then, you aren't going to get any money even if you win this case. It's the other side which is going to get money if you lose. Your attorney (for a fee of a hundred bucks, if you haven't insurance) puts up a swell defense, but the opposing lawyer is clever and there are witnesses and there were *horribly painful* injuries and the jury listens, is sympathetic and soaks you six thousand, eight hundred dollars and costs. It isn't their money the jury is spending.

Who pays? If you're one of the twenty-five per cent of motor car owners that carries insurance, you smile and answer, "The Insurance Company." The hell it does! The jury thought so, too. It probably figured that you were a prosperous looking fellow and therefore had an insurance policy covering you. So they made the verdict steep—thus automatically aiding in increasing their own insurance rates, if any of them carried insurance, and making it more impossible for the ones who don't because it costs so much already.

Take a Ford or Plymouth. Liability insurance alone (without Property Damage insurance) costs from twenty-eight to forty dollars in Philadelphia, San Francisco, or Water-

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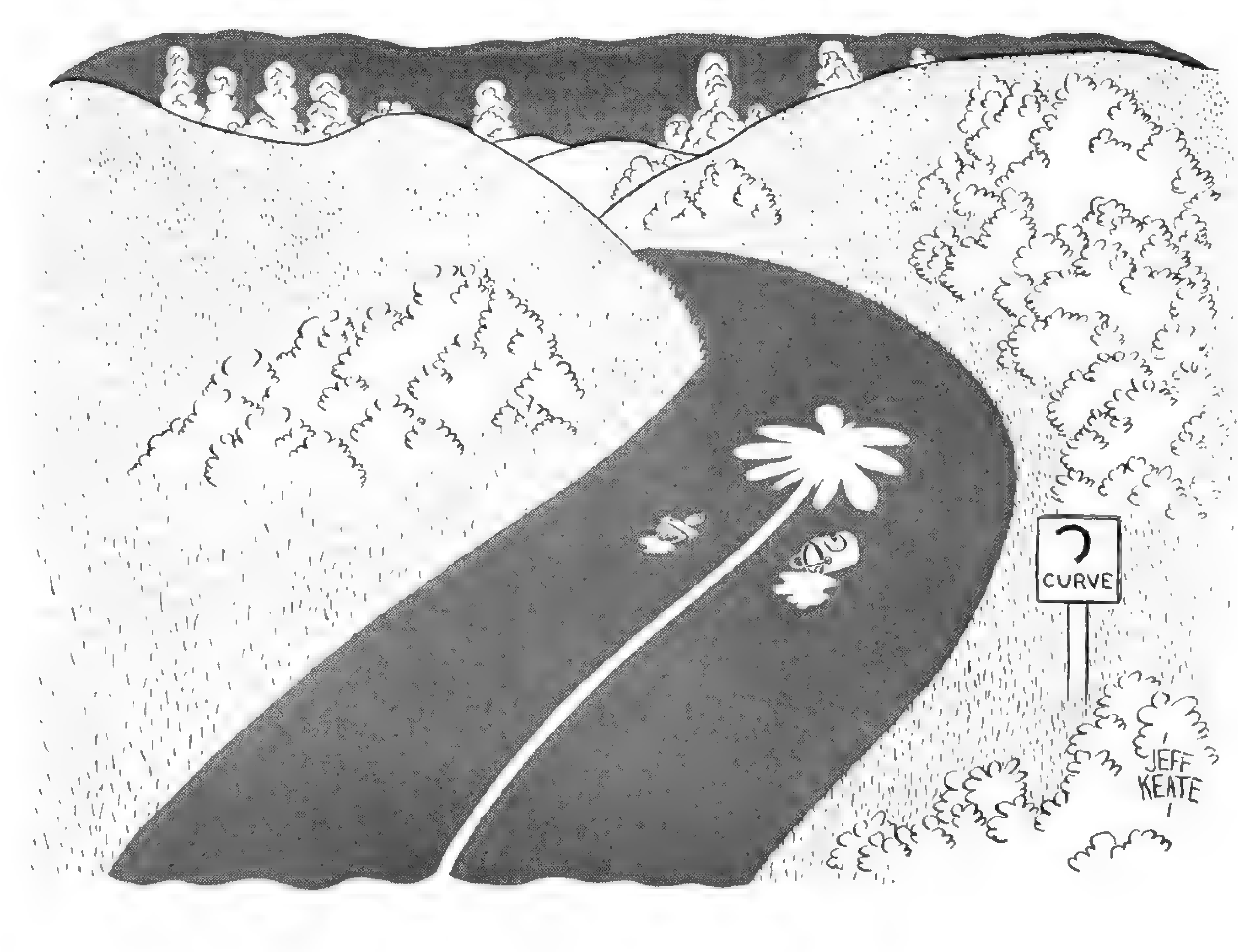
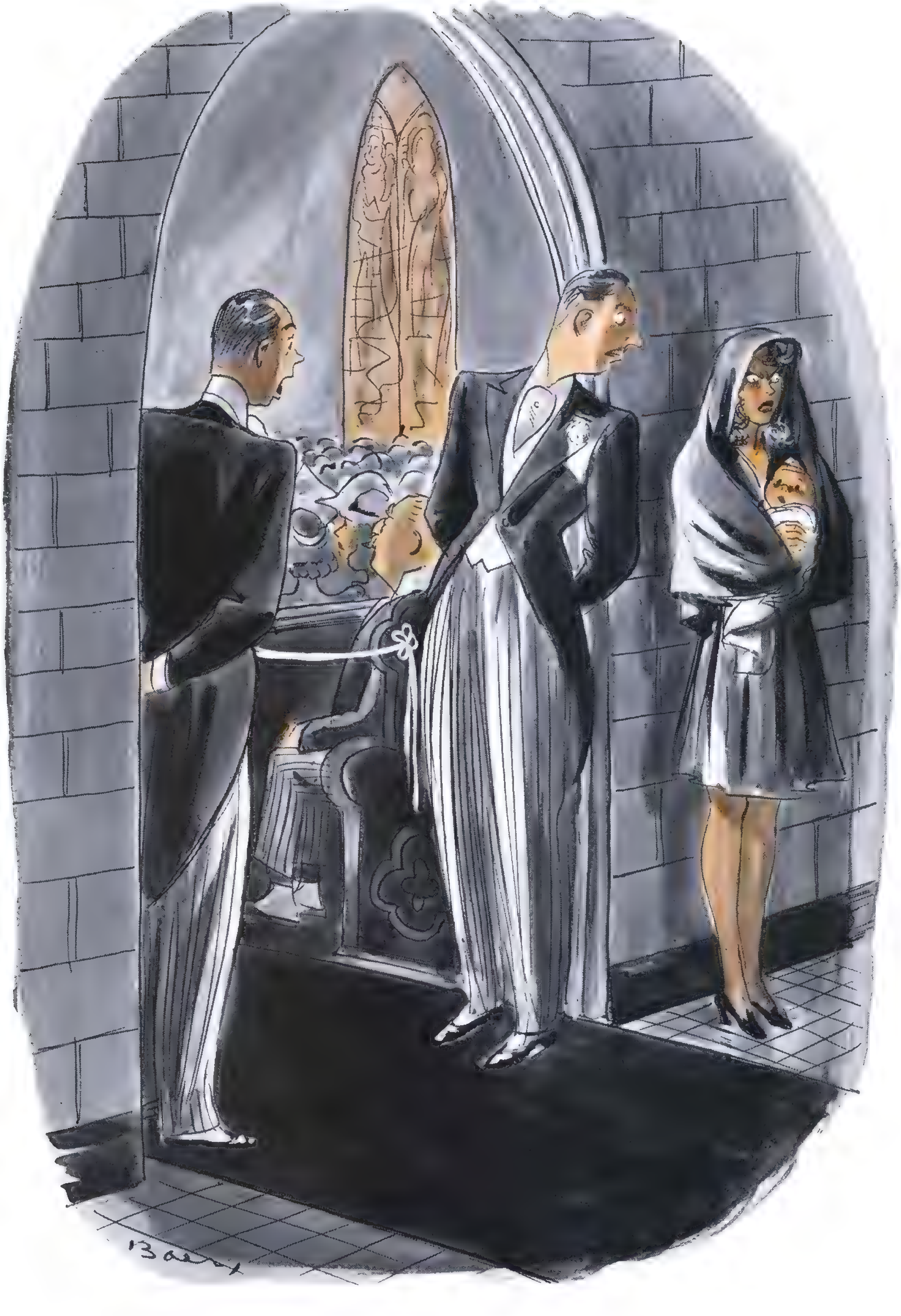




"Says she doesn't care to be seated—she'll wait until the ceremony gets under way"

A Quiet Wedding

Naturally the fans were crazy to see two men wrestling for the fair hand of Bella Jones

by WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON

▪ SATIRE ▪

On Thursday afternoon, in the front office of the Coliseum at Prairie City, Iowa, Mr. Bill Bozeman, three-hundred pound black-bearded professional wrestler, was conferring with his manager, a buxom and highly efficient young woman by the name of Miss Bella Jones, who a few years previously had abandoned her career as a circus bareback rider to devote her peculiar talents to the commercial side of the professional wrestling game. Bill and Bella were discussing their approaching marriage.

"What I want," Bill said, "is just a simple, quiet wedding."

"What you're going to have," Bella said, "is an elaborate, noisy brawl—with plenty of vulgar excitement, and as big a mob as we can drag in. It's a wonderful chance to put over a lot of swell publicity."

"Maybe so," Bill said. "And I don't mind publicity about my wrestling. But when we're getting married, I figure it is our own personal business. So what we want is just a nice quiet—"

"Listen," said Bella. "Before you took me on as your manager you were just a ham. Now you're the best box-office attraction in the Middle West. And what did it? Publicity!"

"Not entirely," Bill said. "Don't forget that I'm a pretty good wrestler."

"I know it. But it isn't straight wrestling that brings in the cash customers. You've built yourself up as a swell drawing-card by following my advice and giving the fans a good show—wearing those whiskers and billing yourself as the Bearded Behemoth, roaring and snarling and tearing around the ring like a drunken gorilla, and pulling off stunts like that fight out in the street last week and so on."

"Well," Bill said, "I still got my beard. I can still roar when I'm in the ring. And if you want, I could stage another street fight."

"No," Bella said. "That's old stuff now. We got to give them something new. And this wedding is just the chance we need. So I've figured out a setup that will just naturally drive the fans crazy."

"And just what are you planning to do?" asked Bill, suspiciously.

"I'm announcing that I can't make up my mind whether to marry you or Clarence Alford. So it's going to be decided by the wrestling match next Saturday night. Whichever one of you wins gets me as a prize."

"What! You mean you'd actually consider marrying that low-down, chicken-livered, ex-acrobat, Clarence Alford?"

"Certainly not," snorted Bella. "I'm working out the scenario for the bout so Clarence will almost get you, but you'll flatten him in the end."

"We don't need any scenario for that," said Bill, indignantly. "I can flatten that rat any time I feel like it."

"All right," said Bella. "So after you've won the bout, we'll have the wedding right there in the ring. I'm going to have a full brass band—"

"I won't stand for it," said Bill.

"You've got to," said Bella. "It is all decided. And here's the advance publicity." She flashed a copy of the *Prairie City Evening Times.* With glowing indignation Bill read the following item:

"GRUNT AND GROAN BOYS EMULATE KNIGHTS OF OLD—JOUST FOR HAND OF FAIR LADY

"Just as the plumed knights of yore were wont to engage in deadly combat for the hand of some fair lady, so two mighty gladiators of today, Clarence Alford, the Akron (Ohio) Adonis, and Bill Bozeman, the Bearded Behemoth, will clash in a bitterly contested wrestling bout on Saturday evening at the local Coliseum to decide which is to win the hand in marriage of Miss Bella Jones, beautiful and attractive local business girl.

"When interviewed this afternoon, Miss Jones expressed her warm regard for the Akron Adonis, who is renowned from coast to coast for his beautifully developed body, for his clean sportsmanship, and for his gentlemanly tactics in the ring. On the other hand, Miss Jones admitted that she is deeply fascinated by the sheer brute power, and the animal cruelty of the hideously hairy Bearded Behemoth. Unable to choose between the curiously contrasting charms of these two ardent suitors, she says she has decided to stake her entire future on the outcome of the wrestling match to be held next Saturday night.

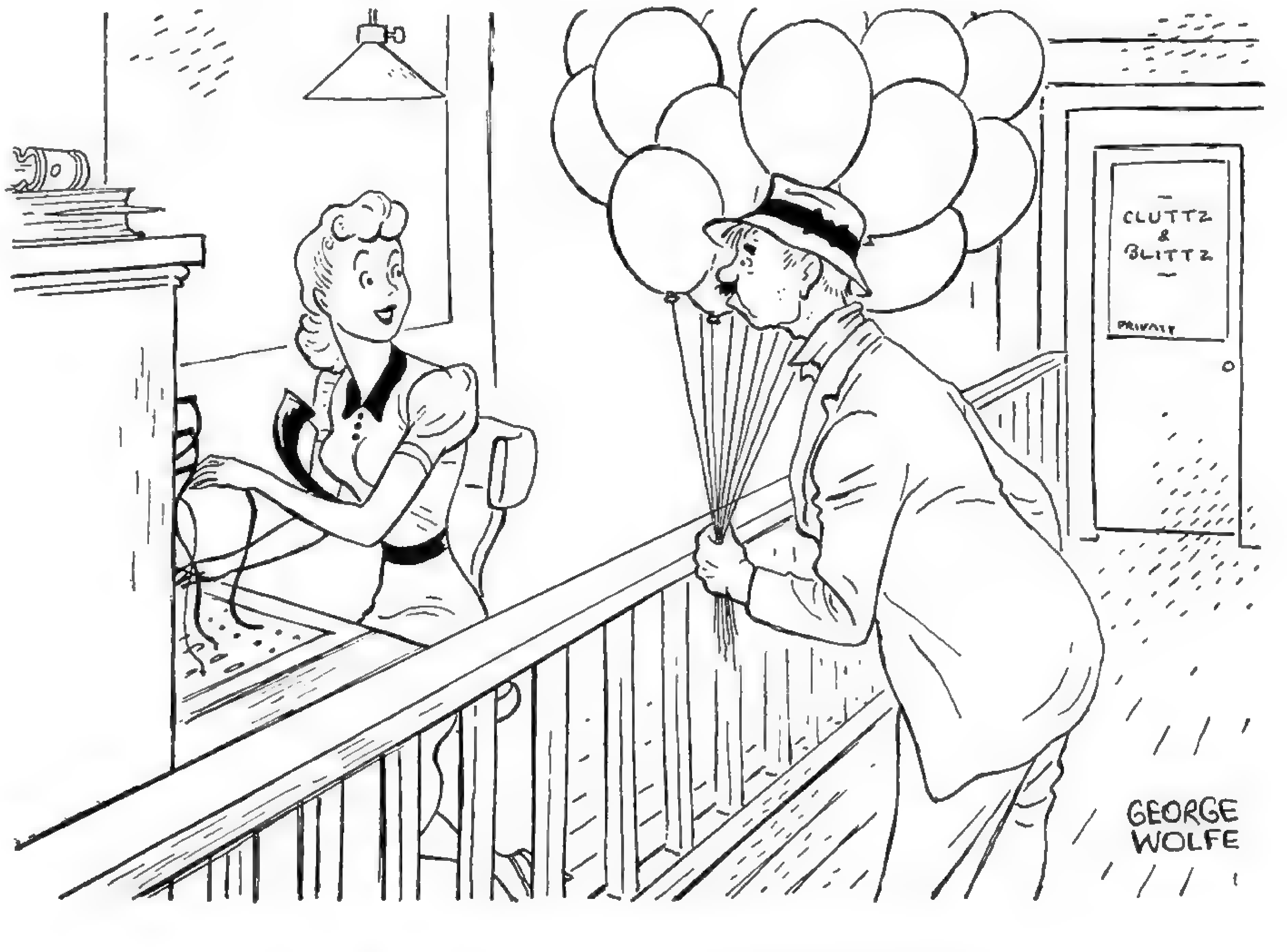
"The exact motives underlying Miss Jones's strange decision are the subject of considerable discussion by local psychologists. It is possible that she may be honestly and sincerely bewildered when she attempts to evaluate the relative charms of her two manly lovers, and that she has hit upon this wrestling match as the only possible means of solving a dilemma which tears her now this way, now that. On the other hand there are many who charge that she is actuated by overweening pride and selfish vanity—by a neurotic craving for the thrill that will come when she witnesses this epic battle, and realizes that these mighty men are fighting for her, and her alone.

"In any event, the general delectability and oomph possessed by the prize are sure to inspire a battle of unprecedented and bloodcurdling ferocity. The customers are certain to get their money's worth."

As Bill finished reading, Bella smiled proudly. "What do you think of it?" she asked.

"It's a bunch of tripe," said Bill. "I

Continued on page 126



"You'll have to see our purchasing agent!"

Football's Fifth Column

Gridiron scouting is now a fairly exact science, dignified by reserved seats in college stadia and brochures for reports

by HERMANN B. DEUTSCH

SPORTS

Every now and again one of those made-to-order fiction dramas becomes a reality. The understudy does get a chance to play Juliet, and promptly sets the critics so a-raving that managers bid frantically against one another for her contract; or the scrub who has been growing a set of bench callouses for three football years, and who is sent in by a desperate coach during the final minutes of play when all seems lost save honor, actually wins the game for Dear Old Siwash.

That is what happened on November 6, 1937, in Tulane Stadium at New Orleans. Contenders were those ancient pelagic rivals, Tulane's Green Wave and Alabama's Crimson Tide. In spite of the fact that both had thus far come through the season unbeaten, Alabama was a top-heavy favorite, being coached by the veteran Frank Thomas and having rolled over its other opponents with apparent ease, while Tulane, where young Lowell "Red" Dawson was still a yearling as head coach, had once or twice barely scratched through to victory.

But the underdogs put up a superb battle. In fact, Tulane was the first to score. Alabama did not push over her only touchdown until the third period. Neither team converted for the extra point, and in the gathering dusk two battered elevens pounded wearily away at one another to break that surprising 6-6 tie. Alabama, whose chances for a bowl bid depended on an "unbeaten and untied" record, was approaching a condition which it would be a bald understatement to describe as frantic.

The ball was in 'Bama's possession near the west boundary on Tulane's 24-yard line when Thomas, snatching at a desperate remedy for a desperate situation, sent into the game Haywood "Sandy" Sanford, a substitute end. Only three minutes of playing time remained. The one wild chance of breaking the deadlock was to try for a field goal. Prospects were undeniably not bright. Leader of a forlorn hope, the kicker would have to stand on the 32-yard line, and the angle of approach still further reduced the chances of success.

The ball sailed back from center. Tulane's defense surged forward, but blockers held back that charge long enough for Sanford, the unconsidered sub, to kick himself into football fame and Alabama into a bowl invitation. The game ended a few moments later with the score: Alabama 9, Tulane 6.

Among all the thousands who witnessed the dramatic denouement, only a handful noticed that the play was illegally executed. Coaches, spectators, officials and players failed to see a detail on the basis of which the score should have been voided and the ball sent back to Alabama with a 5-yard penalty to boot. The only observers who did not miss this detail were the "scouts" from other colleges and universities whose teams would be called upon to meet Alabama or Tulane later in the season.

From their point of vantage high in the stands that group of lynx-eyed watchers saw at once that the decisive play was being carried through with only six men in the line of scrimmage instead of the required seven. That left four men in the backfield to protect the kicker instead of only three to block the opposition's charge, which measurably increased the kicker's chances of success.

Vernon Sharpe, scouting Alabama's play for Vanderbilt, started the gossip after the game by cheerfully telling newspapermen and representatives of both coaching staffs about the illegality of the crucial play. Motion pictures of the game were checked the following day, and it was found Sharpe and his fellow scouts were right to the fifth decimal place.

Apparently what happened was this: Sanford, an end, was called to the backfield to kick. One of the halfbacks was supposed to move up into the line of scrimmage in his stead, to comply with the seven-man regulation. In the tense excitement of the moment this halfback stepped only a pace or two forward, turned half right, and crouched, ready to block from that position. The situation obtained for certainly not more than a second before the ball was snapped. But in that second, the almost photographic power of observation by which football scouts earn their eagle feathers, had unerringly registered what players, officials, and all others had missed.

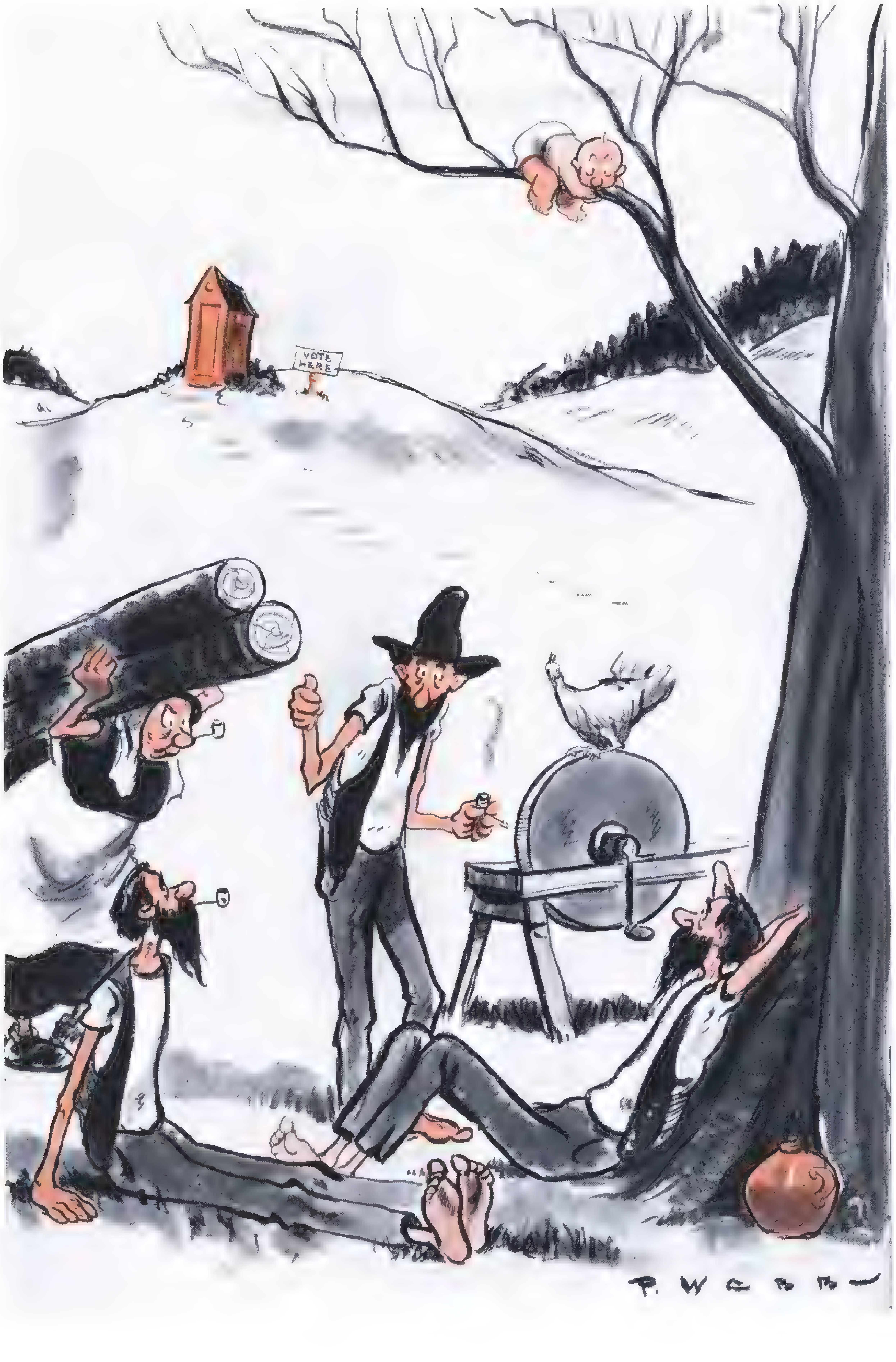
Of course, nothing could be done about it. The game still stands as an Alabama victory and a Tulane heartbreak. The incident is here cited not to open old wounds, but to illustrate the uncanny power of instant observation which the good scout has trained himself to develop. The unsung blocking back, clearing a path for the sensational brilliance of the runner who gets all the glory, has long been made a sympathetic figure of romance. But what of the scout, who paves the way for the coach's loudly acclaimed strategy, who makes offense and defense preparation possible, and whose name is rarely heard in connection with the paeans which hail a victorious season?

Usually the scout is an assistant coach or a former letter man. Although by present and past connection he is heart and soul concerned with the football destinies of Dear Old Siwash, he rarely gets a chance to see his team play because, come Saturday, he's out watching River Falls Normal, Stanford, Ohio State, Navy or Slippery Rock Teachers, or whatever other team Siwash will have to face next week or the week after that.

Football scouting has become something of a reasonably exact science. Like any other science, it rests upon a foundation of the ac-

Continued on page 114

"I'd love to go formal—I'm crazy about gardenias"


VOTE HERE
P. WEBB

"Gran'pappy an' the sheriff are still sittin' out thar countin' votes —last Tuesday Willkie was ahead fer awhile"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Socking *Fantasia*, with sideswipes at *Horse Fever*, *Twelfth Night*, *The Kiss of Fire* and *The Corn is Green*

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

Walt Disney's movie, *Fantasia*, is none of my business, but since as a drama critic I haven't had particularly much business of my own recently I'll stick my nose into it. I wouldn't do it, despite the pleasure uniformly attendant upon proboscidian immersion, except for the circumstance that the film at its best and the theatre at its worst have something in common.

As everybody knows by this time, what Disney has done in his film is to visualize the music of various celebrated composers. In other words, to indicate on the screen the pictures which, he believes, the music evokes in the imagination. Aside from the fact that this, of course, is much like someone giving a lecture on sacred and profane love to a roomful of men and passing around as persuasive testimonials to both photographs of his best girl, whom the men wouldn't take on, even on a bet, this *Fantasia* is a boomerang all around. As ever when Hollywood sets itself to be what it considers artistic, what comes out impresses any artist above the old vaudeville designation and any critic above the movie species as something not only aesthetically pretty ludicrous but even less art than the usual run of screen stuff. Disney, even were he a hundred times more imaginative than he is, could no more indicate the thoughts and images which music animates in you or me than either of us could indicate the personal, private and internal reactions of Disney himself to Caravaggio's *Deposition*, the comely colored girl he saw on Wilshire Boulevard last Tuesday, or lobster à la Newburg.

It isn't too difficult, of course, to guess the thoughts inspired in some bonehead by some such beery tune as *I'll Never Smile Again*, but it is sheer impudence and worthy of Hollywood to presume to present to any slightly more cultivated person a visualization of what he should picture when he listens to the superior composers. As in the case of the Clavilux color organ of twenty years ago, we may possibly allow a certain faint privilege to Disney in accompanying Bach's toccata and fugue in D minor with an abstract flow of color and design, but when he brings in Mickey Mouse as his idea of what I am thinking of when I listen to Dukas' *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*, when he tells me I am thinking of something that looks like a reel from the old Class B prehistorical animal movie, *The Lost World*, when I hear Stravinsky's *Rite Of Spring*, and when he insists I must think of something that resembles a Hallowe'en costume party at the Waldorf with everyone dressed like goblins, imps and skeletons when the orchestra plays Moussorgsky's *Night On Bald Mountain*, I have the honor to tell him in turn that he is not only very silly but decidedly impertinent.

If Disney thinks I am rude in thus criticizing him on these points, he doesn't know the half of my rudeness. For I have the further honor to tell him that when he asks me or anybody else this side of Hollywood to visualize Beethoven's *Pastoral* in terms of centaurs resembling a cross between Freddie Bartholomew and Elsie the Borden cow making coy amorous passes at a female variety of the species resembling Betty Grable on an Atlantic City merry-go-round horse, the whole accompanied by a Minsky Bacchus making funny faces and climaxed by the metamorphosis of Cupid's backside into a big heart—if Mr. Disney thinks I have been rude before, I now say to him that he is not only very silly and decidedly impertinent but something of a damned fool.

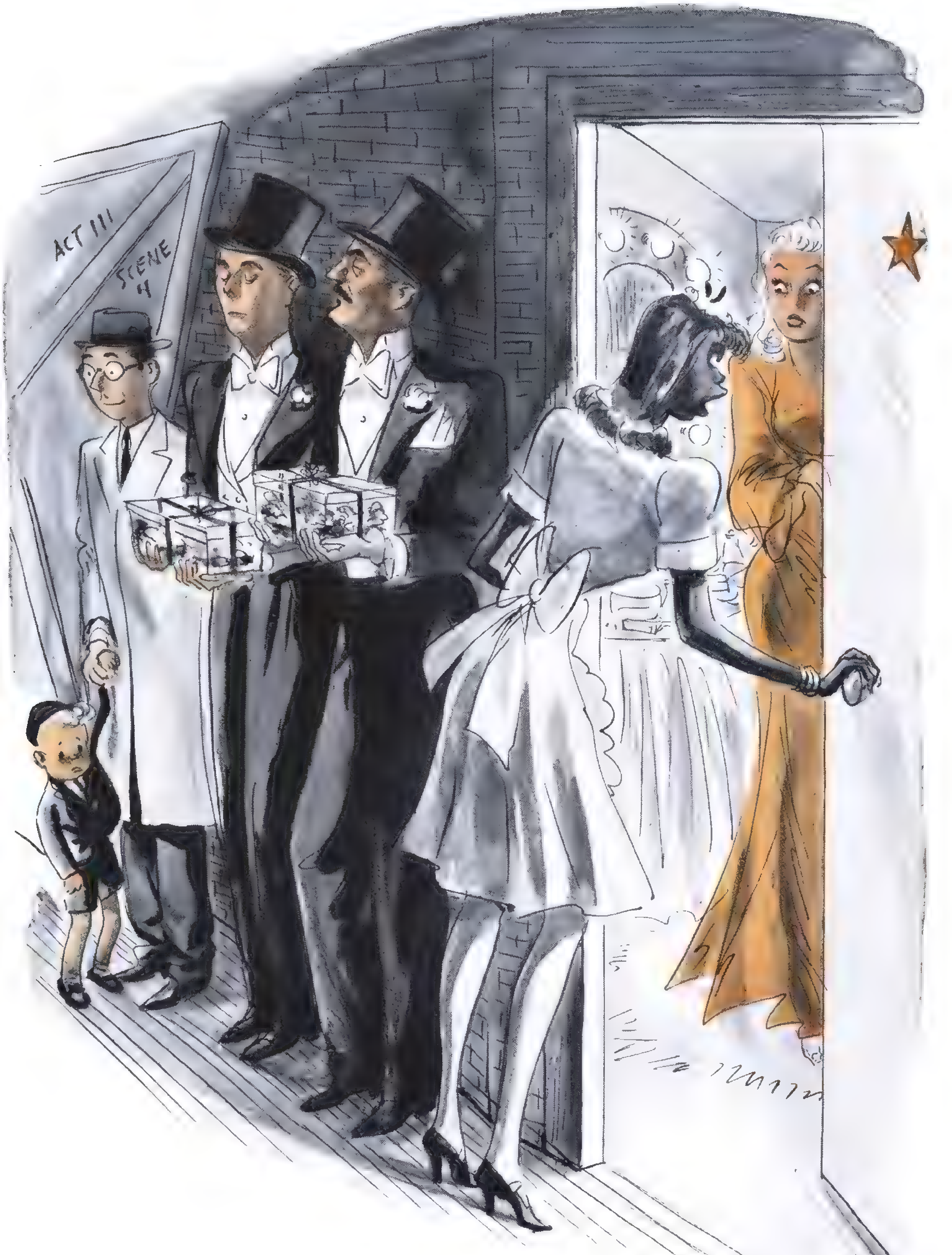
Disney's artistic perspiration has resulted, in essence, to little more than a two million dollar development of the magic lantern slide illustration of popular songs, long ago familiar to vaudeville house customers and up until four or five years ago a standby, with organ accompaniment, in such movie houses as the Paramount. He has added a sound track; he has chosen for purposes of visualization Bach, Beethoven, Tschaikowsky, Schubert, *et al.* in place of Charles K. Harris, Harry Von Tilzer, Gitz Rice and Irving Berlin; he has spotlighted Leopold Stokowski's lady-killing coiffure instead of a movie parlor organist's bald pate; and he charges $2.20 to get in instead of seventy-five cents. But otherwise, save to the minds of movie critics who regard as a remarkable art development any film that expensively bores the pants off the kind of intelligent lowlifes who prefer W. C. Fields or even Laurel and Hardy to a million dollars' worth of covered wagons or the hangover metaphysics of German refugee directors, all he has accomplished in his musical visualization monkeyshines is a two hour and fifteen minute throwback to something the theatre outgrew when drama critics stopped carrying their canes into it and brought into it some critical intelligence instead.

But the movies and their especial brand of artistic geniuses persist in remaining years behind the developed times. For example, if you will allow me a moment's digression, consider a foreign artwork recently unveiled in the Little Carnegie Playhouse. Without telling you any more about it, I'll content myself in simply remarking that the title given to it is *The Kiss of Fire* and that its star is a lady by the name of Viviane Romance. Can you imagine, even with the aid of a dozen zombies, a theatre audience of today not laughing its derisive head off at any play called *The Kiss of Fire* and, more, over any actress who dared to name herself Viviane Romance?

Disney's theoretically revolutionary exhibit,

Continued on page 108

"Gee, Ma—I been out with one of them glamour girls!"


ACT III
SCENE 4
Baer

"Mr. Rogin brought orchids, Mr. Stren brought gardenias and your husband brought Junior"

A Key to Coaching

Showing of post-Renaissance carriage designs at the Metropolitan Museum of Art inspires a word on their history

by ROBERT W. MARKS

▪ MOTORS ▪

After every important marriage in Ancient Rome, the bridal couple was taken for a ride in one of the oldest of historic carriages, the *carpentum.* In token of his great joy, the bridegroom leaned from the window of the carriage and, willy-nilly, threw the spectators nuts.

Thus the carriage came into the pages of literature.

The Persians, not to be outdone by the Romans, produced their own peculiar horse-jalopy, the *harmamaxa.* This was a kind of traveling circus wagon, providing privacy, indigestion, and a bed.

All of which is to say that the art of carriage making, which has fallen into unhappy neglect, has a long and loreful history—a fact that the Metropolitan Museum of Art recently reminded us of in a colorful exhibition of post-Renaissance carriage designs.

It so happens that even the crude vehicles of the Romans and Persians disappeared during the Dark Ages, when men in Europe, very much as today, discarded civilization for a pile of Germanic rubble.

In fact the institution of the carriage had to be rediscovered, or reinvented, sometime around the twelfth century. And as soon as it reappeared, the voice of authority promptly put it down. Phillip the Fair, so-called, for example, published an edict in 1294, prohibiting any citizen from traveling in any sort of box drawn by horses—for such travel was luxurious, and hence sinful, like bathing.

Now all of these years men were sticking to their horses—beasts which the literature of chivalry somehow always discovers to be "palfreys, magnificently caparisoned." Modest and ugly women traveled in closed litters, or sedan chairs; and the beauties of the day gadded about, proudly side-saddle, on palfreys, magnificently caparisoned.

When the coach finally did come into general use, about the beginning of the fifteenth century, it was a lumbering, uncomfortable contraption, not far from an ox-cart. A certain moldy old book in the British Museum, the *Anciennes Chroniques de Flandres*, contains what is perhaps the earliest surviving picture of a Gallic carriage. Looking a lot like the Toonerville Trolley, this car, which is typical of the day, sat its owner, one Lady Emergard, sidewise; further, it flanked her with human padding for her sidewise journey. On her left sat her handmaid; and on her right, what the book calls "a fool of quality"—which is evidently a fifteenth century phrase meaning an escort from Café Society.

In the course of time, the coach became quite popular; and France, Italy and Germany each claimed credit for its invention—the way each now is trying to get the lion's share of credit for Fascist innovations. And then, as now, Hungary jumped on the band wagon—even claiming that the word "coach" was derived from the name of Hungarian town variously known as Kocs, Kitsee, Katsee, and Kotsee. (By the same token, however, a good etymologist, with a good atlas, could derive it from Kochi, Japan; Koshu, Korea; Kosice, Bohemia; Kotka, Finland; Kotsch-hissar, Turkestan; or, more easily still, from Cochin, China.)

Two other claimed origins are the Belgic word *Koeften*, meaning, with no particular logic, "to lie down"; and the Latin word *vehiculum.* The latter apparently has a very roundabout scheme connected with it, like the famous derivation of "Middleton" from "Moses." (You drop the "-oses" and add "-iddleton.")

The only country which didn't come in for any pretentious claims was England—true to the old traditions of cricket and bully beef. The English, in fact, resisted the whole idea of the coach, tooth and miter. It was held to be a silly thing—a full-grown man sitting stock still in a little box having himself dragged around town. And the clergy, always quick to view with alarm, pictured the coach as a sinful device which would soon soften the fibers of British manhood.

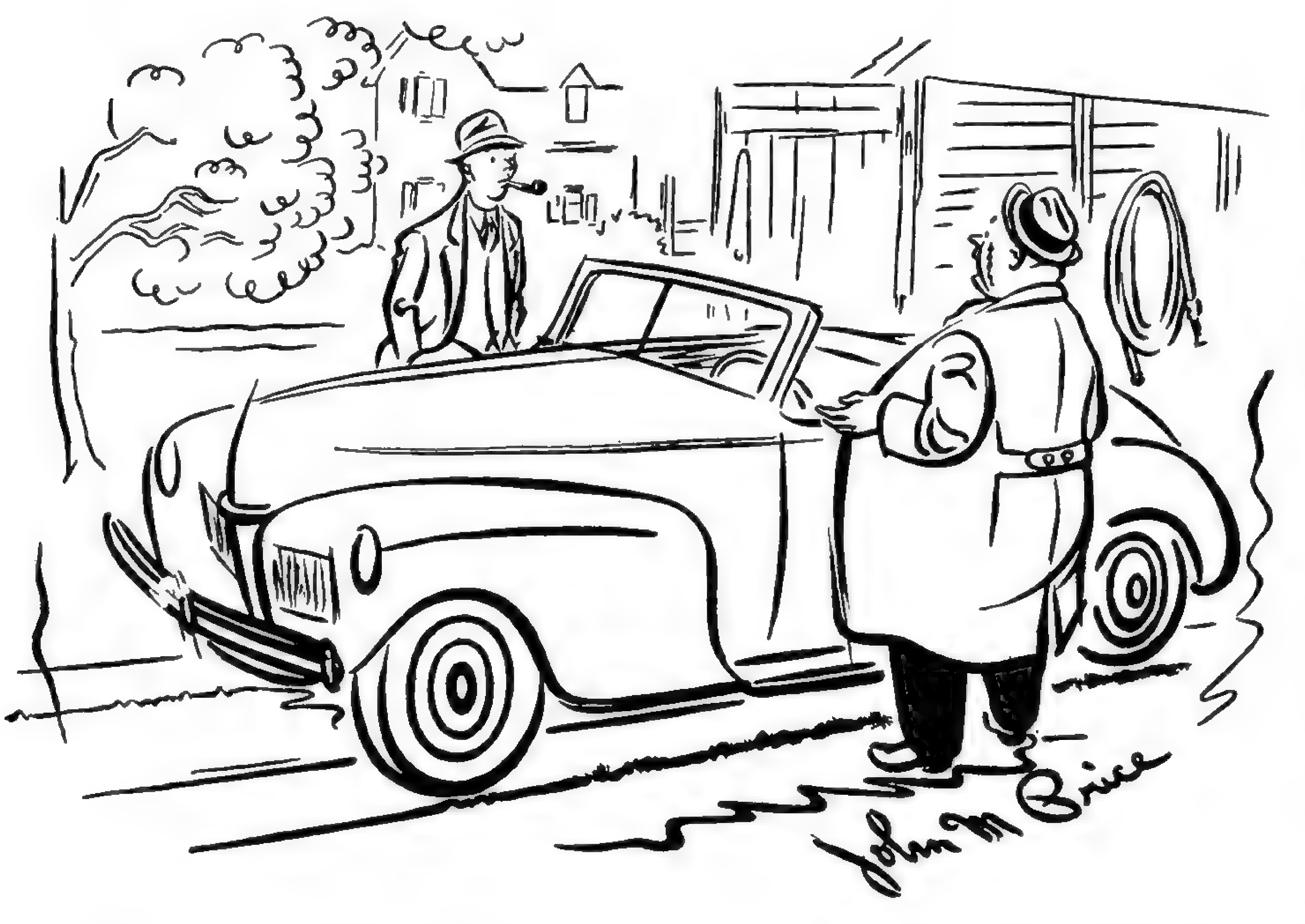
Even the English stage took up the cudgels. John Lyly, in his play, *Alexander and Campaspe*, has one of his characters ask, in a shocked voice: "Is't not a shame to see each homely groome sit perched in an idle chariot roome?"

* * *

Be all this as it may, the coach prospered. The Raymond Loewys and Donald Deskeys of the day came forth with imaginative new body styles, mechanical gadgets to improve the ride, glass windows—allowing milady to see, be seen, and wink—and decorative schemes expensive enough to sink many a royal treasury (to say nothing of the peasants, who paid their taxes for little more than the privilege of being run over. Carlyle, you remember, suggests that one of the causes of the French Revolution was the fact that too many peasants and townspeople were being bumped off under carriage wheels.)

The first notable improvement in coach design was the *Berlin*, which appeared in 1660—the contrivance of an Italian living in Germany. Essentially, the *Berlin* was the old coach made lighter, and suspended in such a way that it would bounce only up and down—not hither and yon. Immediately, this design gained favor; for, among other things, this new springing system reduced in some measure the seasickness which in those days seemed to afflict all but the most hardened travelers.

And, following the *Berlin*, came hundreds of changes in design, each of which introduced a new name, or a new family of names, to the annals of coaching. These type names,

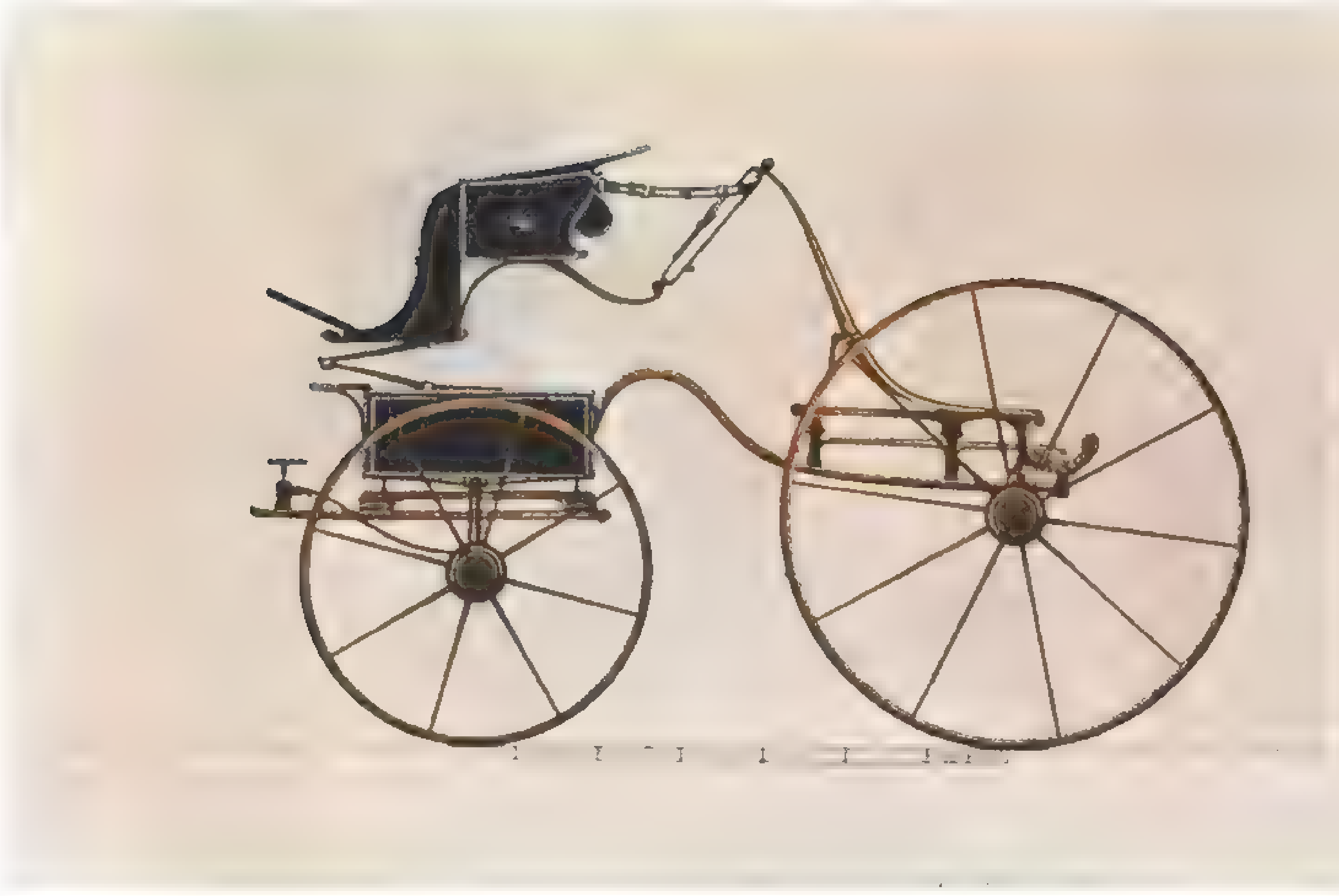


"Since I got an automatic top, an automatic clutch, an automatic hill holder and an automatic gear shift, I've gotten so fat I can't get behind the wheel"

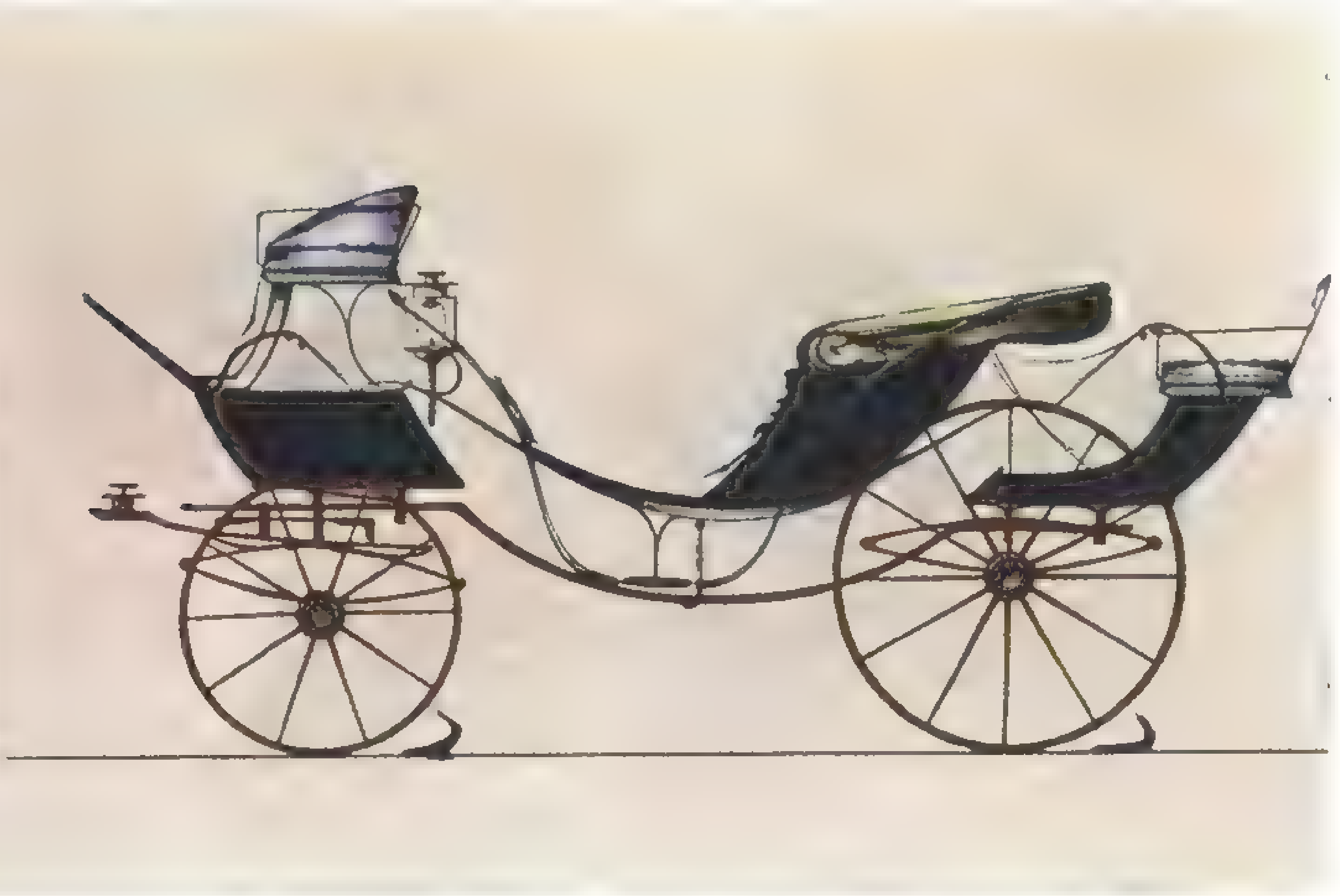
Continued in center of page 176

POST-RENAISSANCE CARRIAGE DESIGNS

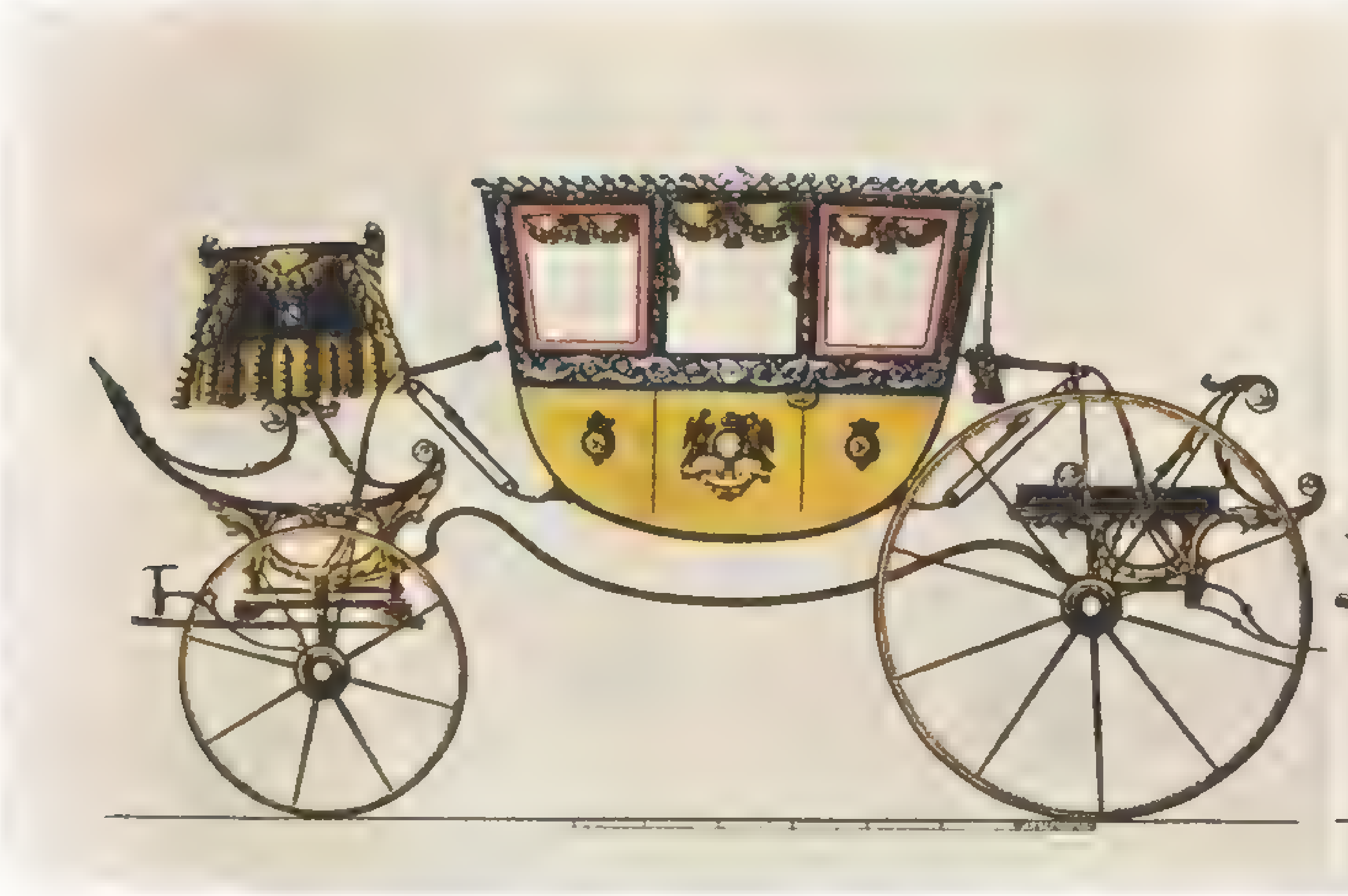
KODACHROMES BY ROBERT W. MARKS, COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART



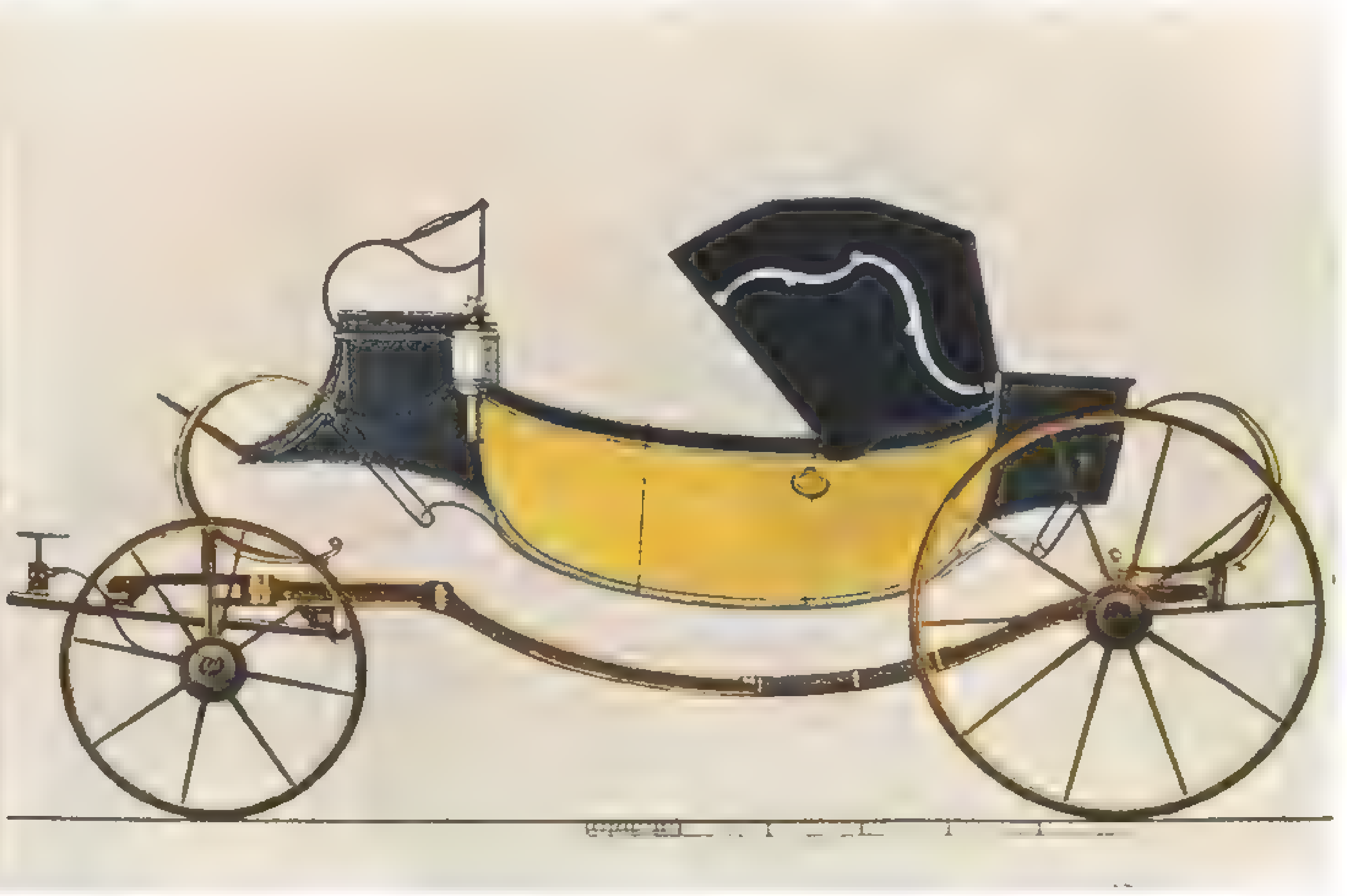
Among the most popular and most spectacular of the nineteenth century carriages were the *phaetons*, which were four-wheeled, high-perched, two-seaters—aristocratic and embroidered forerunners of our own jaloppy. Many were gracefully and ingeniously designed, like this one by Ackermann, in England, and would tip over if anyone sneezed at them broadside.



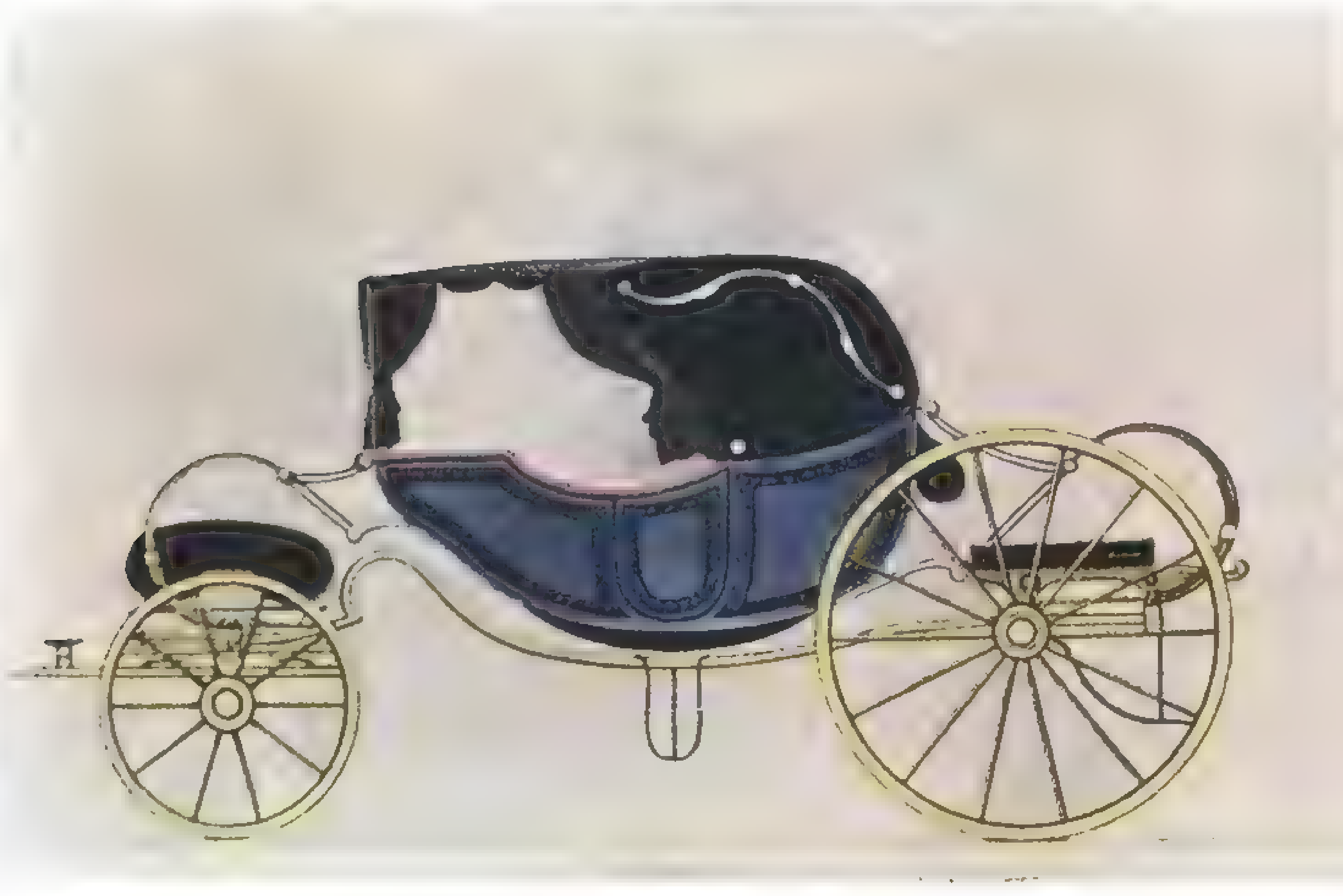
Behold the righteous, the stiff, and respectable *victoria* in a particularly elegant version designed by Brewster. Bereft of its air of prim virtue, the *victoria* was nothing more or less than the *barouche*, shown below. It was slightly more open, perhaps—and was equipped with a dickey-seat, in the back, which furnished an impressive perch for a pair of footmen.



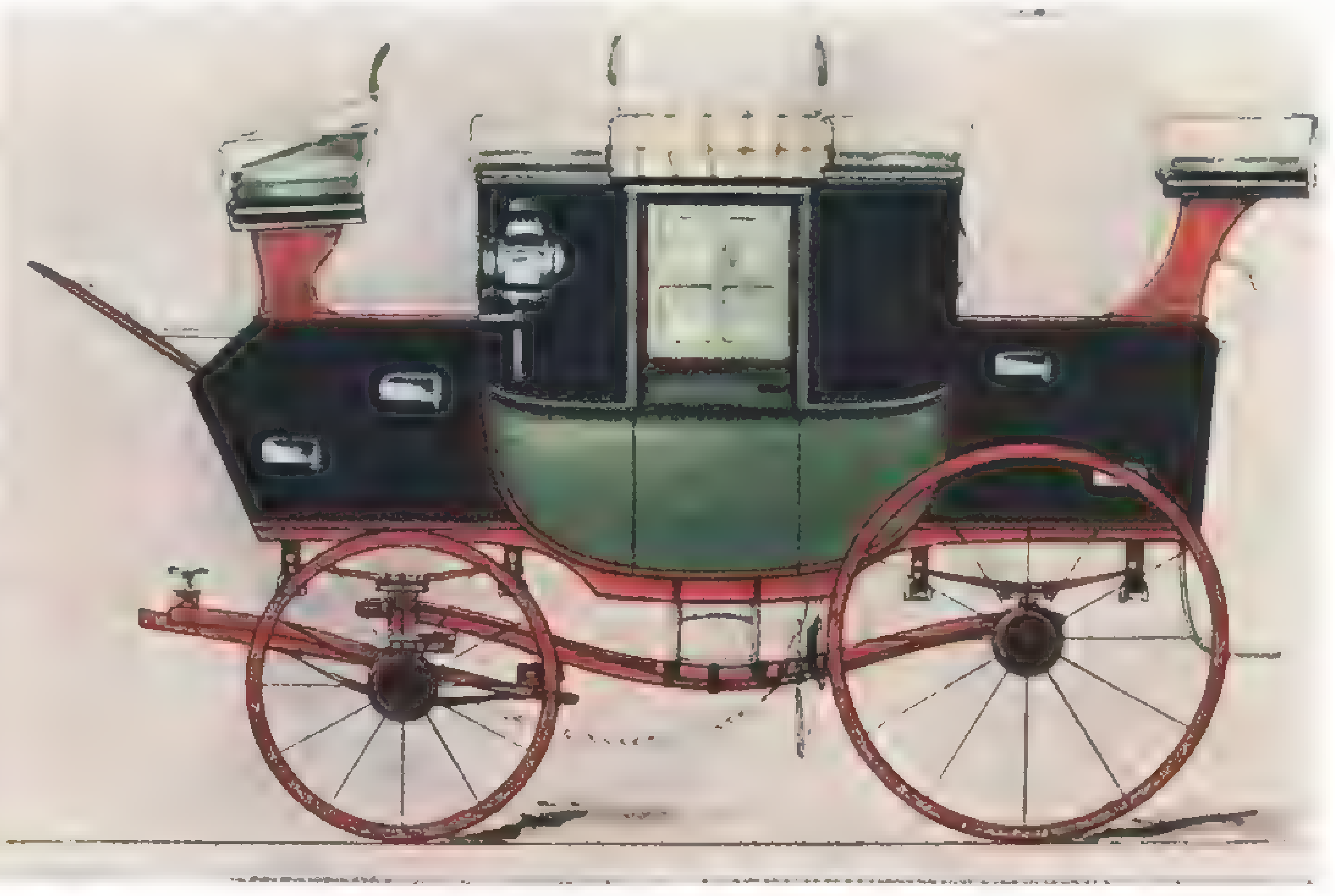
Here is the road coach in all its rococo glory—a so-called crane-neck coach by Ackermann. Definitely a thing of beauty, this carriage was about as serviceable on the corrugated roads of the day as a velocipede. The delicate and symmetrical straps and springs, which appear so gossamer in the picture had the unhappy tendency to part company at the muddiest moments.



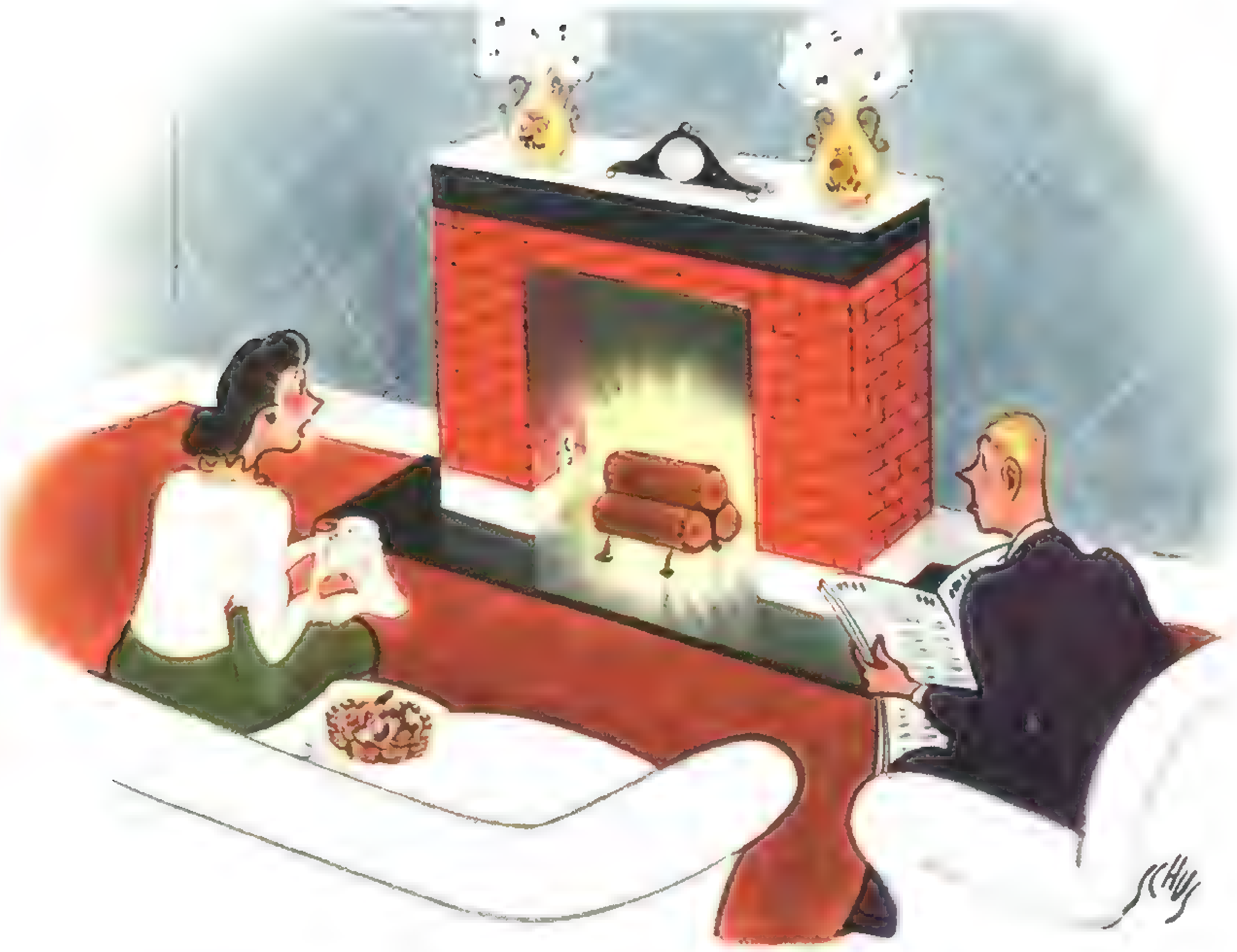
The *barouche*, *piruche*, *calèche*, or *landau*—the names are interchangeable. This was the more or less standard, stock-model open carriage of the nineteenth century. Technically it was simply a coach cut down and decked out with a collapsible top. Two fortunate occupants were protected by the top; the other two had to sit stoically through sun, hail, snow, and rain.



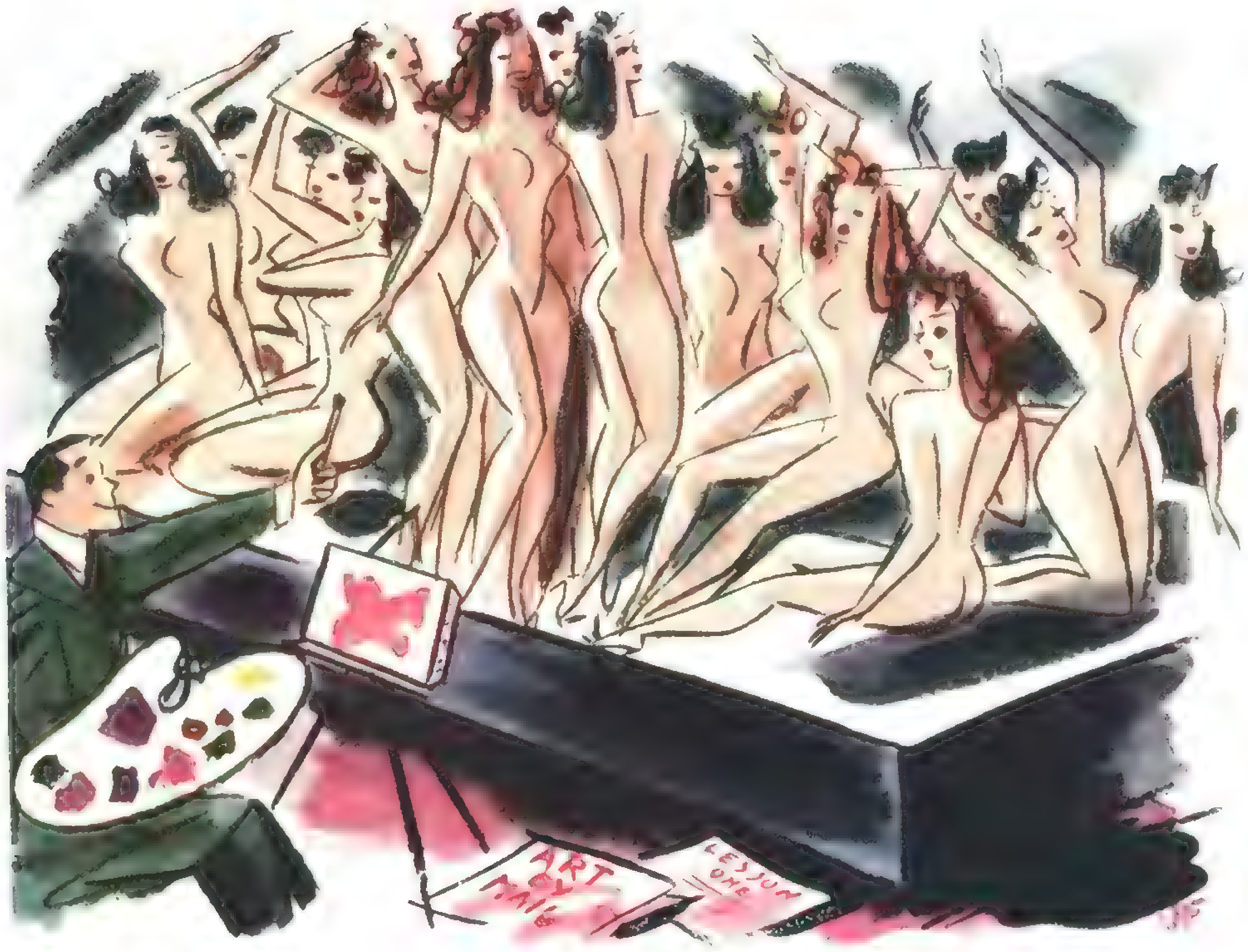
An interesting forerunner of the ambulance, the sleeping car, the trailer, and make-your-own-Pullman sedans, this French *Dormeuse de Ville*. Basically a *barouche* equipped with springs, mattress, and side-curtains it enabled occupants to loll at ease during traffic jams and royal processions—or when the only stopover was an inn overcrowded with Goths.



A road coach, by Brewster—a handsome American contribution to the annals of carriage art. This, as well as the other designs on this page, throw serious doubt over the twentieth century idea of esthetic progress. The automobile body may be more functional—but whether or not functionalism is the beginning and end of design is still a queasy question.



"It's chilly, dear, light another bulb in the fireplace"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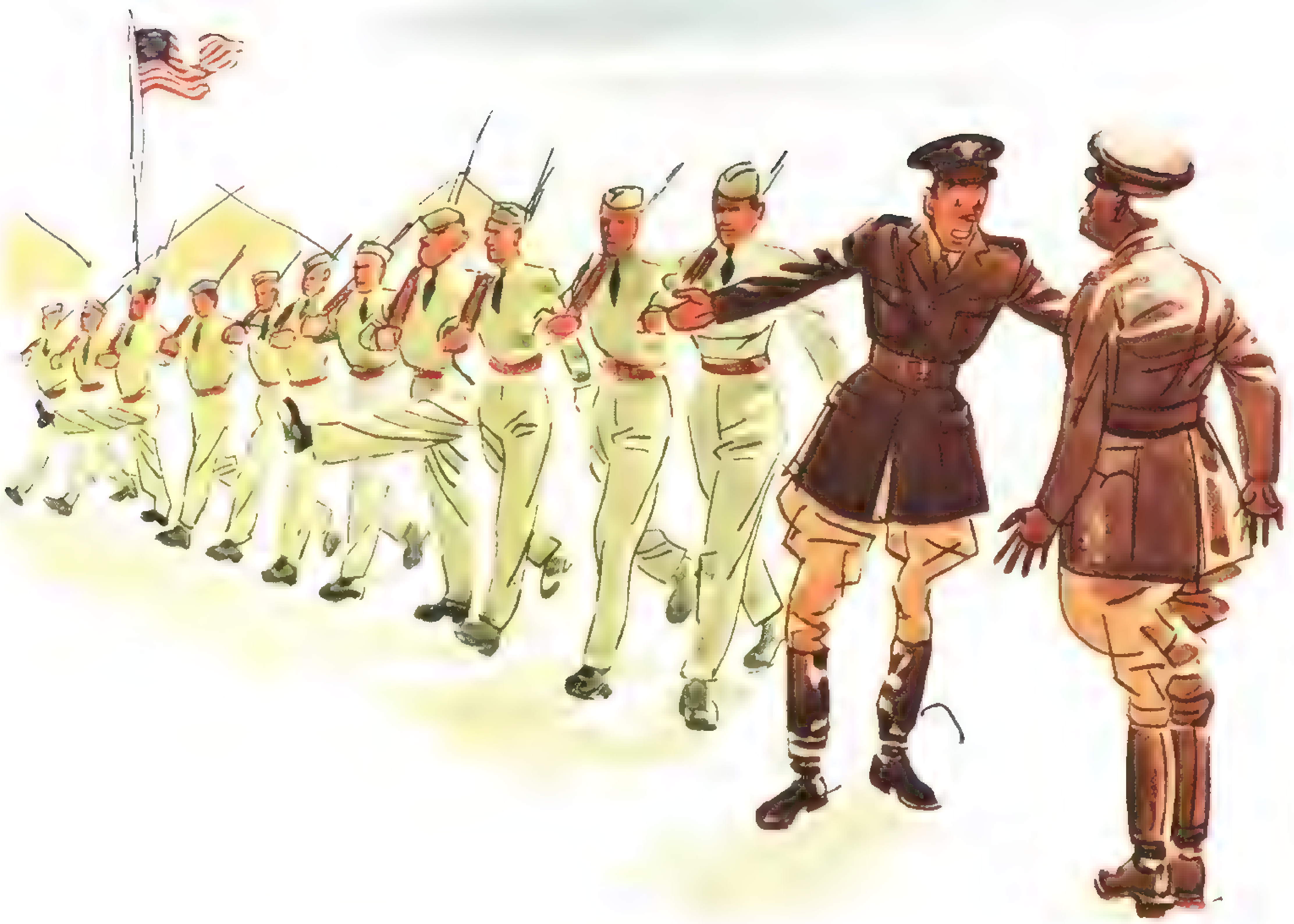
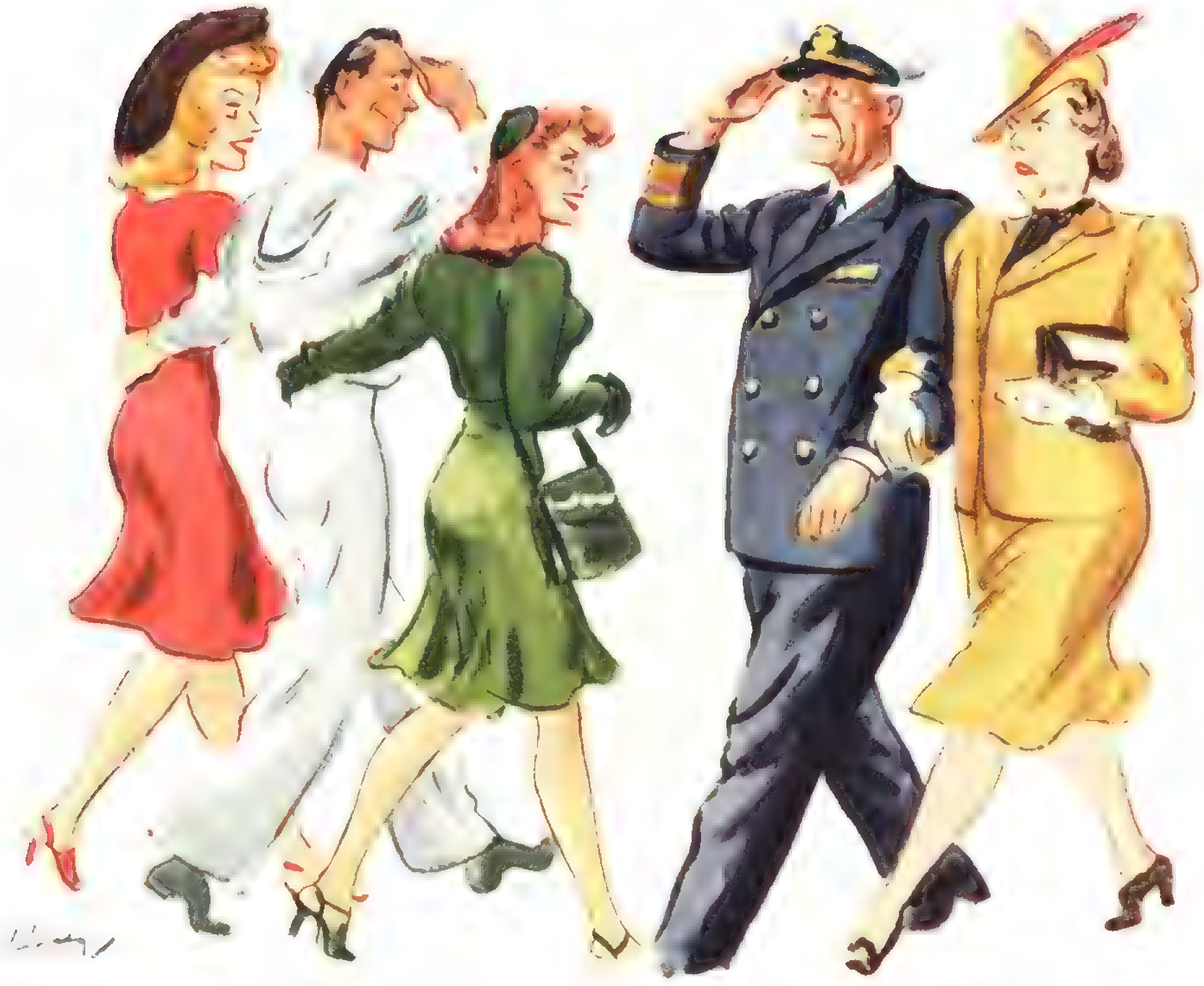
LESSON ONE



"Look down that line, sir—now will you believe we have agents of foreign governments in our midst!"



CHAMPION MARIO OF MARIDOR, OWNED BY MRS. ST. GEORGE DUKE

PHOTOGRAPHED IN COLOR BY HENRY WAXMAN

THE ENGLISH SETTER'S A SPORTING DOG

Neither early nor present day authorities have been in agreement concerning the origin of the English Setter. However, they are all in accord on the point that for the last four hundred years the breed has been one of trained gun dogs. The establishment of the English Setter standard has taken some one hundred and fifty years. But the result of the time and study spent in developing the breed has produced a splendid type of dog—one whose harmonious appearance and rhythm of movement make him a joy to look at, either in dog shows or in the field. The Setter has tremendous energy and is happiest when allowed to fulfill his natural function—that of a sporting dog. While he makes an affectionate and loyal pet, he will wander away; it's simply that unless he feels himself a useful citizen—a dog worthy to be "shot over"—he will scurry about in an attempt to be useful on his own. So it's wise not to give him unlimited liberty. The Setter is a sizable dog, fifty-five to seventy pounds, and comes in a number of color schemes, all delightful to the eye. There is much controversy over the two famous strains, Laverack and Llewellyn—but which is more important is of no great consequence as the present-day English Setter has made himself an incomparable place in the dog world.—CHASE HERENDEEN.

The Two-Thirds Masterpiece

Why must Hollywood writers ruin a good tough picture by tacking on a vapid, milk-and-water ending?

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

Who is the man who tacks the ending of one story to the beginning and middle of another and makes a successful moving picture? He is not only an ingenious fellow; he is an important one. He manages to combine the softest and silliest romances (or melodramas) with the most uncompromising realities; if someone (maybe John Ford) hadn't stopped him, he would have spliced *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* to *The Grapes of Wrath* (Nunnally Johnson dissenting). He's the man who remembers all the tag ends of old pictures and finds a nice "join" where, he thinks, they can be made to fit all over again.

Don't underestimate this, gentlemen. Because he exists, Hollywood can make a tough picture—two-thirds of the way—and make it really tough. Because of him the moving pictures of the world still have some sense of reality, still speak to us in a fairly common tongue; and that means hope still exists. Whenever the movies tackle a subject which in itself has stamina and tough fiber, they can do a good job because the feeling for toughness has not died out.

The tacker-on of wrong stories is not the manufacturer of happy endings. He corresponds more closely to the gentleman of the old silent days who used to splice in the stock shot of the railroad wreck whenever a movie began to sag. Only nowadays he picks the film up about two-thirds of the footage through, and begins to dovetail. Once in a while he succeeds.

The most notorious example is in a honey of a picture called *They Drive by Night* (Warner Bros.) which by this time must be on the revival circuit. This is a movie about long-distance truck hauling based on a book by a man named Bezzerides (and a swell book too). The book and the early part of the movie have something of the quality of *The Postman Always Rings Twice* without the show-off touch which spoiled that one—the sense of the adolescent talking big about sex or the ten-year-old saying goddam. And two-thirds of the way through, a second movie creeps in. The same *actors* are present, but they are hardly the same *characters;* the movie still passes under the old name, but it is really *Bordertown* (I think that was the name of it) with Bette Davis and Paul Muni.

Let me note some of the details for those who tuned in late. *Drive,* as *Variety* would call it, was so singularly honest a picture that it made Ann Sheridan attractive; attractive, I said, not seductive. Here was a piece of casting which was masterly; it made sense all the way. Miss Sheridan wasn't advertising oomph; she was playing the part of a girl at whom every truck driver waiting for his coffee made a verbal or manual pass; you could see the reason not only in every curve, but in every touch of character she displayed. I beg you, her, and her press agents to believe that I am not indifferent to her charms; but that she is an actress of talent is news to me, and very pleasing, because now I'll be able to look at her with—aesthetic satisfaction.

The whole picture was molded in that general frame. Humphrey Bogart wasn't a bad man, he was a hard-working guy who was going to get ahead no matter what; George Raft, the un-actingest actor (and that isn't such a compliment) seemed to respond to direction and come out of his shell. And some of the conversation of the gentlemen in the picture implied that when they got home they slept with their wives. This, by the way, caused commotion. The commotion was silly. Men have slept with their wives for years now.

And incidentally here are the credits for a remarkable picture: Screen play by Jerry Wald and Richard Macaulay, from an original novel, *Long Haul,* by A. E. Bezzerides; Associate Producer, Mark Hellinger; Executive Producer, Hal B. Wallis; Director, Raoul Walsh.

So long as Picture No. 1 was on the screen, men and women talked sense. Also the truck drivers were fighting the big companies; and the boss of one of the big companies was an agreeable dumb cluck who had been an independent himself. The cheating and skullduggery of money lenders and other capitalists was noted, but not driven too hard; the terrific dangers of the road, the dreadful falling asleep at the wheel, the crashes, the heartbreak over loads of fruit which rotted—all that made a fine plain story. And there was Miss Sheridan leaving the roadside hashery to escape a pest, being picked up by Raft, and going to a rooming house which he finds for her. There was a scene not mincingly delicate, not insinuating—just a very tired man trying a little to make a girl and a very tired girl not having any—and the man falling dead asleep. Bogart is a married man; he and Raft quarrel over their joint enterprise and are fond of one another; and the struggles of these young people are yours and mine, but more exciting, because long hauls in trucks are full of adventure and excitement.

They are so full of excitement that they fall into the pattern of the great Westerns; you have seen pictures of the same type dealing with high tension wires, with aviation, with motor racing, with cattle-raising and rustling. And the good Westerns and good adventure pictures stick to their stories.

Now for the *Bordertown* element. The proprietor of the big trucking company has a skittish wife who, I gather, has been carrying on with Raft; she gets sore because of Ann Sheridan; she's Ida Lupino, by the way; and she drives her drunken husband into the garage, leaves the engine running, and walks

Continued on page 175

"Some city folks owned it and made a home out of it—but with a little remodeling you'll have an excellent barn"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Nominating for the Queens Row eight American women novelists of the last twenty-five years

by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

BOOKS

AT THEIR annual meeting in November the American Academy of Arts and Letters together with the National Institute gave the Howells Gold Medal for Fiction to Ellen Glasgow, a well deserved honor. This Gold Medal founded in memory of William Dean Howells, is given every five years to some American novelist. The first recipient was Mary Wilkins Freeman; the second, Willa Cather; the third, Pearl Buck, and the fourth, Ellen Glasgow. It is interesting to observe that although the medal may be given to any living American novelist, it has not yet been given to a man.

This would not happen in any other country; but "it can happen here" because during the last twenty-five years the United States leads the world in this: we have more distinguished women novelists than any other nation. Including three who have recently died, we can "point with pride" to the following roll of honor: alphabetically considered, the names are Pearl Buck (Nobel Prize winner), Dorothy Canfield, Willa Cather (rhymes with gather), Edna Ferber, Zona Gale, Ellen Glasgow, Anne Sedgwick, Edith Wharton.

There are other able women novelists, some who have written best sellers and some not so fortunate; but I think the best work of these eight with the added consideration that all were active over a good many years, entitles them to the Queens Row:

The Good Earth, by Pearl Buck.
Her Son's Wife, by Dorothy Canfield.
Death Comes for the Archbishop, by Willa Cather.
So Big, by Edna Ferber.
Miss Lulu Bett, by Zona Gale.
The Sheltered Life, by Ellen Glasgow.
The Little French Girl, by Anne Sedgwick.
The Age of Innocence, by Edith Wharton.

These eight novels are truly distinguished; in the story, in the characterization, in the literary style.

Then every one of them suggests something fundamental, something universal; as George Calderon said of the plays of Chekhov, they are centrifugal, in contrast to the ordinary "well-made" play, which is centripetal; they take the attention of the spectator *away* from the group included in the single piece, and direct it to the problems of life and human nature.

Three of them deal with the most ruthless of all quarrels—that between two women. When two men fight for a woman, as they are doing somewhere while I write these words, it may or may not be interesting; but when two women fight for a man, it is always interesting, because there are no rules. We often hear the words, "Gentlemen's Agreement," but whoever heard of a "Ladies' Agreement"?

And while I am speaking of women and my temerity lasts, let me call attention to a distressing habit exceedingly common among girls and young women. It is the raising of the eyebrows and wrinkling of the forehead. In any contest for physical beauty, youth holds the trumps. This raising of the eyebrows (Latin supercilious) has no meaning whatever in connection with the habit I am condemning. If it were confined to snobs or to sceptics, it would be blameless. But no; it is just a habit, just a mannerism, like one of those emphasized by Gelett Burgess in his brilliant little book *Look Eleven Years Younger*, a book that should be read by every male and female over fifteen. It is a misfortune (this wrinkling) that could easily be corrected. One of the innumerable physical charms of youth is a smooth brow; why do millions of girls endeavor to obtain wrinkles before they come without endeavor? Shakespeare, who in his sonnets lamented every approach of old age, every day of bad weather, who seemed, like the poet Gray, to tremble at an east wind, expressed perfectly the natural age for wrinkles:

> Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
> And delves the parallels in beauty's brow.

Yes, Time will do it; why hasten the process?

When they come naturally, some people can accept them like Gratiano in *The Merchant of Venice:*

> With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come.

Some older persons who are silly enough to envy youth may take comfort in the first line of a song, which is all of it I can remember:

> Even the youngest prune is wrinkled!

Willa Cather's new novel is called *Sapphira and the Slave Girl;* it is a beautiful work of art. And I was pleased by the author's allusion to and quotation from Bunyan's *Holy War*. Bunyan knew how to treat both tiny wrinkles and major Fifth Columnists.

The shining literary genius displayed in every chapter of Bunyan's immortal classic, *Pilgrim's Progress*, has had the effect of eclipsing his great work, *The Holy War*, which has correctly been called the most perfect allegory in the language. It is a war between Diabolus and Prince Emmanuel for the possession of the town of Mansoul. In *Sapphira*, Colbert the Miller, a virtuous man and a chaste husband, was troubled in his senses by the devotion of a lovely young yellow slave, the illegitimate child of his brother. One night he read the passage in *The Holy War* (after Diabolus had taken possession of the town):

> Also things began to grow scarce in Mansoul: now the things that her soul lusted after were departing from her. Upon all her pleasant things there was a blast, and a burning instead of a beauty. Wrinkles now, and some shews of the shadow of death, were upon the inhabitants of Mansoul. And now, O how glad would Mansoul have been to enjoy quietness and satisfaction of mind, though joined with the meanest condition in the world.

Any country today after conquest by Hitler? Then the miller read on, to the place after

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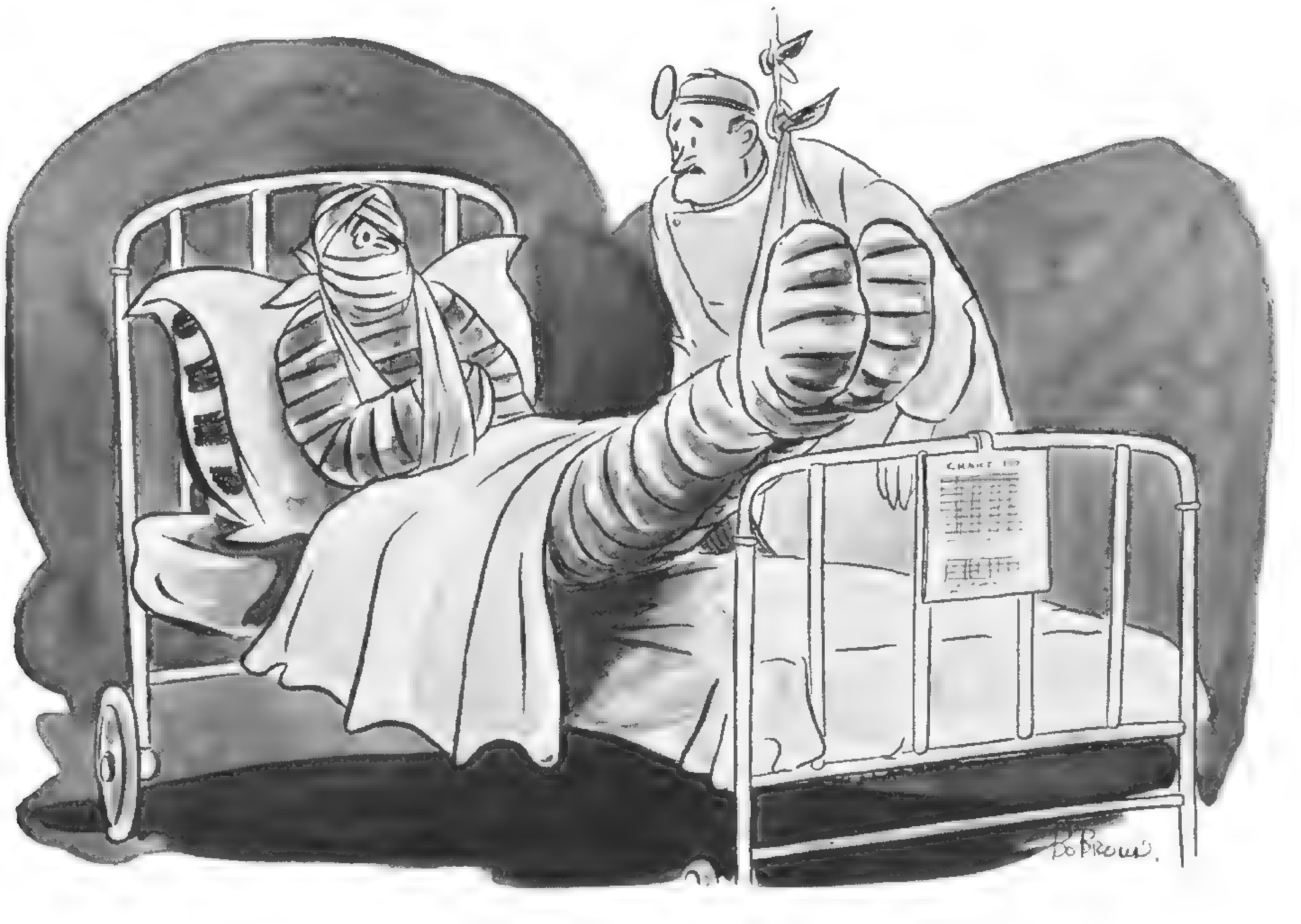

"Doctor, it hurts when I laugh!"

DOREEN McKAY
Hurrell Photograph

HELEN VINSON
Hurrell Photograph

Snifter Satisfactions

Stop wringing your hands over France and try the choice brandies of Greece, Spain, South Africa and our own land

by LAWTON MACKALL

▪ POTABLES ▪

Without an afterglow of brandy, dinner is virtually at loose ends. No matter how diligent has been the deglutition of one course after another, totaling quite a conquest of food, it remains an unconsolidated victory unless peace and contentment round it out. Slain hunger needs to be succeeded by harmony—which is where grape attar does its diplomatic work as toner and tranquilizer.

Not that the situation calls for goldfish globes or sea-lion tanks on stems. We merely wish to commune with and enjoy our brandy, not complicate it or travesty it by scattering it over any such a buttock-sized acreage. For true snifting, the glass is of commonsense proportions, bulging moderately and tapering toward a huddle at the top. It *must*, however, be thin so that when nursed in the hand, with stem between second and third fingers, it will permit the warmth of the palm to be communicated to the brandy, accentuating aroma. For there is this fascinating reciprocity between man and brandy; each warms the other.

Thus housed, this companionable spirit shows its good looks to advantage—color, twinkle, necklace of beads, etc. It's something to linger over and toy with between sips.

"But why talk of what we can't get any more?" some people are saying.

They should know better. One wonders where they've been. As if the Cognac and Armagnac of France were the only brandies!

Heartless as it may seem to cut in on these wielders of weep-towels in the throes of their imagined destitution, I nevertheless feel impelled to point out that France was merely one source of supply, out of many—this "many" including our own United States.

Spain, for example, has for about a century been producing brandies which are appreciated and preferred by countless people the world over. That grand pontiff of the palate, the late George Saintsbury, says in his *Notes on a Cellar Book:* "Spanish (brandy) can be very good, and I do not desire anything much better." And it is easy to share his Hispanic enthusiasms!

These brandies are produced and aged in the famous sherry region of Jerez de la Fronteira, a few miles inland from Cadiz. The vintners needed a fortifying agent with which to give backbone to their sherry so that it would keep its character and stand transportation, and thus there grew up a sub-industry of distilling, using as raw products the same grapes as those with which sherries are made. Certain of the larger Jerez wine firms, finding that they could best control the quality of the brandy by making it themselves, went in for distilling on a very elaborate basis, with the result that, besides turning out reliable brandy for their sherries, they also evolved some mighty expert brandies for solo purposes. In taste and bouquet these are a trifle fruitier and mellower than the general run of the French, and not *quite* so dry. There's a deep, dark, voluptuous note about them which may surprise a stranger at first, but which brings him back for more.

The explanation of sherryland brandy's personality is to be found in the unusual routine of the preliminaries. The Palomino grapes, gathered in a series of pickings (only the fully ripe clusters at any one time), are deposited upon mats for a twenty-four-hour sun bake to remove any possible moisture of dew or rain, as a precaution against wine's enemy, mold. Pressed and fermented in a press house located in the vineyard, and racked off into casks, the wine is taken to company headquarters in Jerez, which in some instances, is a layout as big as Brooklyn Navy Yard, with its own private railroad system. Here it is painstakingly distilled and transferred into casks of American oak, which experience has proved to be the best bringer-outer of flavor. Bottling is deferred till shipping time, because sojourn in bottle adds nothing to brandy's age. But years are plentiful in the historic *bodegas* of Jerez.

Greece, ancient fountainhead of Europe's vinous flow, has been brandying in its own original fashion ever since Hector was a very small dog. Presumably to keep from slipping off their chairs after the third swig, the natives of that noble country insert rosin into their wine-making. And sometimes other traditional "foreign matter." But the results are better than you'd think. Especially when these ingenious medleys are given the benefit of a pot still and come forth to hand your hat a lift. Personally I hope that you don't care for Greek brandy, because the supply on hand in America is limited, and I have my plans.

South Africa, which we're apt to associate with mere gold and diamonds, has some really worthwhile assets, planted there in 1654 by Jan van Riebeck, first governor of the Cape. Refugee French Huguenots, who arrived subsequently, bringing along much wine growing background, developed what Jan had started, till vineyard cultivation was widespread. A striking feature of that part of the world is the beauty of the sunsets, made handsomer with the aid of a

South African "Sundowner"
(Recipe in use nearly 300 years)

1/5 Orange juice
1/5 Lemon juice
1/5 Van der Hum Liqueur
2/5 Cape of Good Hope Brandy
Stir with ice; serve in sizable cocktail glass.

The Van der Hum is a time-honored cordial of that part of the world, now interpolated into the American scene, and worth knowing. The brandy is a clean tasting, undoctored example of what a still can do with wines from well-raised grapes; also it bespeaks

Continued in center of page 177

"You'd better mix the next batch of cocktails a little weaker!"

Roulades and Cadenzas

Suggesting more publicity for the Chicago Symphony and less ballyhoo for that city's opera

by CARLETON SMITH

▪ MUSIC ▪

"I'd go to hell for a full-time orchestra," shouted Theodore Thomas. And he went to Chicago to organize what was to become one of the world's foremost symphonic instruments.

In that time—1891—only New York and Boston had organizations with anything approximating full symphonic instrumentation. Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, Washington, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, Kansas City, San Francisco, Los Angeles, as yet had exhibited no yen for a group of fiddlers to "fill in a quiet hour." And Dayton, Denver, Harrisburg, Hartford, Houston, Indianapolis, Little Rock, Rochester, Walla Walla and Wheeling were to wait several decades before their tycoons were ordered out of armchairs and stuffed into a stiff bosom to watch the local band struggle through Beethoven's *Fifth.* What "orchestry" music the hinterland heard came and departed the same night. Philadelphia yielded $9.50 to the *Germanians* to meet a $10 rental fee. Takings elsewhere were little better.

Hog-town, as Carl Sandburg labeled it, was relatively enterprising. A young business man, Norman Fay, from Marquette, Michigan, walked along the lake front one sticky August night in 1877. The railroad strike was in progress; business, as usual, was rotten; instead of starting toward the red-light district, he wandered into the nearby Exposition Building. He heard Thomas and his orchestra, then on a barnstorming tour. The thrill of the music never left him, his worries disappeared—so he resolved to have such an organization in Chicago. His friends pledged $1000 each and, for a guarantee of $129,000, he employed Thomas and his men for twenty weekly concerts on Saturday nights preceded by a "public rehearsal" on Friday afternoons.

It was a bold move, but Chicagoans took to it. "There were a few boors," said the reviewer in the *Sunday Herald* ". . . boors whose only enjoyment during the evening was a contest of physical endurance, and a species of bookmaking as to how many times they could drag Rafael Joseffy from behind the scenes, he having just concluded a wonderful exhibition on the grand piano.

"There were also three of four immature imbeciles who rendered invaluable assistance to Mr. Thomas by pounding time on the floor with their large and sinewy patent leather feet. These and other defects in the first of these great concerts, however, will be weeded out gradually, but with unswerving purpose as the season advances."

The season was a success, so were succeeding ones. From the opening of Orchestra Hall—"our home," said Thomas, "where we won't be elbowed every week by vaudeville, road shows, or even opera"—until the 1929 smash, there were no budgetary troubles. Trustees of the Orchestral Association—appointed for life without financial obligation—sat like watchdogs over the treasury to prevent "undue" expenditures. Sometimes, like other boards of trustees around the country, they showed themselves capable of continuing year after year in a state of petrified uselessness, without for a second losing that sense of complete self-satisfaction which Hitler at his height probably hasn't enjoyed.

During the boom of the twenties they watched the Art Institute across the street grab fortune after fortune while the orchestra remained a shabby step-sister with a mouse-sized endowment pocket. They took pride in the fact that the orchestra was, as they said, the only one in the world which paid its way—Why should it? As a result, they lost many of their best players. Their principal cellist, Alfred Wallenstein, was swept off to the New York Philharmonic. Jacques Gordon formed his own string quartet and his successor as concertmeister, Mischa Mischakoff, went to Toscanini's NBC Symphony. The orchestra's personnel, as well as its budget, is not in a class with Eastern orchestras. Nor is its publicity. Only last year when it was to make its first tour in two decades, a press representative requested photos of the conductor for publicity, he was told: "We'll give them to you for what they cost us, fifty cents apiece."

It isn't necessary to rattle chains or put gasoline pumps on the stage, to play the Communist *Internationale* or invite Kate Smith to croon *When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain.* Nor need the conductor take Garbo on a walking tour of Europe. But intelligent, aggressive and dignified promotion is justified.

The social need for art of the highest order is—and always has been—inadequately expressed by the effective commercial demand for it. To the larger public, music is entertainment, competes with movies, comedians and crooners. The radio brings a symphony on the swirl of a dial. Movies cost twenty cents.

Fortunately, younger men have taken an interest in the affairs of the Chicago Symphony . . . men with open minds who realize that music is a commodity like any other put up for sale at the box office, and that it must be made interesting and even exciting.

Artistically, Chicago's Orchestra is the creation of two men: Theodore Thomas and Frederick Stock, his young violist. A patient, kindly guy of unquestioned sincerity, Dr. Stock sticks to the "musical" side of his job. His choreography is sparing, natural. He seeks a rich, warm, old-wine tone, can make it crisp if necessary, but has never cultivated showy, edgy virtuosity. Among other things, he is the finest living conductor of Strauss waltzes and, if you want to hear *echt* Brahms,

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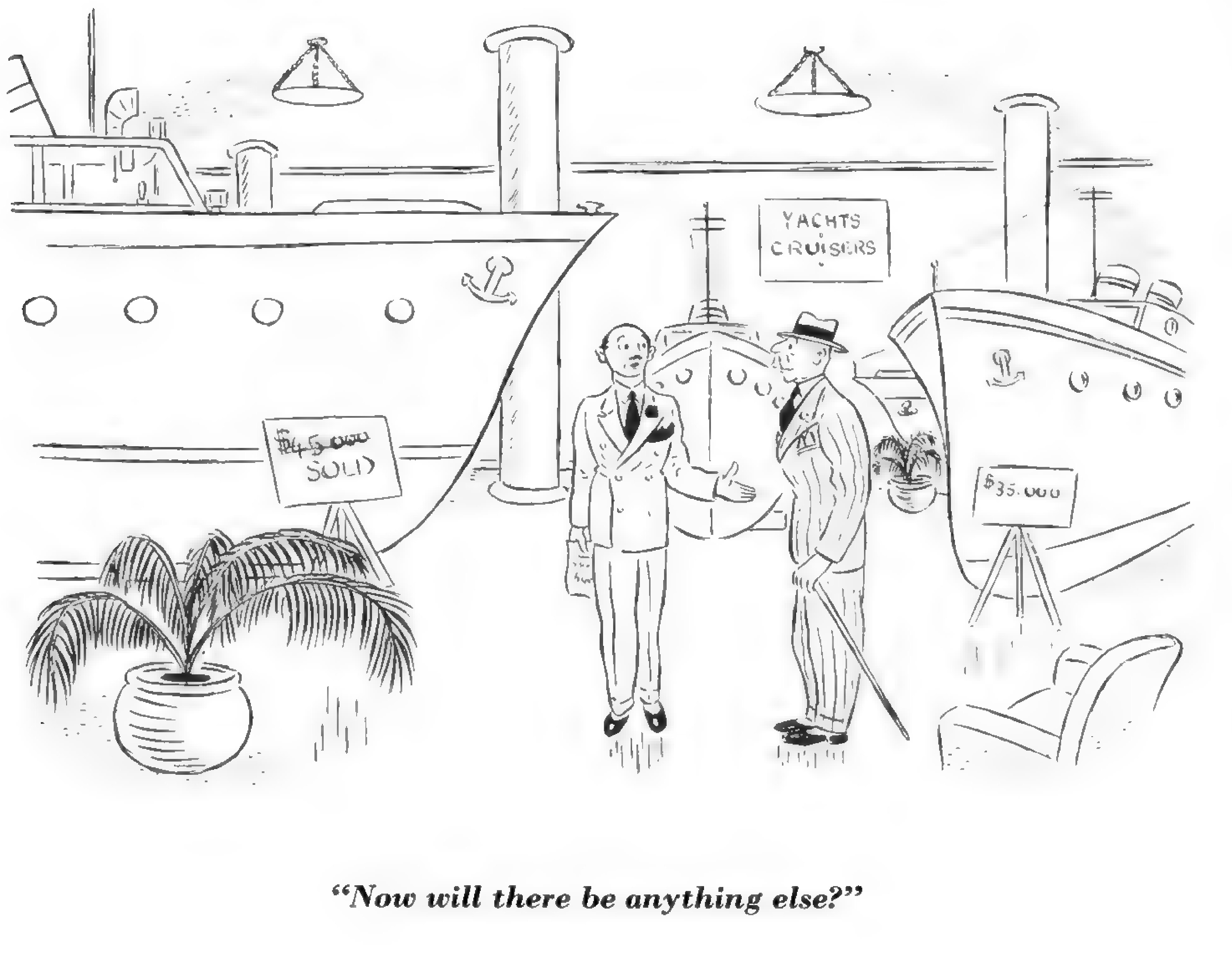
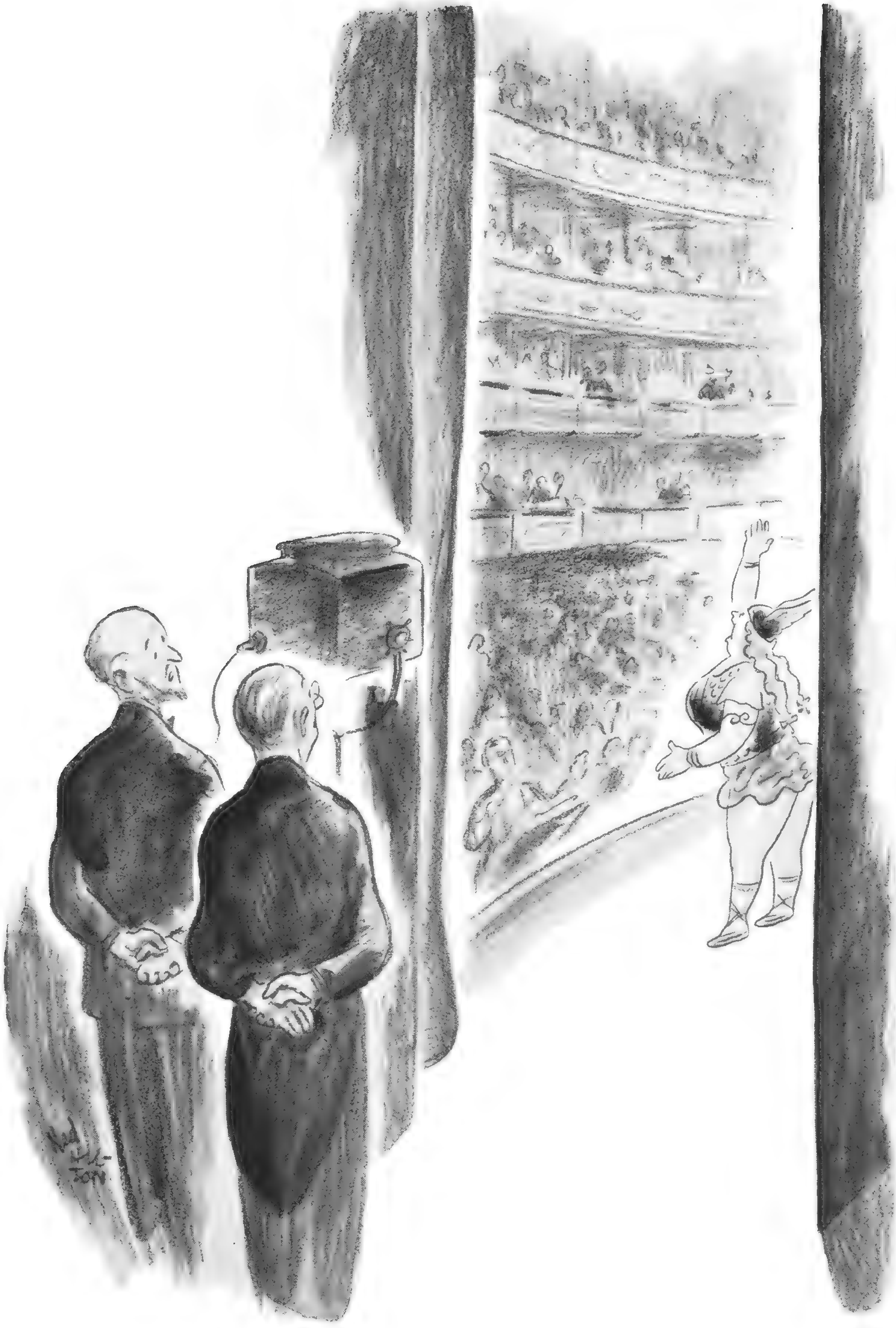


"Now will there be anything else?"



"Not a very good crowd tonight for the Met—must be that prize fight over in Brooklyn"

Nordfeldt: Little Swede in Art

He has a high standard of what makes a painting, is harder on himself than almost anyone else

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

His full name is Bror Julius Olsson Nordfeldt, which makes it impossible for him to be anything but a Swede. However, in order to conform to the popular image evoked by that word, Mr. Nordfeldt should be tall, slim, broad-shouldered, blond and not very bright. Indubitably Swede though he is, he must represent a fit of contrariness in Nature, for he is small, rather roundish and sharp and dry in wit. Once upon a time he may have been blond but the grey and open spaces in the current issue of Nordfeldt make that problem of academic interest. When I reproached him for failure to stand up to the stature of the supposedly typical Swede, he reminded me that the southern part of Sweden, from which he comes, was in medieval times the most important center of, or passageway for, the European slave trade, and that un-Swedish elements then introduced persisted in somewhat the same way that the Spanish sailors of the Armada who were strewn along the Irish coast left indications of their passage for many years thereafter.

Painting as a career was not in the cards of his early life in the little village of Tunnaberga, in which he was born. If you could make a living chopping wood that was as much as could be expected of you, so that what there was of education was elementary and without any frills. There was a general and widespread enjoyment of prolific poverty; people thereabouts were rich in children, in brothers and sisters, nephews, nieces and cousins. Bror was one of ten children, nine of them still living. His mother was the eldest of a family of twenty, which circumstance gives the artist the unusual satisfaction of having an uncle who was named after him.

Bror's father was an unhappy pendulum who swung between farming, which he loved and in which he lost money, and house painting, which he detested and in which he earned money. Up to the age of fourteen Bror acquired the Swedish equivalent of a common school education, with a little touch of Latin school, in which he learned a little German. At that age his education was abruptly terminated, for he then joined his father and an elder brother in an economic assault upon the New World. Abandoning figurative speech, they came to America to make a living.

To return to Bror, he succeeded after awhile, but his first years were bitter. He starved friendlessly, for he came to Chicago without a word of English and for the first five years in the United States lived only among Swedes and through the Swedish language. When he began taking courses at the Chicago Art Institute, he could not make himself understood, nor could he understand, without the help of the Institute's Swedish janitor, who served as volunteer interpreter. He gives us only fitful glimpses into those early years, for he is not the complaining kind. He has always taken suffering and deprivation quietly, in an unpretentious Spartan spirit.

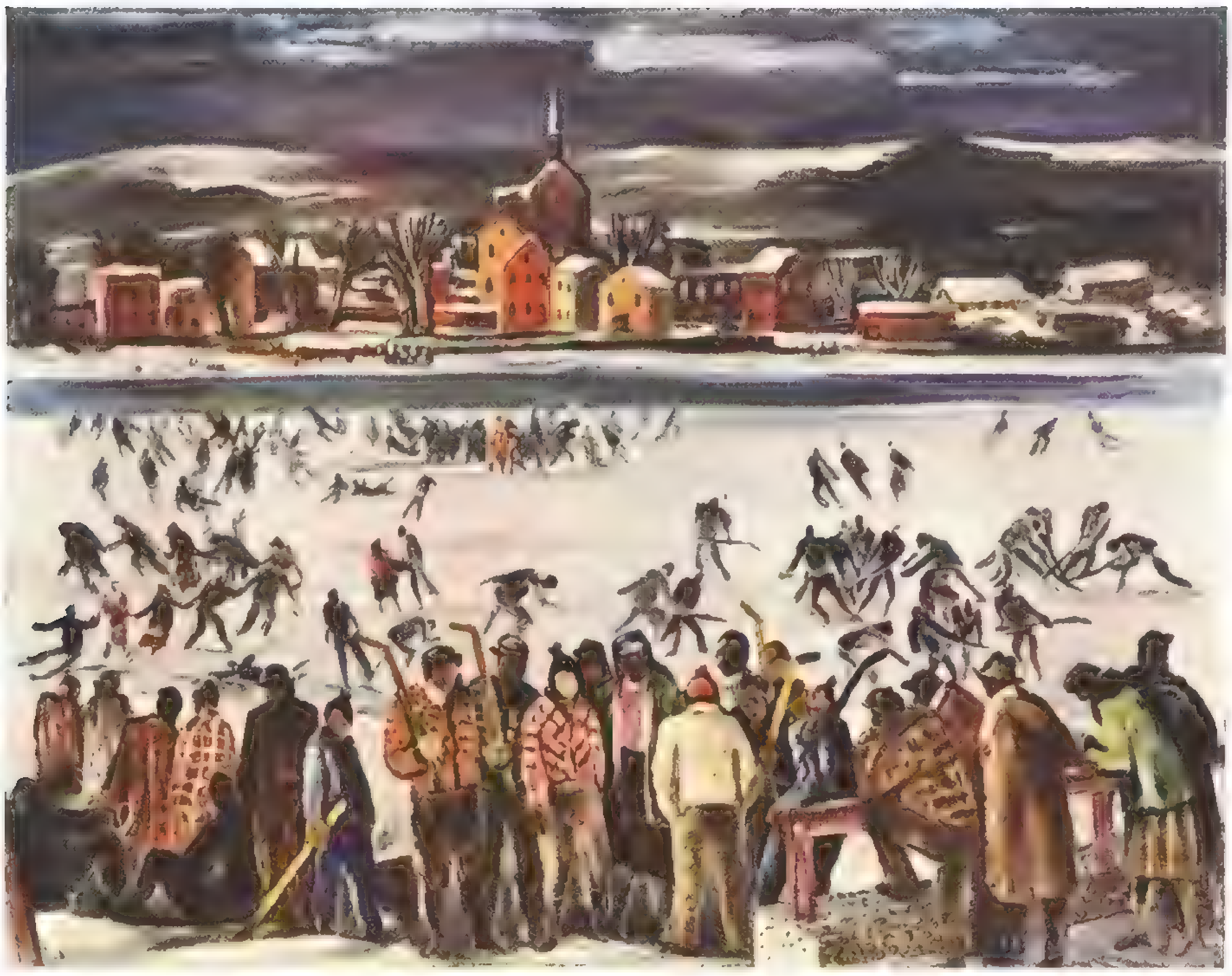
His first job, in a cigar factory, was to sort the sweepings from the floor and salvage the tobacco. For each salvaged barrel of tobacco (dead flies were half the salvaged contents) he was to be paid five cents. At the end of the day's work he was told there was no pay for the likes of him. His next job was stripping tobacco in a cigar factory, a promotion at least from no pay. These earliest jobs had one effect; he did not start smoking until he was thirty (which was around 1910), by which time sanitary requirements had at least curbed or modified the practices prevalent in the tobacco sweat shops of around 1894. His next employment was in a basement grocery stall, from which, one morning, he fled never to return, after having set the chimney ablaze while trying to start a fire. He next experienced something like permanent employment on a Swedish language newspaper, for which at first he served as printer's devil, and then as compositor.

Throughout this period the indrawn young man was living in a world apart. He was a resident of Chicago, in the middle of the United States, but he cannot be said to have been naturalized, in any sense of the word. He was living on a Swedish island, and even on this island he was hermit-like, thus existing at least twice removed from the American turbulence that must have been Chicago toward the end of the last century. Somehow he found the materials and the desire to sketch and draw. That he satisfied the art impulse within himself proves how exigent it must have been. I doubt that he had read an art book or had visited an art museum in his life up to that time. The young man emerged from his shell long enough to show some of his drawings to the editor of the Swedish paper, and the editor thought they were good and advised art school. The young man had never heard of the thing called art school, but went, nevertheless, to learn not only about art, but also the English language, at least as a by-product. He recalls that his fellow-students laughed at his mistakes in English, which was good for him, for their laughter helped him to learn. At first he studied only at night, but this being insufficient, he rearranged his life on this schedule: from four in the morning until eight, at the newspaper; from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon, at the Art Institute; from then until eight at night, again at the newspaper shop. It was a tough schedule, but Nordfeldt stuck to it for a year, until he had absorbed the fundamentals of what the Chicago Art Institute could teach him.

At the Institute, he attracted the particular

Continued on page 111

FIRST PRIZE
Chas. Cartwright

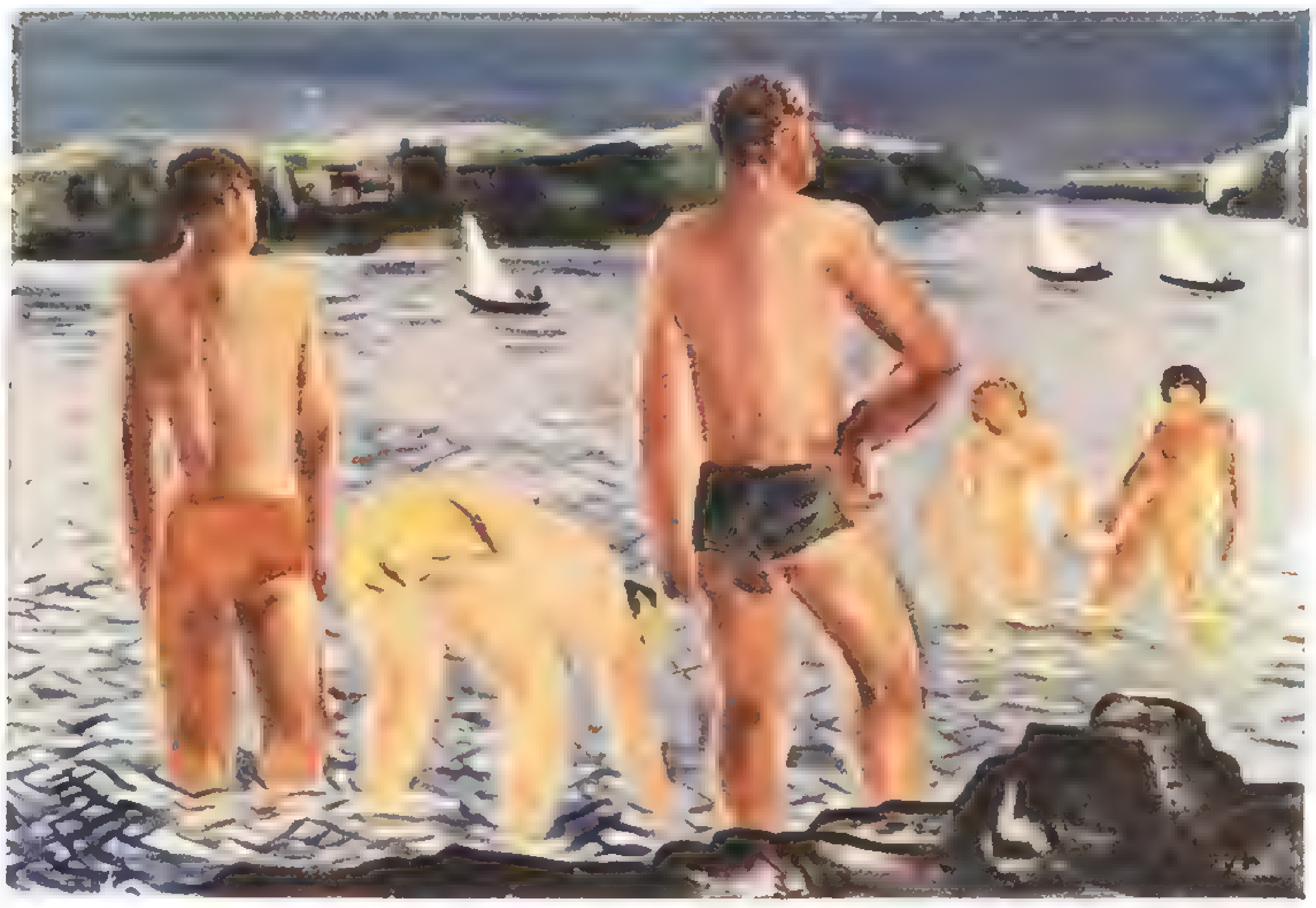


HOCKEY PLAYERS

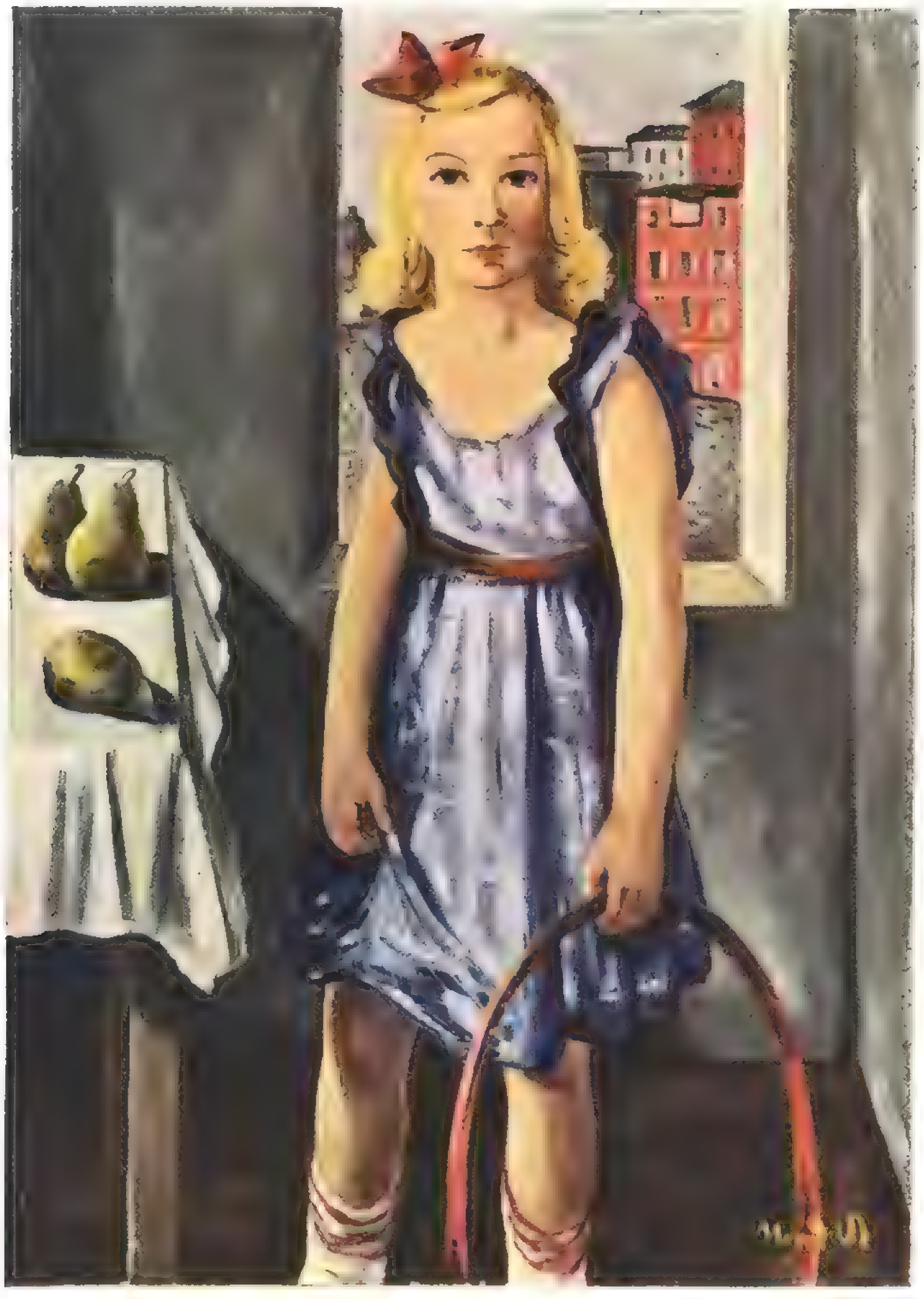
Reproduced in Chicago by courtesy of the Lilienfeld Galleries, Inc., at 21 East 57th St., New York City

Portfolio of Paintings

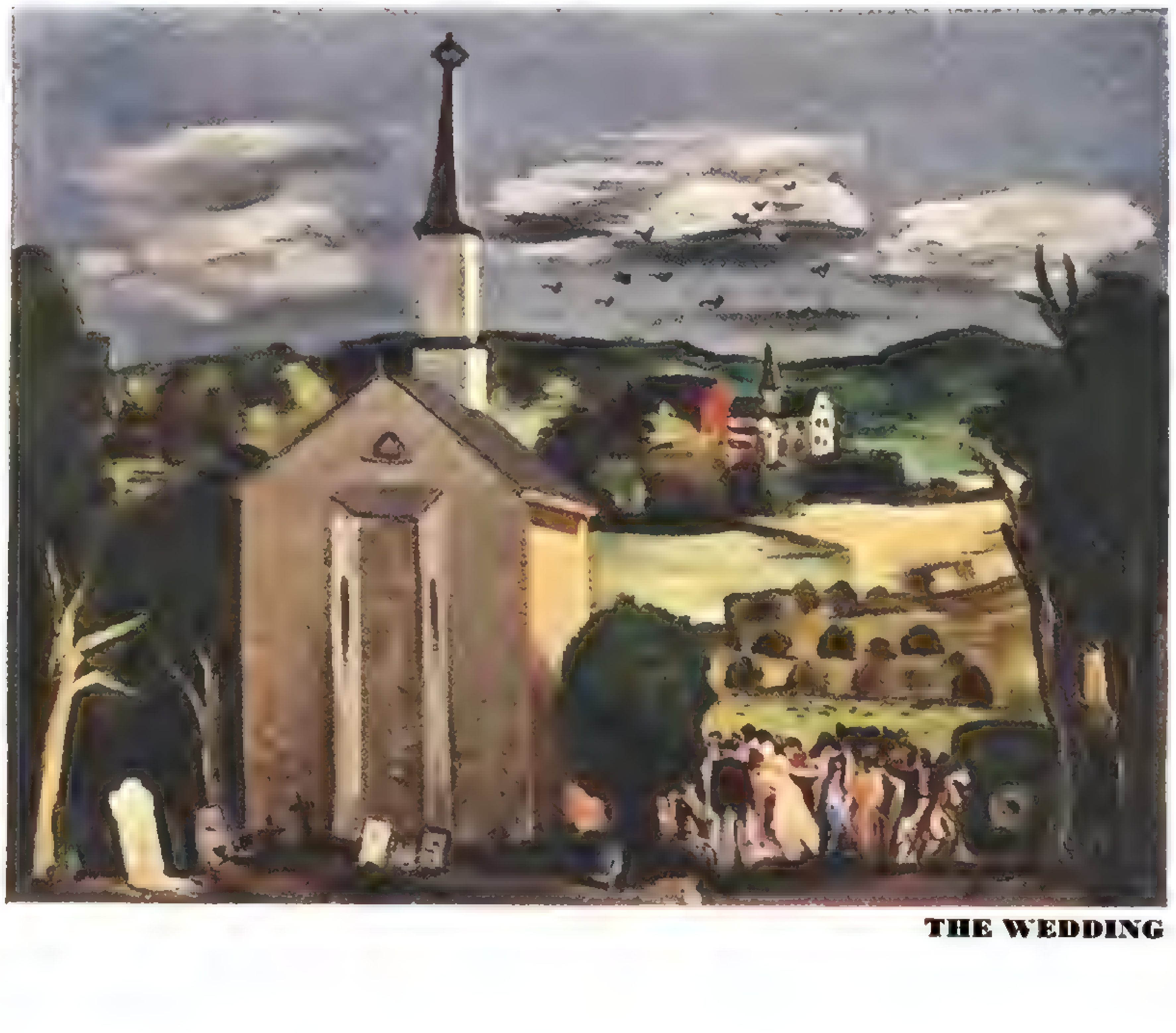
by BROR JULIUS OLSSON NORDFELDT



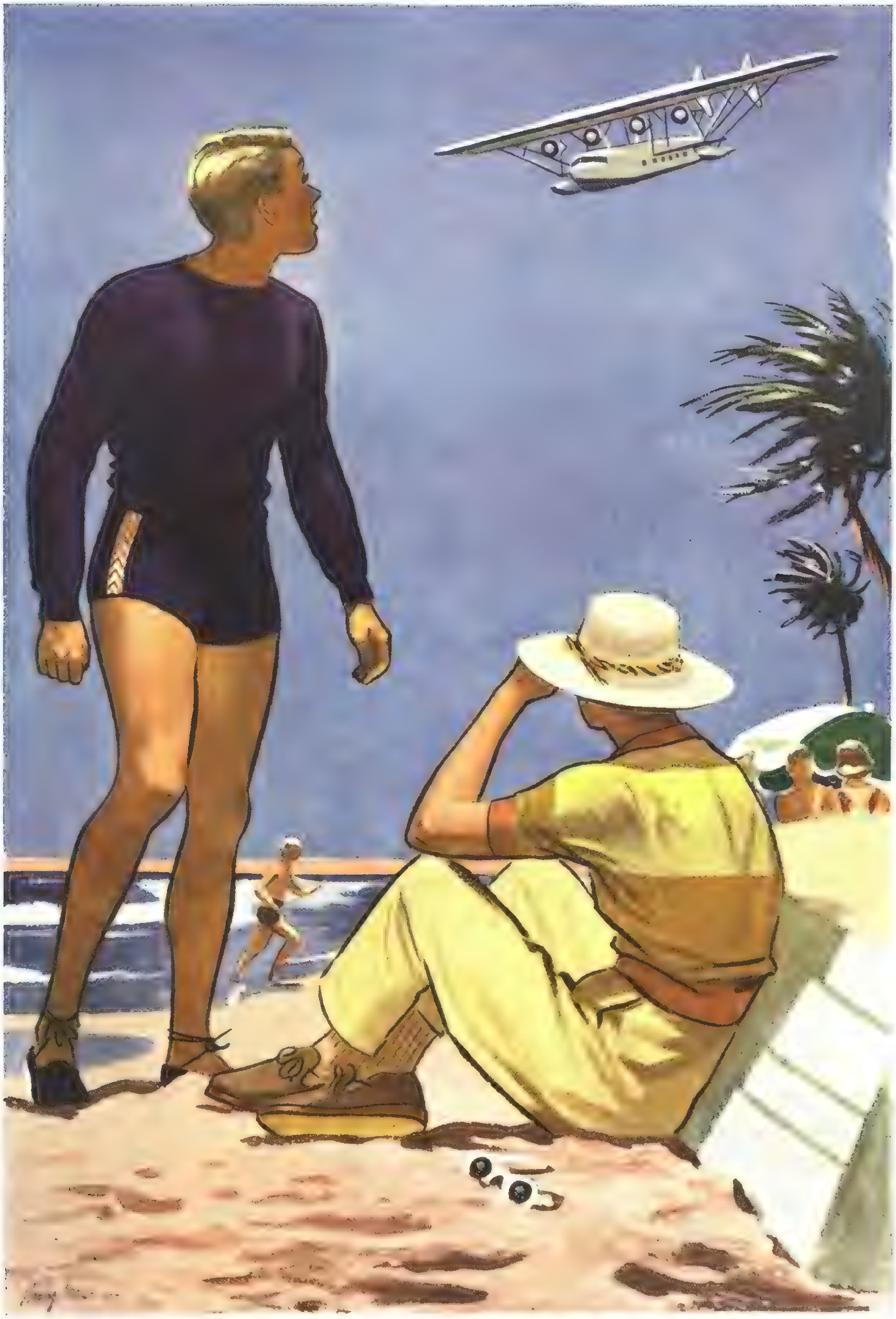
WADING



JOYCE



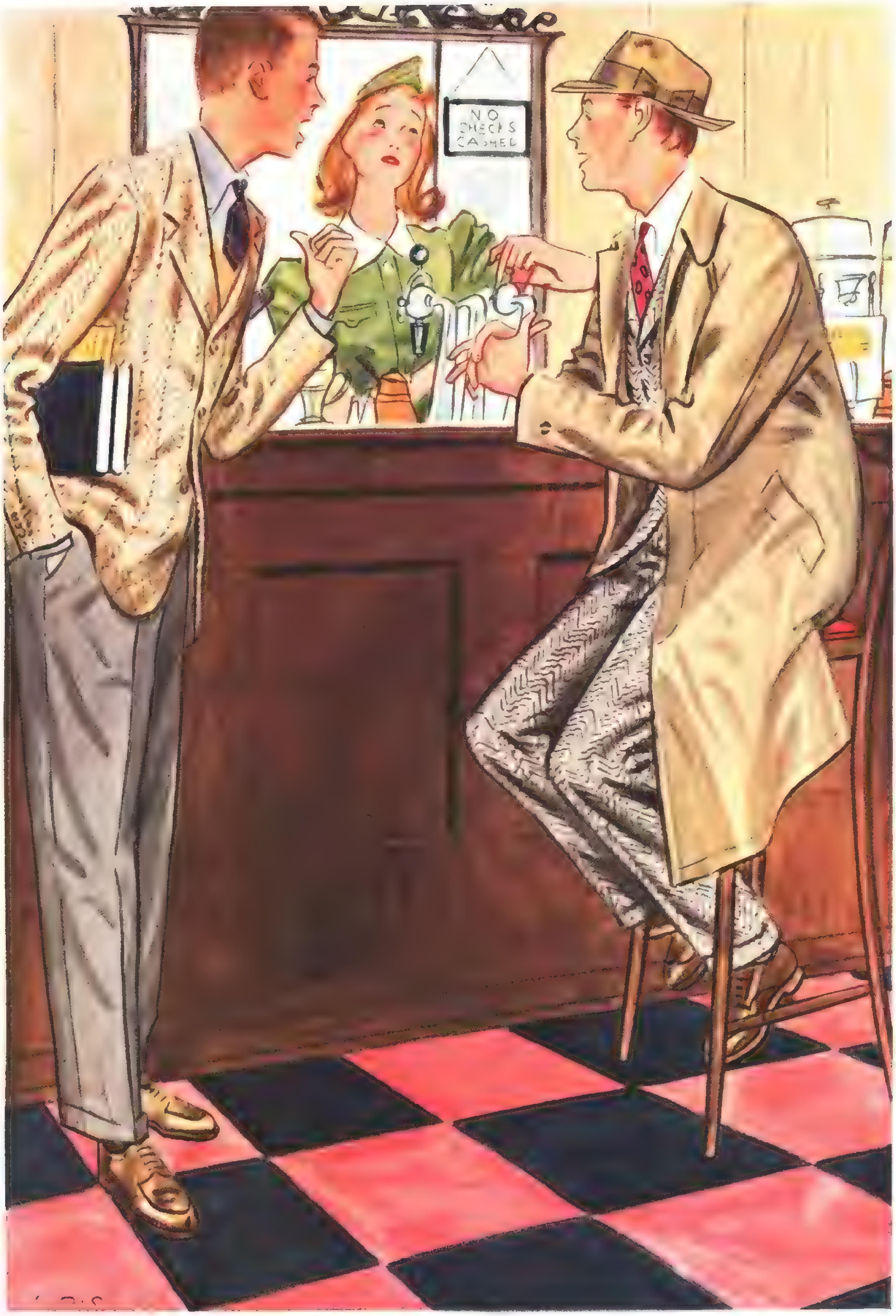
THE WEDDING



plane to see

This isn't an actual photograph, but it well could be, for despite all these years of flying, the clippers carrying vacationers still cause craned necks on the Floridian and Nassau beaches. It's always a much-looked-up-to event when the silver ships wing over the blue waters. And now, we'll come down to earth and describe what these resorters are wearing. The lithe lad standing has on a dark-blue knitted pullover of fine cotton yarns with a short nap to the surface. This affords him smart protection against cool winds and quick sunburn. His coarsely-knitted wool trunks show the military influence by the red and white chevron stripes down the sides. Blue canvas espadrilles shelter his feet from the hot sands. His seated companion is shading his eyes with left hand, although his flattish brimmed Montego hat, decorated with colorful raffia, admirably serves that purpose. His knitted lisle pullover has bar stripes of Sandune, copper and rust shades, and he's wearing a pair of Sandune-colored slacks. The natural tan shade ribbed socks and brown reverse calf shoes complete a pretty colorful outfit for this resorter, and we haven't even gotten around to mentioning the fancy sun goggles at his left.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N Y.)



blue on brown

Clothes make the man, but not the girl pictured above. For even though these two fast-talking collegians are exceptionally well-dressed, they are getting no place fast in their efforts to interest the lovely young custodian of the fountain in a bit of a date. They did have better luck, though, in selecting their clothes. The book-carrier's jacket, a loosely-woven soft Shetland, has blue stripes on light brown and cream colored herringbones, a combination that is becoming increasingly popular. Advantageous is the fact that both tan and blue shirts harmonize well with such a jacket. His shirt, a button-down collar-attached oxford, goes well with the striped crocheted silk tie and tan Shetland pullover. He is wearing grey flannel slacks and brown moccasin shoes. The other undergraduate features a tan worsted gabardine raincoat with a removable wool lining. This coat is doing heavy campus duty on clear as well as on rainy days. With it, he wears a khaki colored hat, broken striped Shetland suit, white oxford shirt, foulard tie, brown wing-tip shoes. He needs no books to identify him as a collegian.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

ESQUIRE HORNS IN ON HOLLYWOOD—*with candid shots by* JULES BUCK

Here's Stuart Erwin, reliable player of comedy roles, dining quite openly with Mrs. Erwin

Ronald Colman, Nelson Eddy and Roger Pryor broadcasting for the Screen Guild Theatre . . .

Director Ernst Lubitsch, caught at Ciro's with Claudette Colbert, in a photo finish

Edgar Bergen's problem child, Charlie McCarthy, will blame the whole thing on Stinky Van Snort

Gary Cooper turns from Mrs. Ray Milland to ask about Barbara Stanwyck's day at the races

Mrs. Cagney says Jimmy'd better not try that strong-arm technique around the house

Behold Dottie Lamour decorating Mischa Auer, a passionate collector of swizzle sticks

Author of "The Women" should be a mouse at this Cocktail session of Mary Astor and Bette Davis

Cobina Wright, Jr., tells Eddie Robinson life in the Blue Book was never like this

Jackie Cooper, at Ciro's with Bonita Granville, shows it's often better to have loved and lost

Gertie Niesen tells Brod Crawford and Agent Rocomora her Hindu wedding ring means naught

Soothsayer Andy Devine regales himself after a hard trance, with a small dish of fruit

Esquire on the Record

Paderewski has known all that men can know on earth: disappointment and want, love and crowning success

by CARLETON SMITH

RECORDS

A GREAT man is among us. A knight of an ancient order, blended of legend and actuality, epic, remote, alone, still walks this earth. Paderewski, the incomparable artist who became a statesman unique in history, and then (perhaps in weariness and disillusionment) turned away from the intrigues of petty politicians to resume his role as the noblest pianist of his time. Paderewski, the bard, the visionary, for whom kings and peasants rose, at eighty begins anew his fight to defeat Hitler and rehabilitate Poland.

He first came to our shores as a youth of thirty. After a rocky crossing in a small packet boat which docked at night, he was depressed by the low, dirty buildings near the wharf (the towering, awe-inspiring New York of today was not even a dream). It was cold and rainy and his manager's greeting was "in accord with the weather, not very cordial."

The impresario, it appears, was not sure of his greatness and did not want him to become hard to handle. "So!" he said, "we hear you have had brilliant successes in London and Paris; but let me tell you, Paderewski, you need not expect anything like that here in America. We have heard them all, all the pianists, all the great ones, and our demands are very exacting. We are not easily pleased here . . . You should not expect extraordinary houses."

No one, then, could have foreseen the fame that was to be his . . . this deep-eyed Pole with the incredible shock of red-gold hair who spent his first night in a dubious Union Square room with numerous small, uninvited and unpleasant guests . . . who practiced until dawn in the cold, gloomy loft of the Steinway warehouse on Fourteenth Street with two candles fluttering in the draught and the night watchman snoring loudly in the corner. No one, not even Paderewski himself, could have known what his destiny was to be . . . that fifty years later, as the sun burst on his eightieth birthday, he would be sailing up that same harbor, a battle-scarred refugee, a world figure who had restored to life the dismembered corpse of his fatherland and had lived to see it again hacked and mutilated beyond recognition.

The story of Paderewski is without parallel. No statesman has ever given as he has given. No musician has ever captured the imagination and affection of the public as he has. During his first season here he established himself as the biggest drawing card in concert history. When he played, women fainted and girls swooned. Maids in homes he visited bottled the water he had washed his hands in. Railroad yards filled with greasy mechanics and switchmen hanging around his private car to hear him practice.

Year after year he came for monumental tours: unforgettable concerts, three and three and a half hours long. His entrance on a dimly-lit stage was like no other. No fanfare, no flourishes, no banners—and yet they were all there. He struck those first chords—and one saw light.

It would be interesting to know how piano teachers explained Paderewski to inquisitive pupils. Observing him, they would notice that he was doing things for which they were tapped on the knuckles daily. He distorted rhythms, indulged in an exaggerated *rubato*, did not always play the notes exactly as they were written, struck chords in any but an orthodox fashion.

Some might explain that there has been a New Deal in piano playing, that what was acceptable in Paderewski's hey-day would not be in 1941. They are mistaken. It is true that tastes have changed, that the mechanical age has brought an objective, percussive keyboard technique now universally practiced by those who were rolling hoops and sucking lollipops when Paderewski was subduing the music lovers of four continents. We have countless animated robots who play brilliantly and neatly and who do not hit in half a year as many wrong notes as Mr. Paderewski sometimes played in half a minute. Most of them turn out Beethoven sonatas and concertos *staccatissimo* like a series of variations on a Fuller brush salesman's knock.

This was not Paderewski's way. Execution was not, for him, an end in itself. He worked hard to perfect his technique, practiced seventeen hours at a stretch. "If I fail to practice a single day," he said, "I know it. Two days and my friends know it. Three days and the public knows it."

Paderewski may have distorted, violated even, his medium; if so he transcended it. His piano became more than a piano; it was an instrument for speaking to the human heart.

Paderewski has known and suffered much. He has been hungry, been misunderstood, hoped and been disappointed, trusted and been distrusted. He has loved and won, he has been loved, felt the warmth of unselfish devotion, the support of believing friends. He has made mistakes and tried again, stumbled and fallen, got up and gone ahead. He has learned what Doctor Johnson called the art of "putting his mind to yours." Nothing human has been alien to him.

What he said in his piano playing, what he drew from the depth of his accumulated imaginative experience is as precious today, and as rare and as profound, as it ever was. Our misfortune is that we have no more Paderewskis. As an artist, he remains unrivaled—without a successor.

His personality, too, belongs to the Golden Age. His "railroading" around America with valet, secretary, piano tuner, chef, tour

Continued on page 106

"Well I guess we'll be going—now, you're sure there isn't anything else we can do before we leave?"

Man the Kitchenette

In Paris, where they knew how to eat without going diet crazy, a million bottles of yogourt were sold a day

by ILES BRODY

• EDIBLES •

The best cooks in the world are in America, yet outside of turkey and corn on the cob there are few American foods that do not show at least a touch of foreign influence. I know that sounds like a generality, but let me show you what I mean.

A long time ago, in Paris, when I was meeting my first Americans, I was invited to dine at the home of a southern couple. The house was in the Rue de Fleurus—the same house, as I learned later (when the names already had a meaning for me) where Hemingway and Gertrude Stein used to meet and write.

To me this dinner party was a great event. It was no small matter to emerge from the obscure terrace of the Café du Dome! It was something to run clear away from the other ne'er-do-well Bohemians presided over by Foujita, the painter. Americans were always thought of as supermen by Europeans, and especially by indigent Central Europeans.

As I walked down from Montparnasse on the long Rue de Vaugirard, going out of my way a bit along the Luxembourg Gardens, for whose trees and wrought-iron fence I felt a great affection, I concentrated on the fine and exotic meal I was going to get from these remarkable and incredible creations of a better world, these Americans.

The apartment wasn't exactly small, but it wasn't too large either, and the smells emanating from the kitchen reached us in the living room, where we were having cocktails. The kitchen odors were nose-twistingly lovely and appetizing, but I did not think them especially exotic; in fact, I thought I had smelled that smell before.

The conversation and the tinkling of glasses were suddenly interrupted by the hostess, who stood up, startled, and lifted her arms heavenward in despair.

"Oh! My chicken Maryland! I hope it's not burned!" she cried, and with this she ran to the kitchen.

Always scorning schoolbooks in favor of adventurous first-hand information, I did not then know that there was a State of Maryland in the United States. I associated the word with French cigarettes, in which the tremendous tobacco is called Maryland, and there must have been a puzzled look on my face. Chicken with black tobacco, perhaps!

I could not have been more surprised if it were really garnished with tobacco, when I saw that chicken Maryland was nothing more than our own fried chicken, eaten in nearly every Central European country, and called in Vienna Wiener Brathuhn. Only the American version was carved differently, four pieces to one chicken instead of eight, as in Europe.

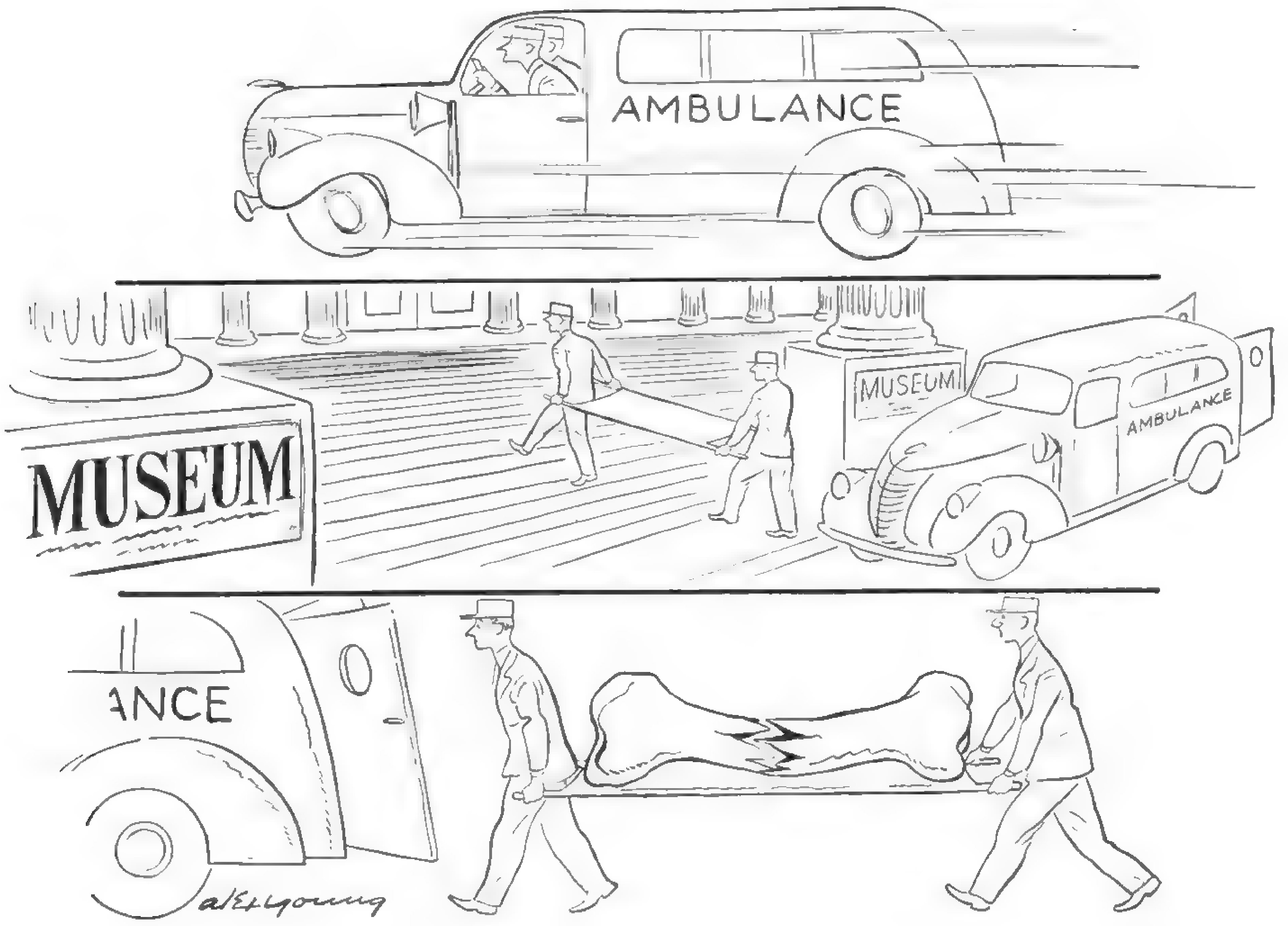
Chicken Maryland is merely one striking example of the fact that the American cuisine is made up of contributions of all the nations of the world. The language, laws and the cookery of a nation are a part of its character and tradition, and since America is a Babel of peoples, it is also a Babel of recipes. Although dishes have a great tendency to be assimilated, they don't entirely learn the customs and the language of an adopted country; they do not become natives. Most are altered during the assimilation process, but the disguise is usually a thin one: another name and an extra yolk of egg or pinch of salt, so that the foreigner need not necessarily be a connoisseur to identify a dish of his native country, a dish that fills him with homesickness.

Foreign ancestry can be detected in the great majority of American dishes. You would not call the few palatable Indian viands American representative cookery, would you? Since 1820 more than thirty-eight million foreigners have found their way to this country! You don't think they left their recipes at home, do you? How could you have *borscht*, the beautifully colored Russian beet soup, if they did, or *Arter och Fläsk*, which is just pea soup, contributed by the Swedes, God bless 'em, or English mutton broth, a good, manly soup, or ox-tail, which also bears a British trade mark. And it won't help you any to bring up clam chowder, Virginia ham, Boston brown bread, or mince pie. Clam chowder was known over five hundred years ago in Portugal, even if it never attained the epicurean height it did in New England. In some parts of Rumania brown sugar and cloves are used in making ham. Rye flour, graham flour, sour cream, and molasses were employed in Russia before the discovery of America, to make a certain kind of brown bread, very similar to the Boston variety. And mince pie is only a side-branch of the English Christmas pudding.

Really good food, exquisitely refined tastes, bear the deep mark of age-old cultivation, and while America is the best possible country in the world, it isn't exactly old. However, you need not feel sensitive on the point: food, cookery, gastronomy, renders and always has rendered important service in the melting pot. Over a fine dish, adversaries become brothers. And if the charge that Americans have few original dishes leaves you a bit peeved, I can tell you that this food situation is universal: each country has only a very few original dishes. You can find the counterpart of the dish under a different name by simply walking across the border.

Take, for instance, *sarma*, a Yugoslav specialty, made of ground meat mixed with rice and enveloped in cabbage or vineleaves; you get exactly the same thing in Turkey, and if you turn to your host with question in your eyes, he will tell you proudly that you are eating *lanhana dolmasi*, a Turkish specialty. Move on to Hungary and you'll get precisely the same stuff, called *töltött kàposzta*. In at

Continued on page 138

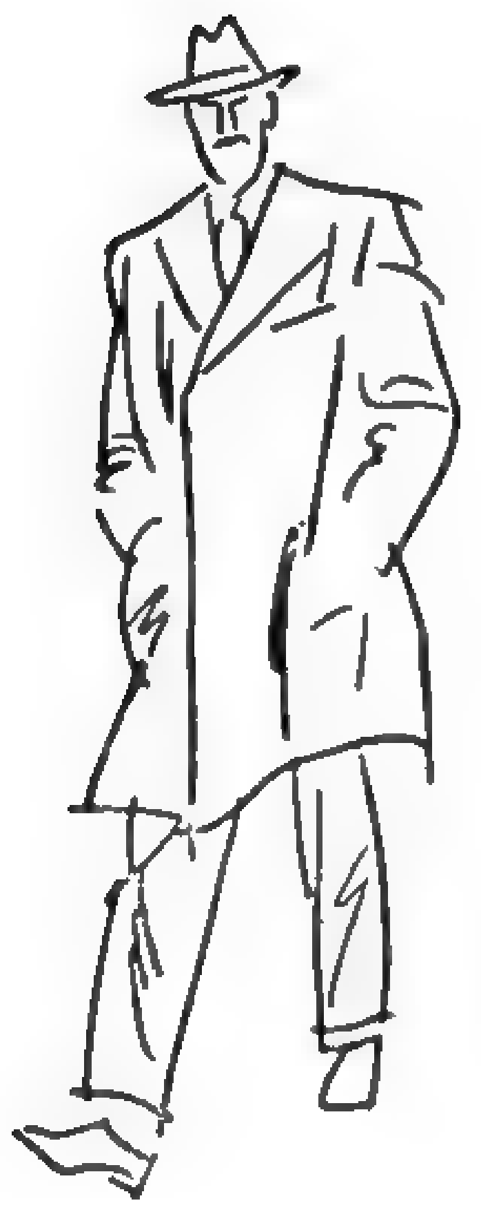


Timely Tips on Topcoats

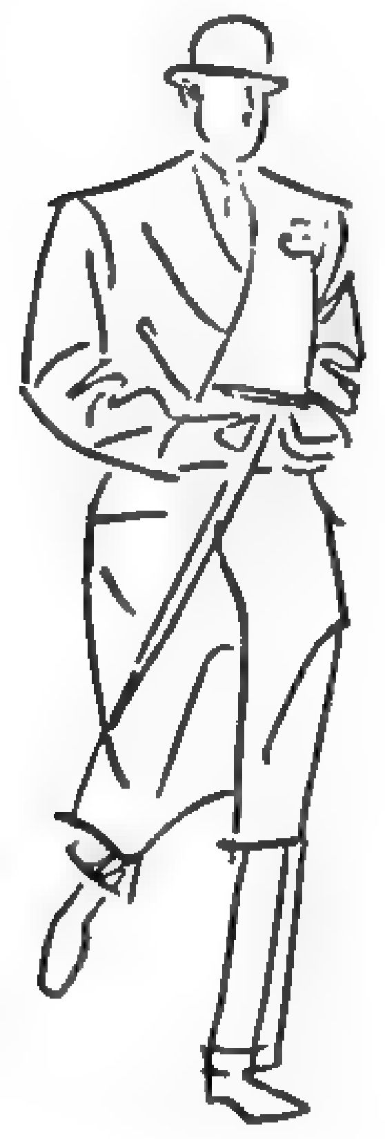
by **FASHION STAFF**

• WEARABLES •

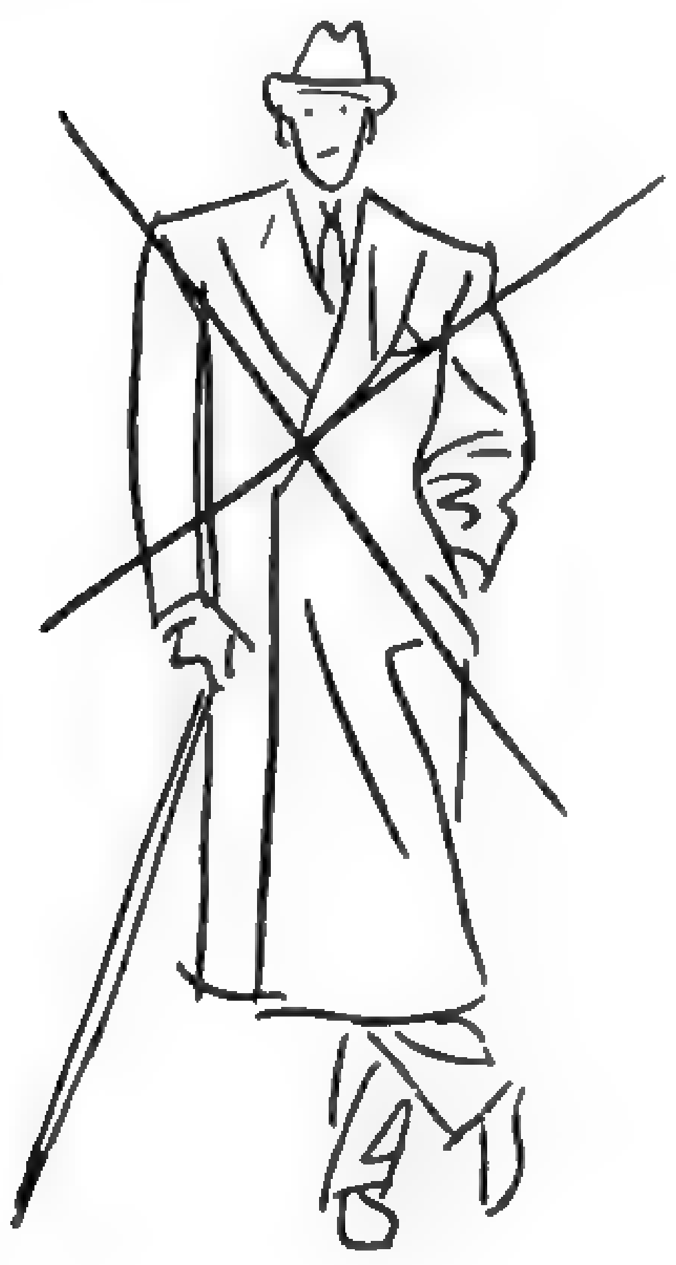
length



Above knee lengths are ideal for country topcoats, either single or double breasted because they allow free leg-action. If you're of short stature, this length creates an illusion of greater height.

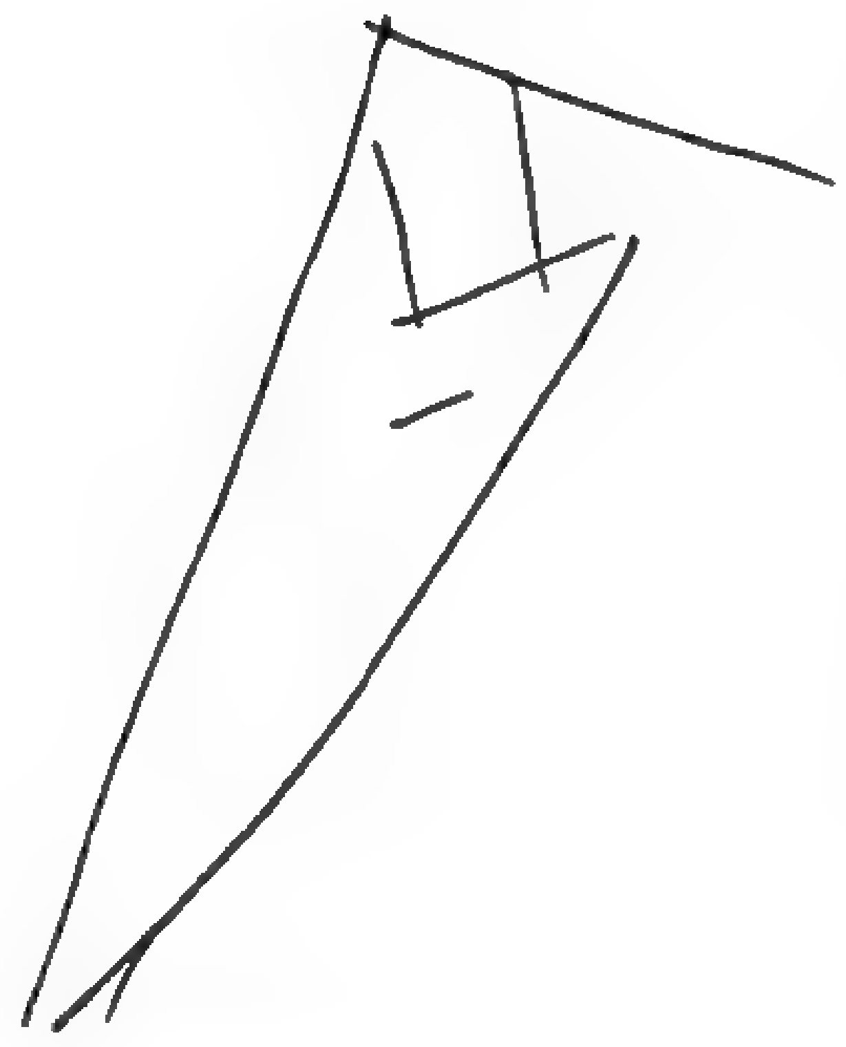


Just below knee length is best in single or double breasted town topcoats, if you are average or above average height. You'll be right in selecting this length in tweeds, fleeces or coverts.

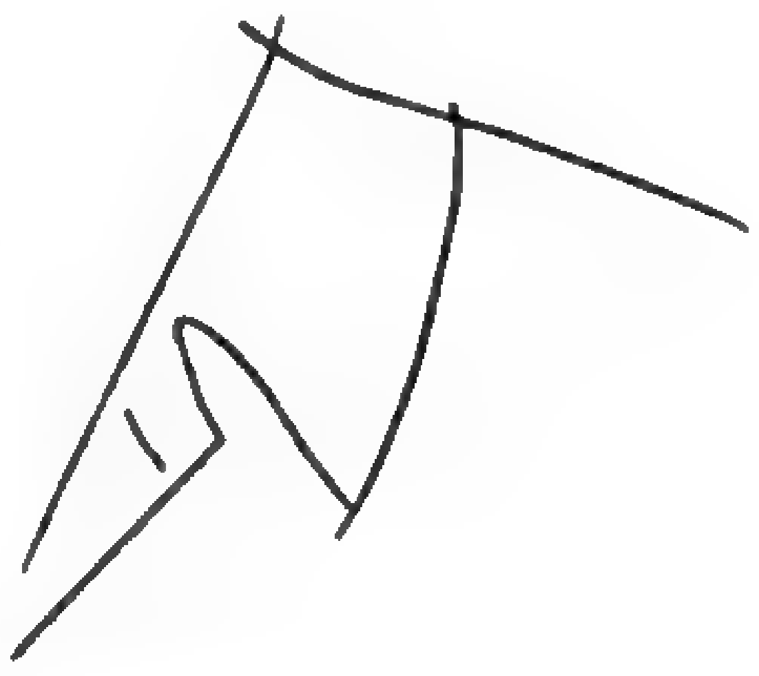


Skip extremely long topcoats for business, reaching half way between the knees and ankles. They subtract from your height, make you look as though you bought a coat that should be worn by a much taller man.

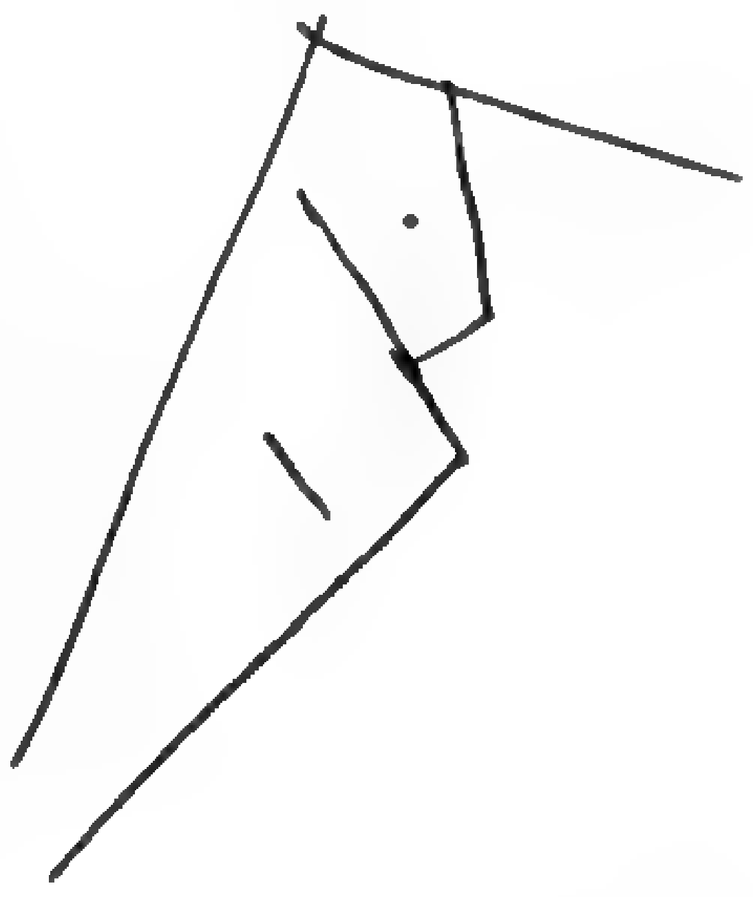
lapels



Peaked lapels have a dress-up fashion connotation, because they are sharp and brisk. They accentuate the vertical lines, hence build you up. They are right for town coats of tweed, fleece or covert fabrics.

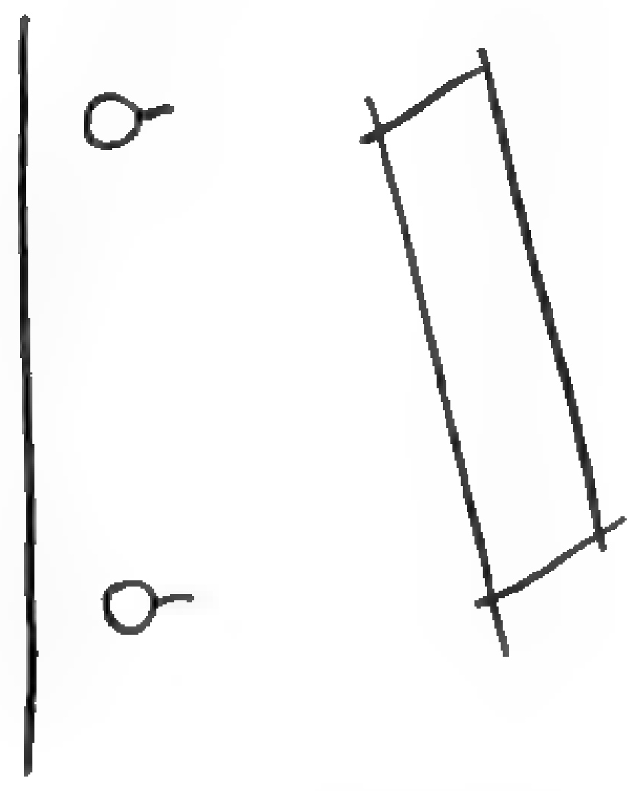


The military collar, stemming from military capes, has best acceptance for semi-sports topcoats. Allied with tweeds, this collar may be fastened closely at the neck or left unbuttoned.

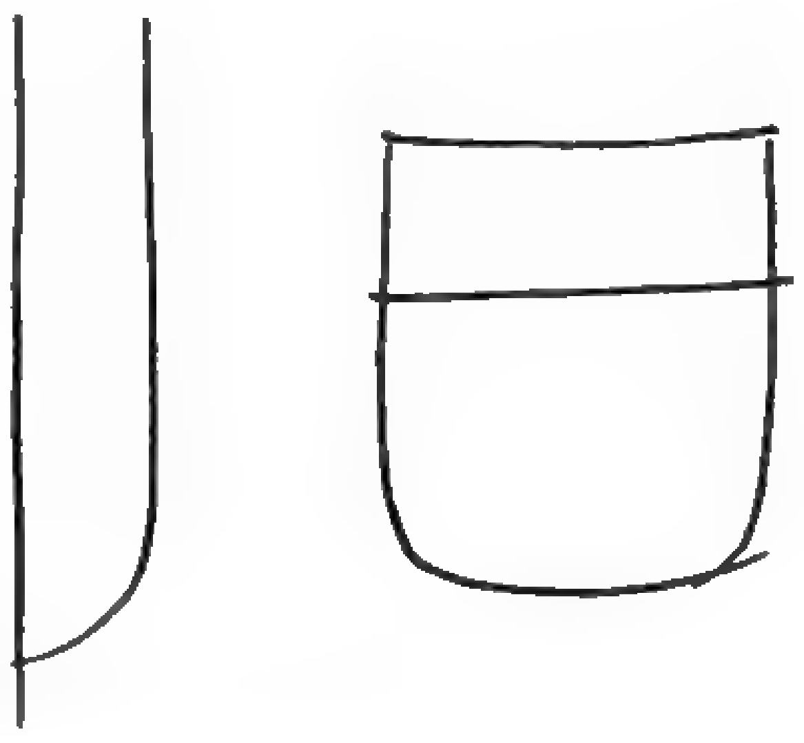


Notched lapels are safe bets for town or country topcoats. You'll use good judgment by picking out a topcoat with such lapels; in tweed, Cheviot, Shetland, fleece or covert. You can go wrong only by having them on a double breasted topcoat. They belong on a single breasted.

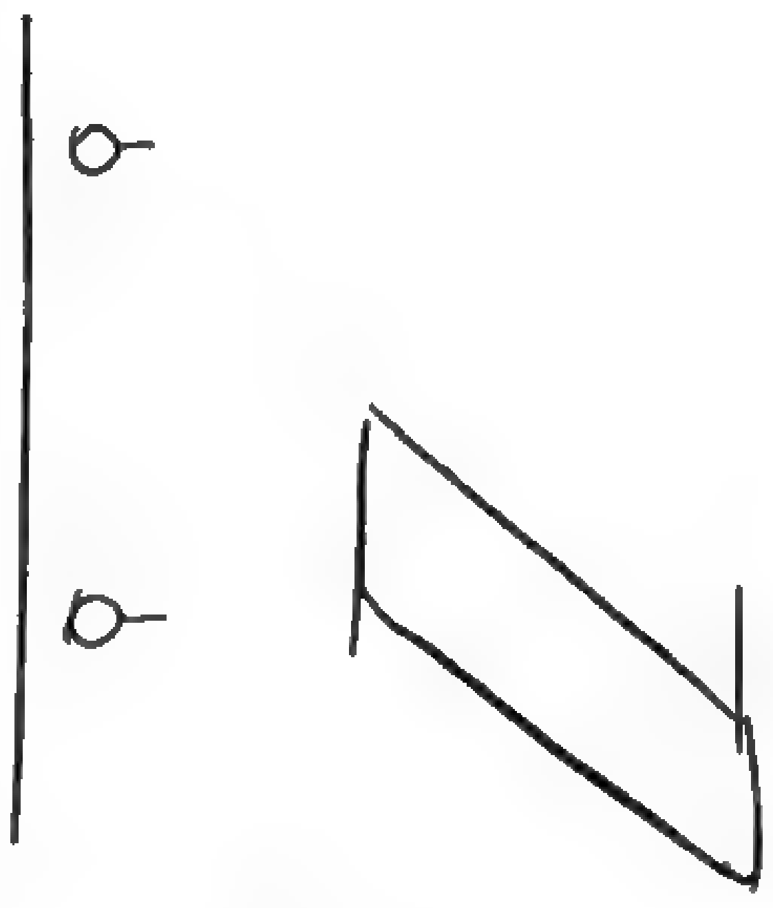
pockets



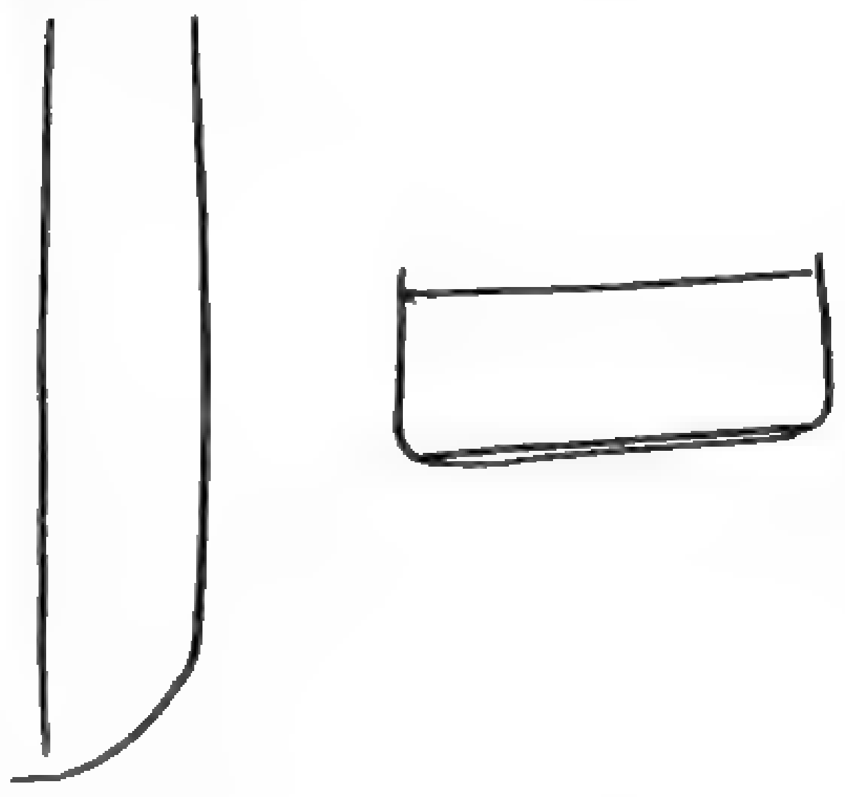
Slash pockets were originally used on shooting capes so that a man could hold a gun without throwing back the cape. The pockets are reached through slanting slits. Good on semi-sport coats.



Patch pockets with flaps are adapted to rough-textured topcoats. Patch pockets are formed by patches of the fabric stitched to the coat.

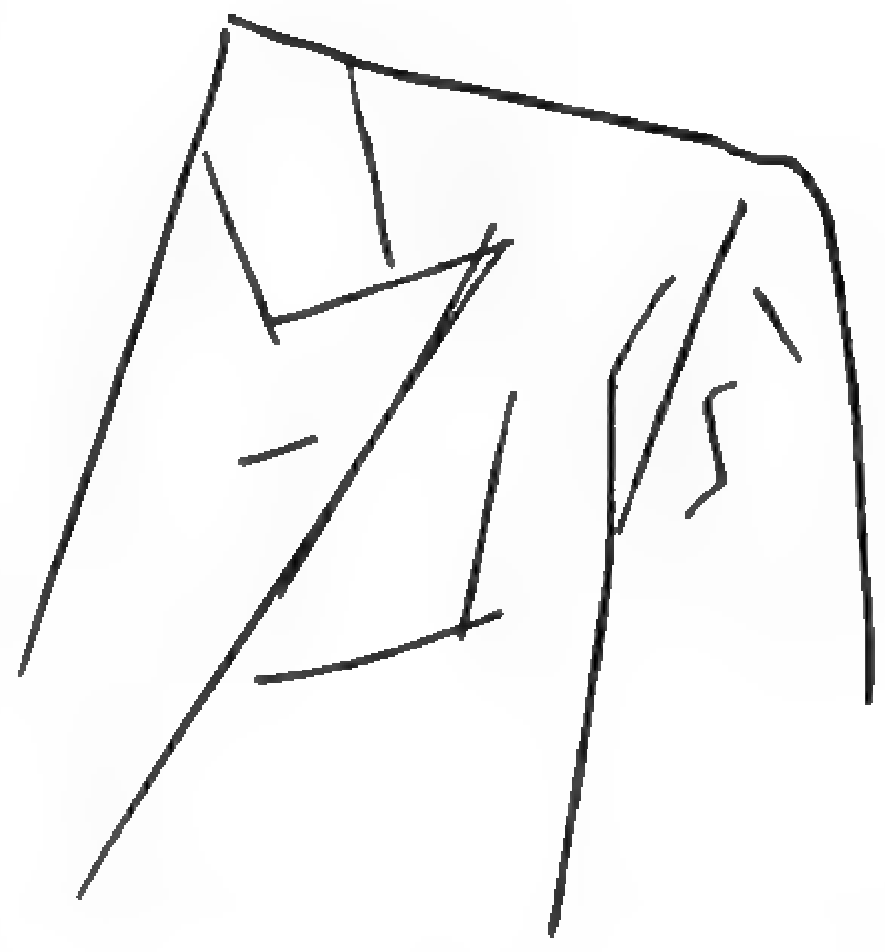


Slanting pockets are signs of individualism in dress. If you seek a coat out of the general run, slanting pockets give it a lift. The lines also enhance the appearance of added height.

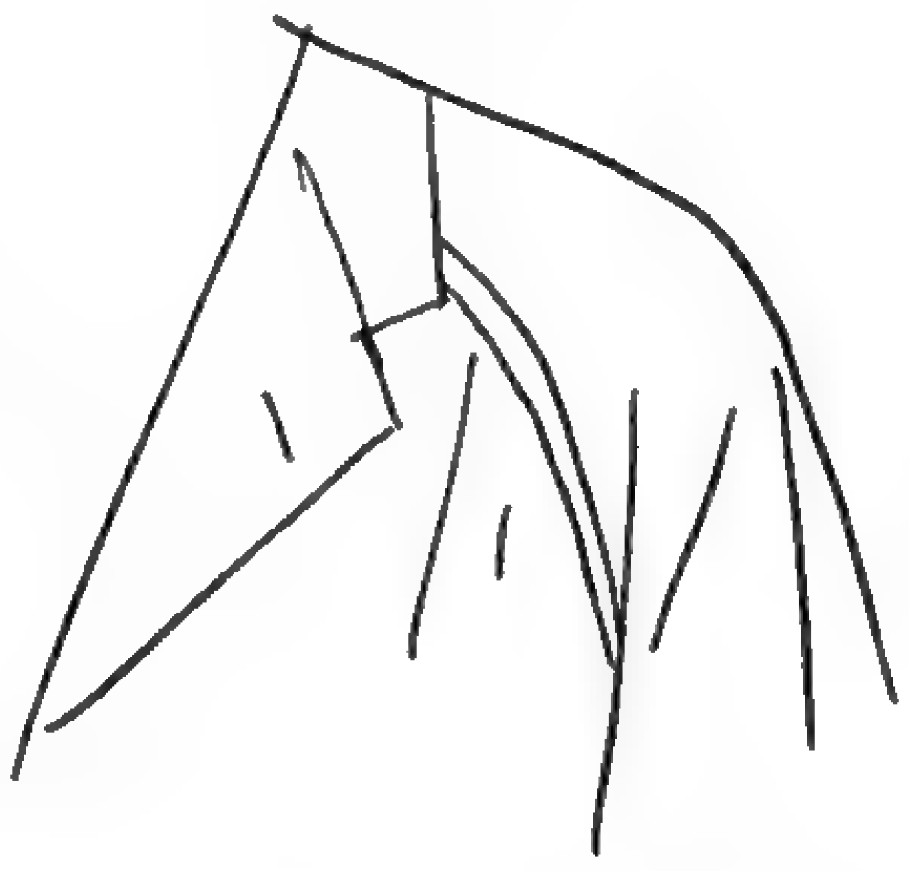


Regular pockets with flaps are not limited by types of fabrics. They're inside between the topcoat fabric and the lining, and correct on covert, tweed, Cheviot or fleece. May be combined with fly-fronts.

shoulders

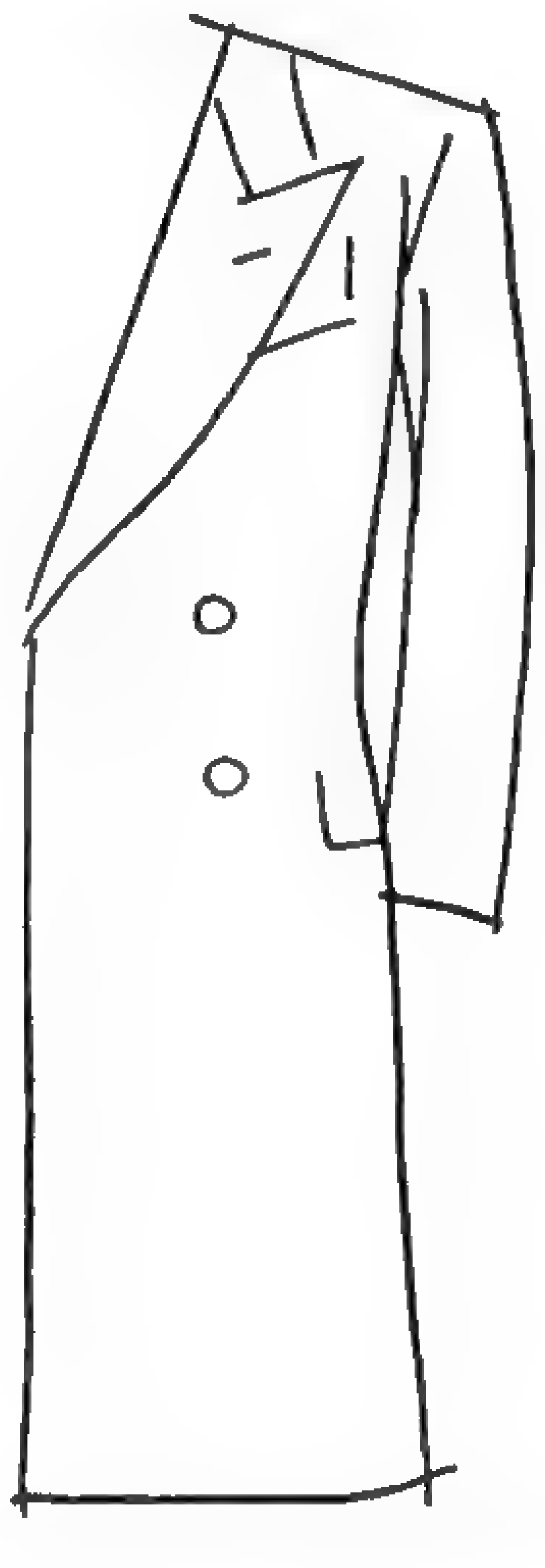


Shoulders should be in proportion to your natural shoulders and also conform to the shoulders of your jacket. Set-in sleeves enjoy widest popularity because of the acceptance of broad shouldered jackets.



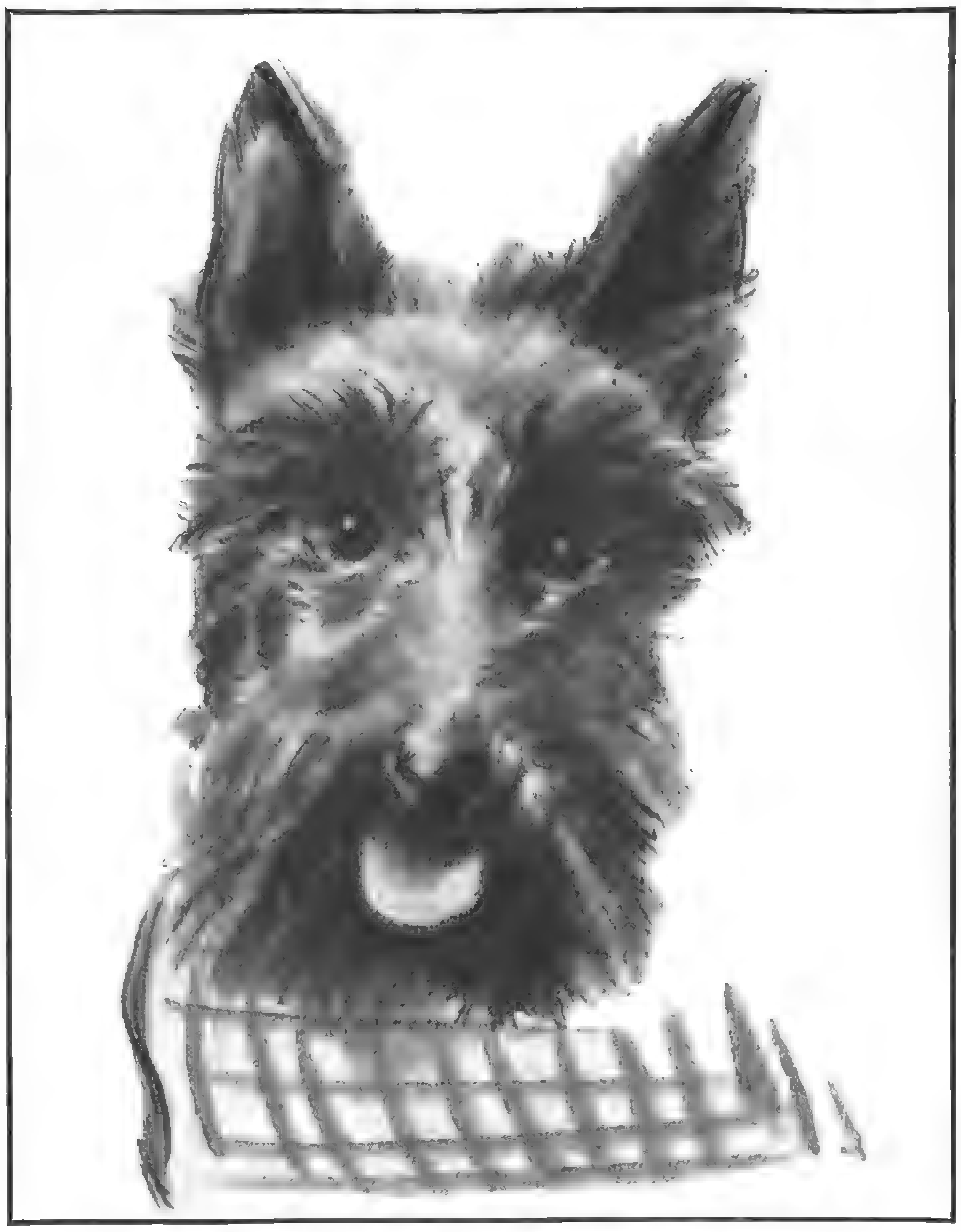
Raglan shoulders may be classed in a semi-sports category. They are known by this name because Lord Raglan first wore the coat with sleeves that are parts of the shoulders. The rounded shoulders are best over country jackets with natural shoulders. They don't go with broad shouldered jackets.

bodyline

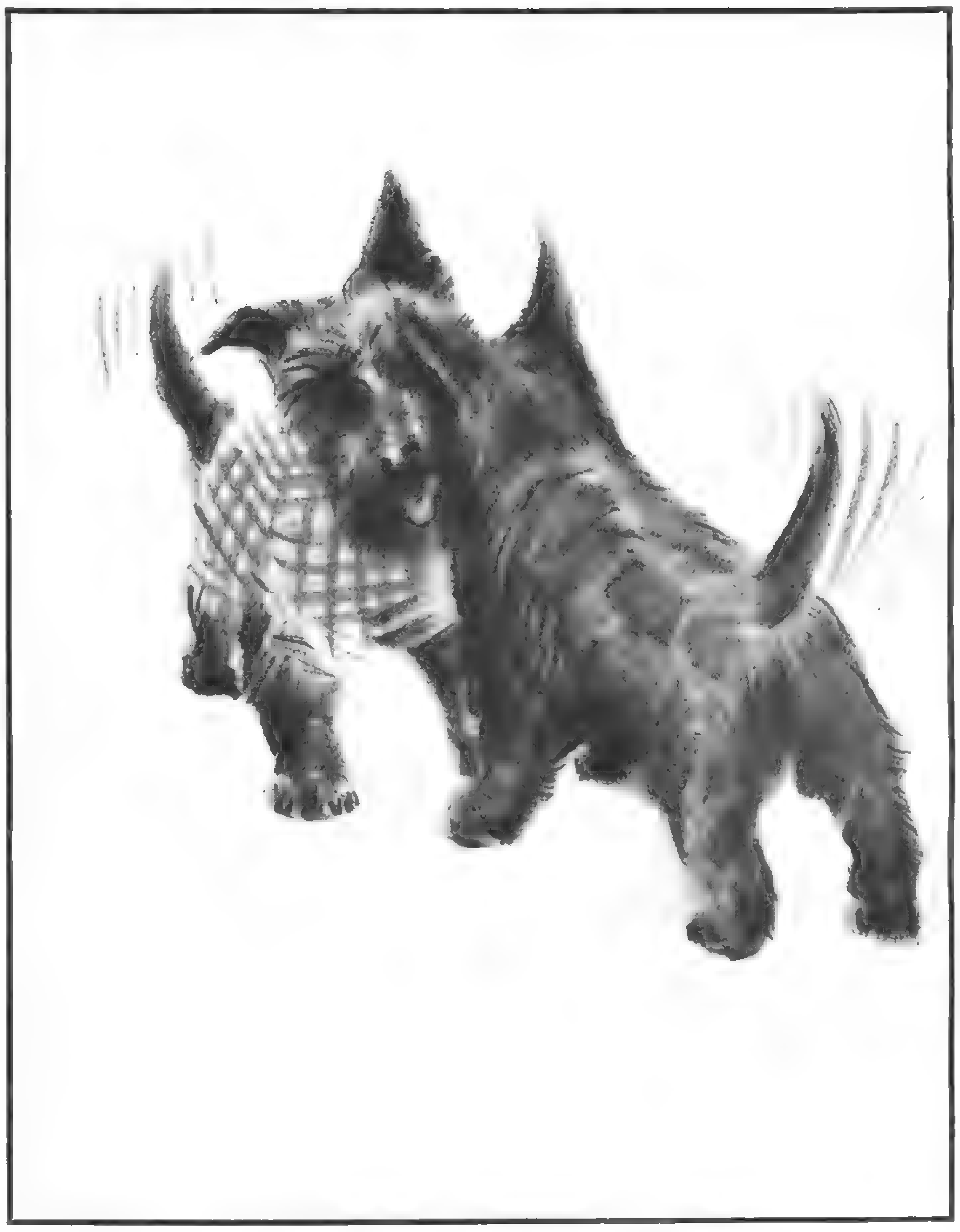


Shapeliness at the waistline need not mean a tight fit. In fact, no clothes should fit tightly. The lines of your topcoat should show some suppression but be loose enough to prevent binding at the waist.

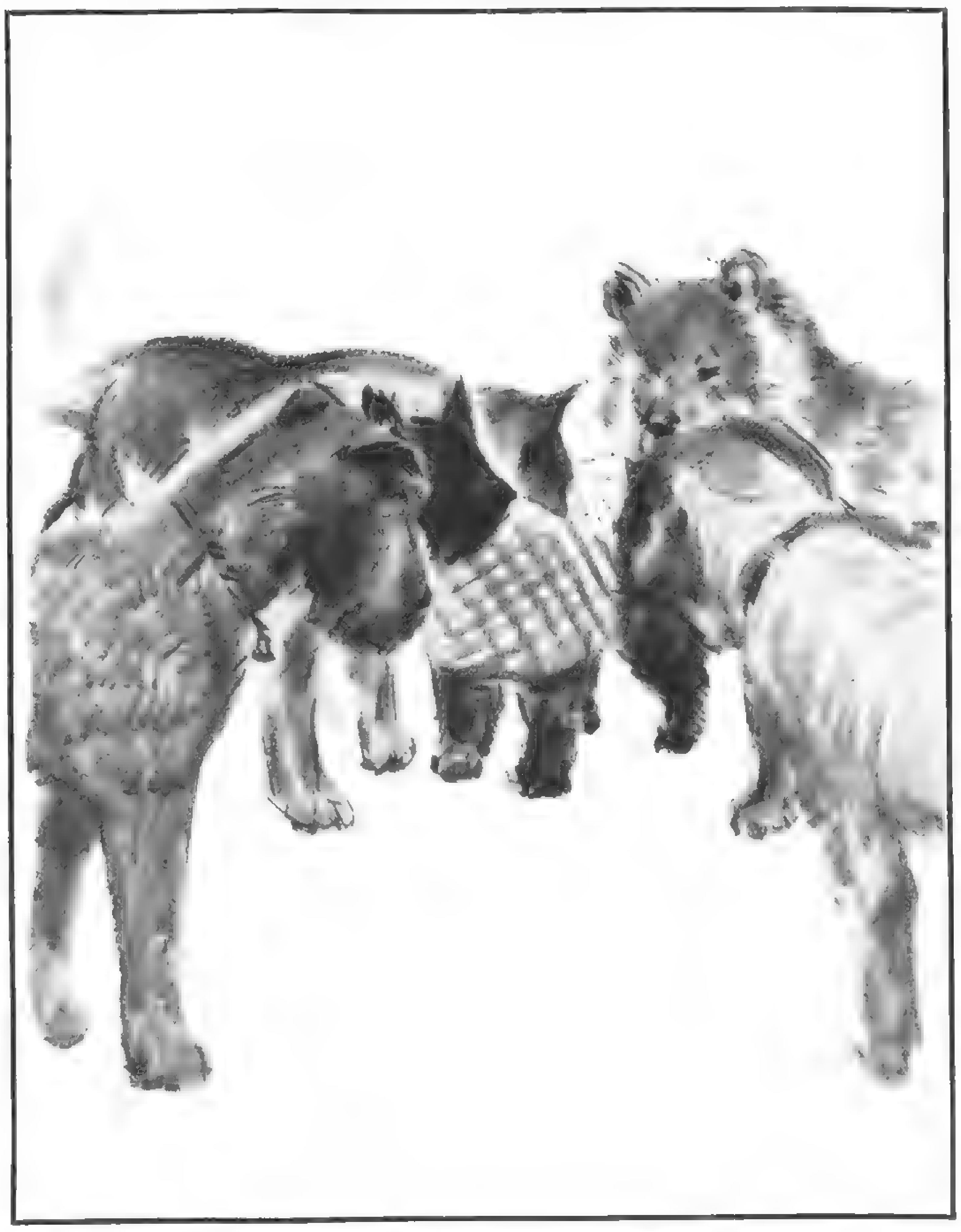
WARNING!—*by* PHIL STACK—*drawings by* E. SIMMS CAMPBELL



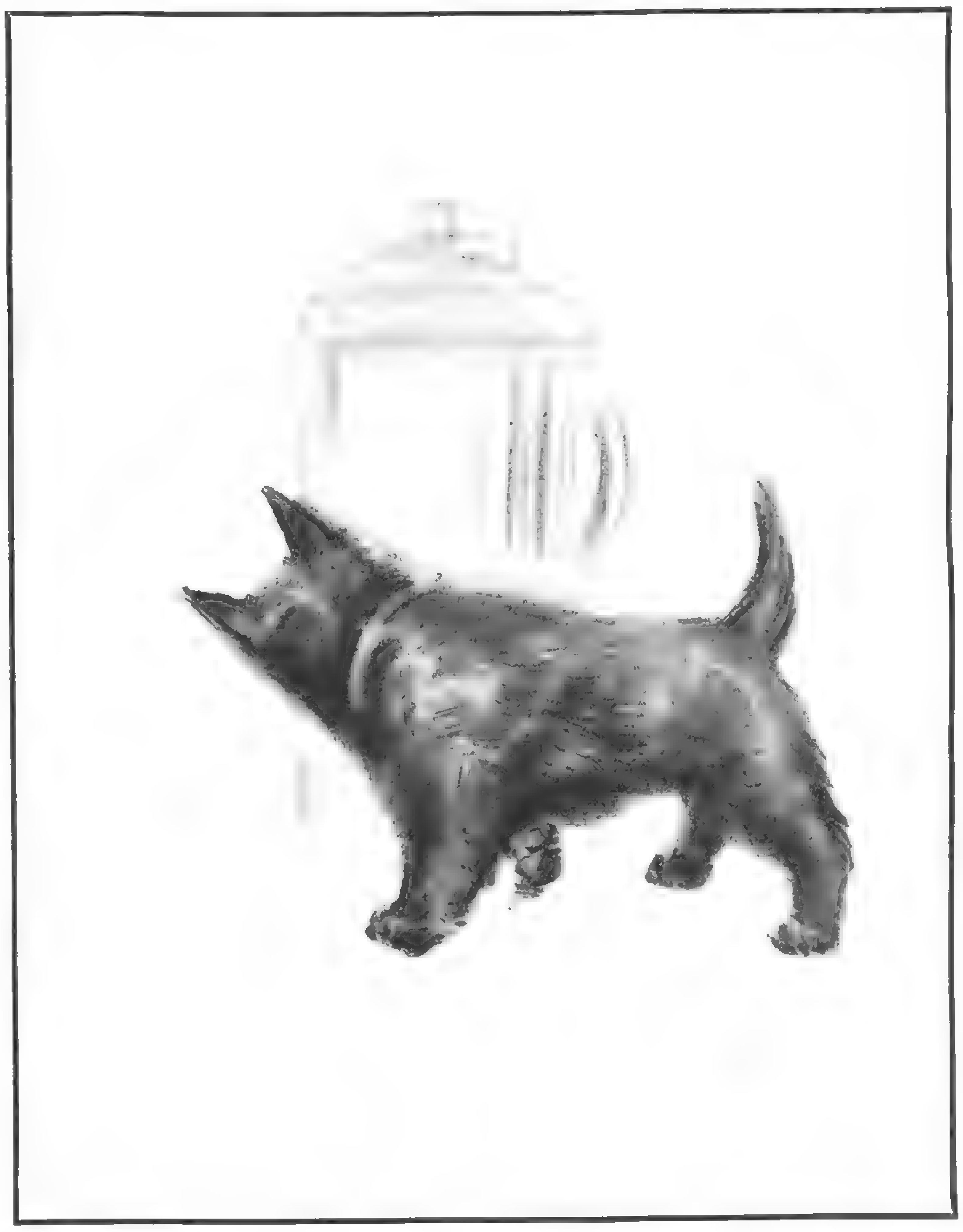
1—*When you moved into town a year ago*
You surely were a sweet, attractive kid,



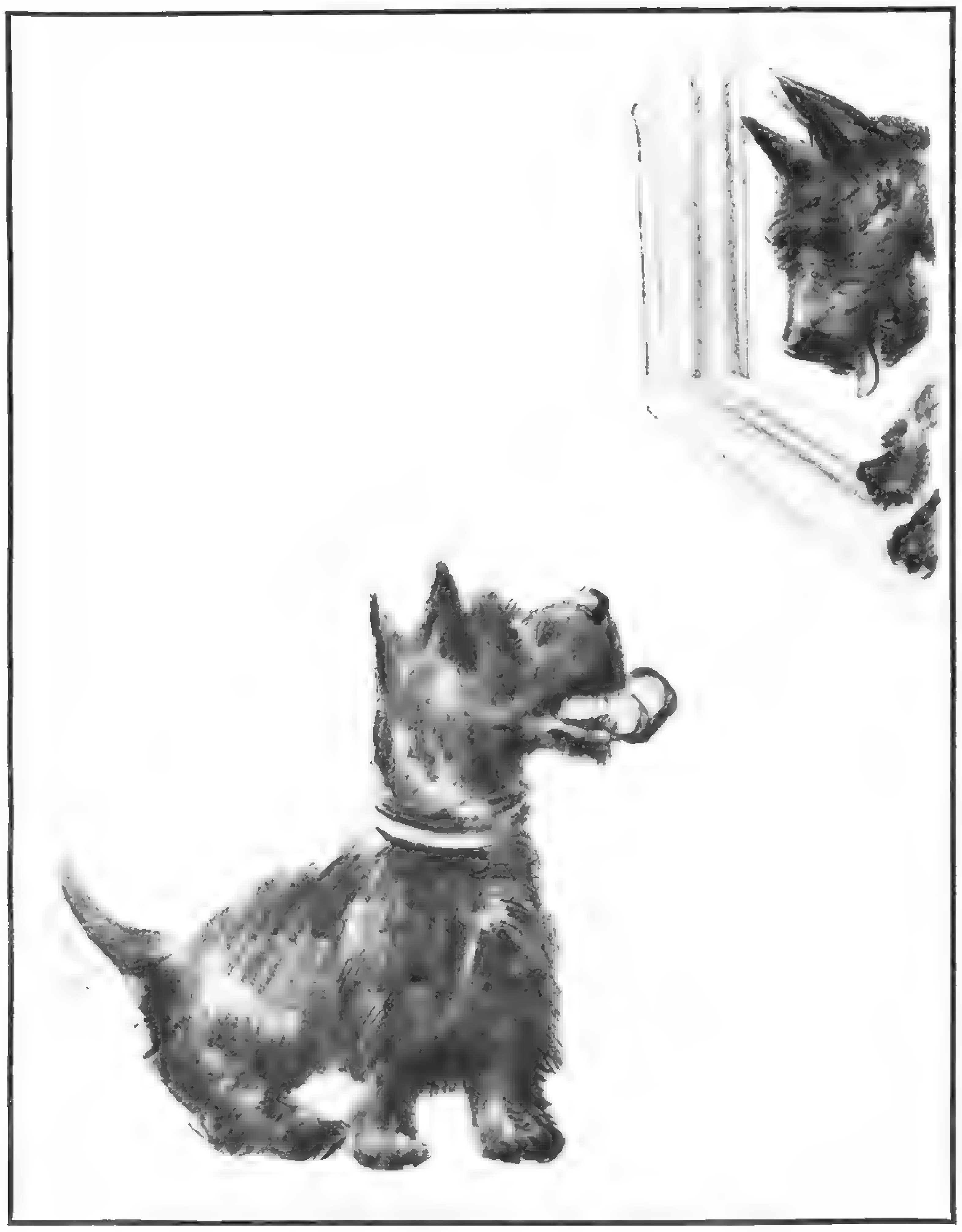
2—*We had a case of puppy love, I know,*
But in it finer, deeper things were hid . . .



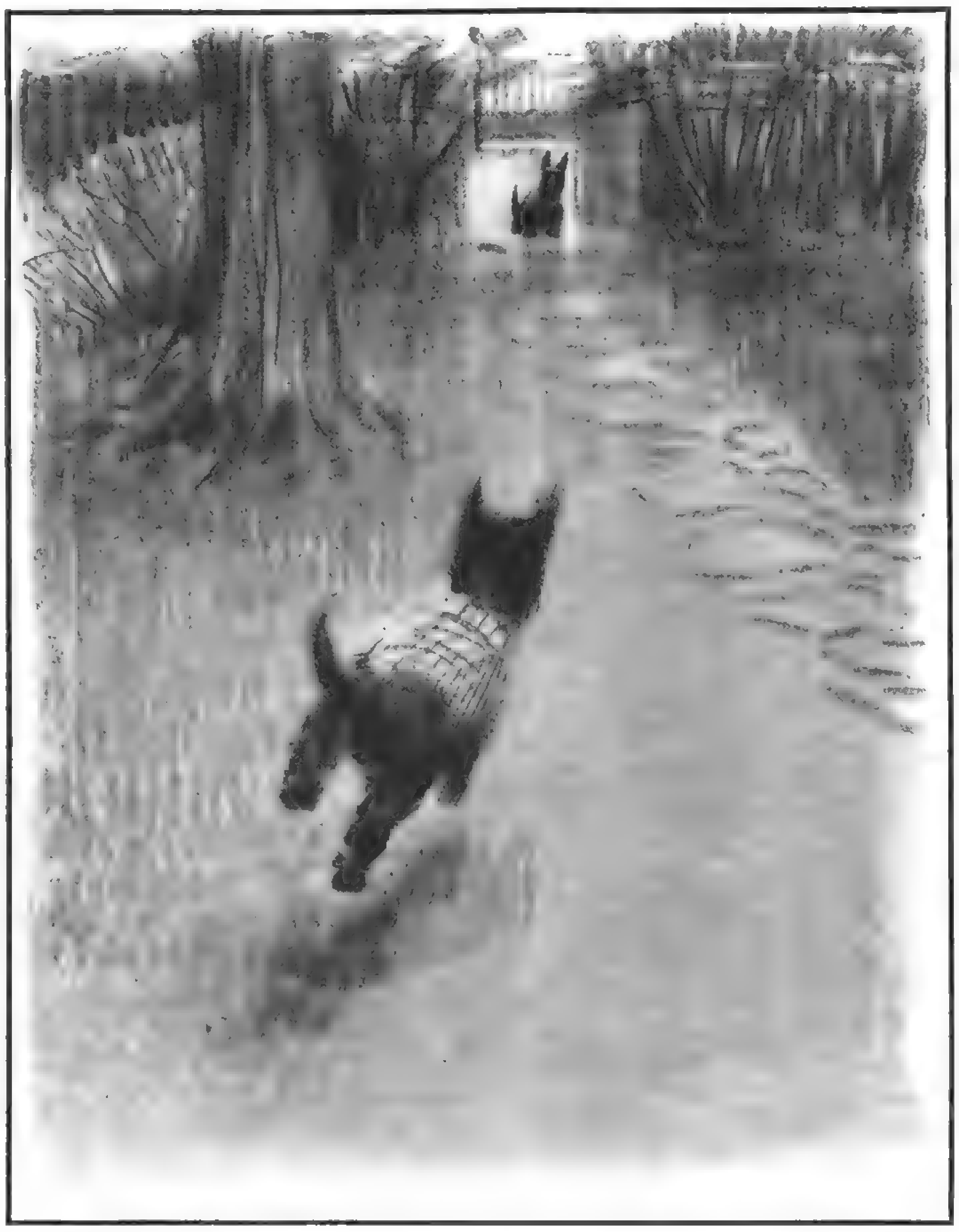
5—*Now, Honey Child, I'm not the breed to knock*
But you have grown as loose as you can be,



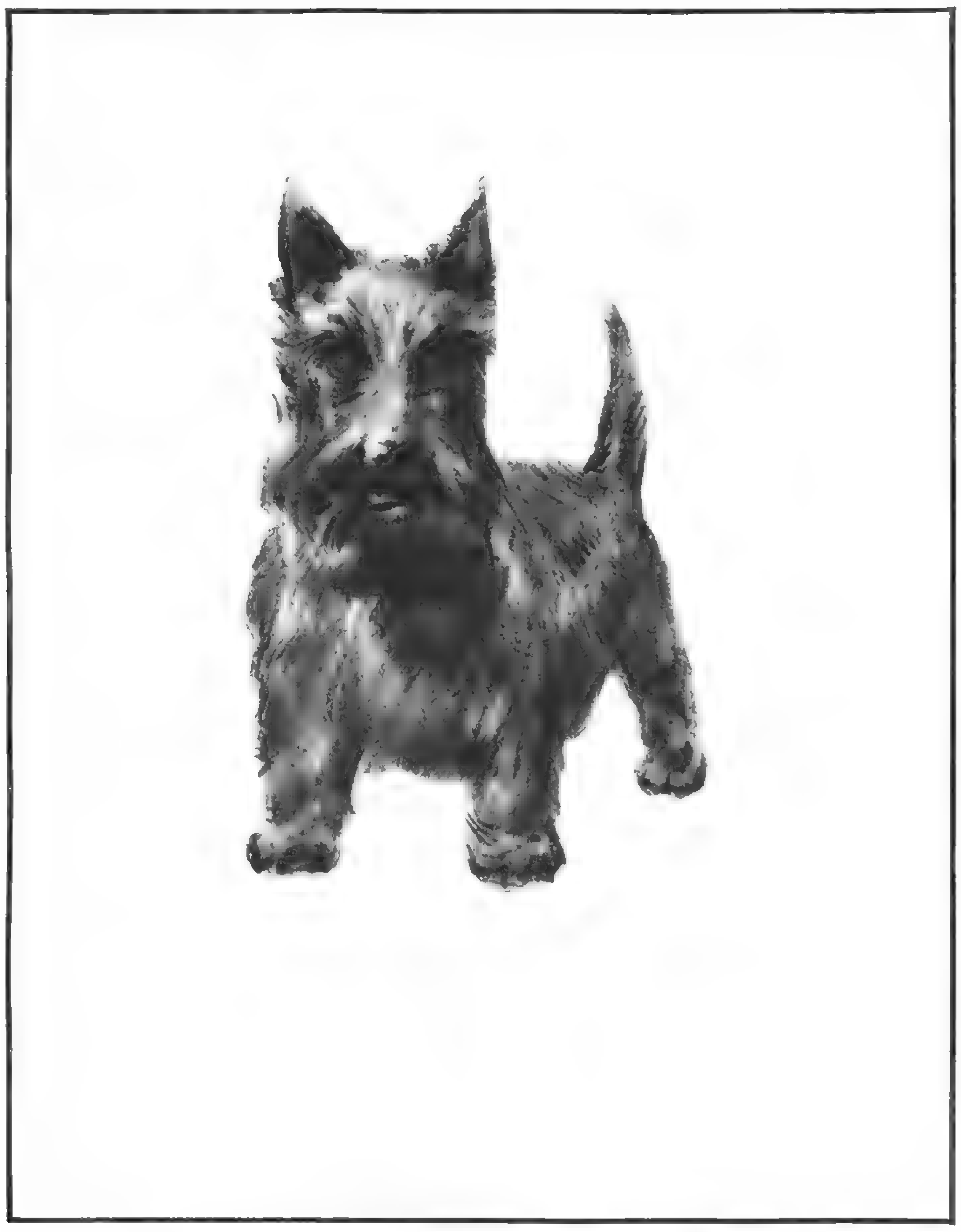
6—*Why, say, at ev'ry hydrant on the block*
Some mutt confides your faithlessness to me . . .



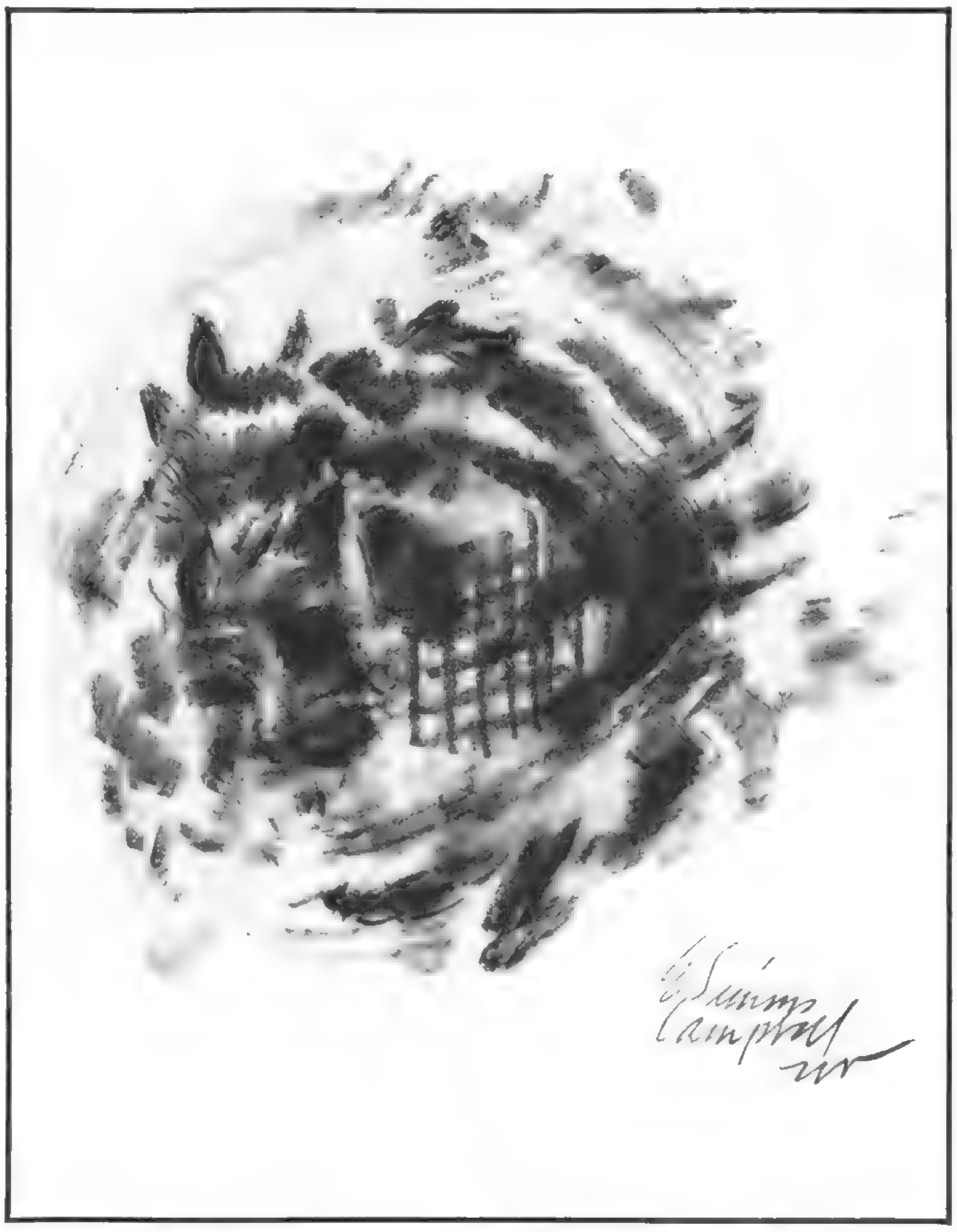
3–*Remember when I found that knuckle bone*
And looked for you to come and share it, too,



4–*Remember all the raptures we have known*
When you'd sneak out to keep a rendezvous?



7–*Now as a scrapper I've no cause for braggin'* . . .



8–*But keep it up and, Kid, I'll fix your waggin'!*

Esquire on the Record

Continued from page 101

manager, and porters, could only have happened then. He still wears his famous "stove-pipe" hat and gives you details about every town where it has appeared: the population, geography, industries, the size and lighting of its concert hall. He is interested to know what changes have taken place since his last visit . . . in the new buildings of Dallas, the park system of Chicago, the municipal government of Los Angeles.

No manager who booked him ever lost money. In certain Western and Southwestern states, audiences came by car hundreds of miles, and storms occasionally played havoc with the box office. When receipts of a concert were insufficient to cover his fee and expenses, Paderewski deducted the expenses from his pay.

On his first trip to the Pacific Coast, in the early nineties, a group of Stanford University students persuaded him to give a concert for their scholarship fund. Despite all efforts there was a deficit. After the concert, an embarrassed young man named Herbert Hoover came to thank the great pianist and somehow let slip the bad news. Paderewski at once wrote a check for $1000, and handed it to him. The sum was enough to cover the deficit and leave several hundred dollars for the scholarship fund. That same young student a quarter of a century later helped Paderewski in his great work of feeding thousands of starving Poles.

Paderewski's generosity is fabulous. For years he ordered all tramps fed, and gave each one a dollar. Long lines formed around his private car until his chef took things in his own hands and came out with a rolling-pin. His secretary tried to keep hard-luck stories away from him, but once was so amused by the plea of a man he turned away that he repeated it to "the boss." The guy wanted help in recovering a trained duck. He said a court judgment for fifty dollars had been entered against him, and because he could not pay it, the duck had been seized. He needed the fowl to earn his living, and he hoped the pianist would pay the judgment. Paderewski laughed, and then became serious.

"That poor man really needs his duck," he said. "Find him and give him fifty dollars." The secretary did, and a few days later the duck-owner met Paderewski on the street, stopped him, thanked him profusely and then said: "But you did not give me enough money. I paid the judgment, but now I need ten dollars more to buy feed for the duck." That was too much even for Paderewski.

"I won't finance a boarding house for ducks!" he snapped.

Today he is a poor man, yet he gives to all who ask. Nor will he accept favors or gifts from friends. He will not be under obligation. From funds available here, the Polish government offered to pay his expenses. He refused. He has always earned his money: three times in his life he has given his entire fortune for his country's cause.

Clemenceau is supposed to have said at the Paris Peace Conference in 1919; "Paderewski the pianist! Paderewski the Premier of Poland! My God, what a comedown."

Paderewski thinks otherwise. He puts his work for his country and for suffering humanity above his art. What he has done for modern Poland is not clearly understood. Not only did he give it birth, he succored and nurtured it through its infancy. When he, single-handed, persuaded President Wilson to make freedom for Poland one of his Fourteen Points, there was not only no Poland, there were three kinds of Poles—"Russian" Poles, "German" Poles, "Austrian" Poles—each with a different tongue, different codes of law, different systems of education, different cultures. Each was suspicious of the other. Paderewski alone united them, nobly, practically. He had the vision of the great nation of his forefathers, and he had the gift of ordered action and the power to lead others to see his vision and to act.

He had a greater gift: he could sacrifice himself. Recognition completed, his work of national unification launched, the huge and complicated engine of government set in motion, he voluntarily stepped down, as Phillips says, from the engineer's seat, moved aside, made way for others. He might have been the center of a controversy which would have divided his people.

In the light of the present world struggle, all this may seem unimportant—ancient history. It is too early to examine Paderewski's work as a statesman in the proper perspective. Obviously, however, there is in it the grandeur of classical tragedy, and the tale is not yet ended.

Tears filled the eyes of the servants at Riond-Bosson last September when the master left for the long motor trek to Lisbon. He was weak and frail . . . would the hazardous trip through unoccupied France, without food and proper rest, be more than he could stand? For him there was no question: Poland needed him. He became head of its government in exile. Through the narrow corridor around Lake Geneva to Grenoble, within a mile of German troops, his car sped, Polish flags flying. Across France to Nimes, Perpignon . . . with gasoline secured by personal permission of his long-time friend, Marshal Petain. Along the Mediterranean coast into Spain, through storm after storm, passing through Barcelona only to be stopped and held in Saragossa by order of the Gestapo. "For Mr. Paderewski's safety it is necessary that he return to Barcelona," the officials said. But he did not. Nazi newspapers announced over a Barcelona date line that the Polish president had decided to establish permanent residence there, where they expected to hold him, but the delay of Berlin's orders to the Spanish police and the active intervention of President Roosevelt secured him safe passage to Lisbon and New York.

Here, he at once called a congress of all Americans of Polish descent and announced to the press: "I could not stand it any more . . . The future of our civilization is at stake. Let us help Great Britain and save the world!"

Great as Paderewski was as a pianist, great as he is as a statesman, he is an even greater human being. The record of his kindness is unending—he lives to give. The week of February 15 to 22 has been set aside to honor him. We will hear his music and many spoken tributes. But in that larger sense of which Lincoln spoke, we cannot honor him. He, too, belongs to the ages.

* * *

Of Paderewski's records, the best are a coupling of Chopin's *Etude in G-sharp Minor*, op. 25, No. 6, and his own *Song of the Traveller*, Victor No. 917; Chopin's *Etude in A Minor*, op. 25, No. 11, and Liszt's *Etude de Concert in F Minor*, Victor No. 6438; Chopin's *Mazurkas in A-flat*, op. 59, No. 2, and *F-sharp Minor*, op. 59, No. 3, Victor No. 1027. It is interesting to compare his interpretations of the same pieces in his later electrical recordings. Best of these are Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata* (Album M-349), the Chopin *Mazurkas* on Victor's No. 1540, and the *Polonaise in E-flat Minor*, op. 26, No. 2. For the convenience of collectors here is a complete, hitherto unpublished Paderewski discography compiled by Stephen Fassett, of WQXR:

A PADEREWSKI DISCOGRAPHY

(All records are Victor)

ACOUSTIC RECORDINGS

1912 or thereabouts

88321 Minuet in G, Op. 14, No. 1 (Paderewski)
88322 Valse Brillante in A-flat, Op. 34, No. 1 (Chopin)
88357 Hark, Hark the Lark (Schubert-Liszt)
88401 La Campanella (Paganini-Liszt)
88402 Etude in F minor (Liszt)
88491 La Bandoline-Rondeau (Couperin)
88492 Carillon de Cythère (Couperin) (First listed in 1915 Victor Catalog.)
88494 Warum (Schumann)

In 1917 Victor announced the following made within "the past few months" by an improved method of recording. The eight titles listed above were withdrawn, though four of them are still listed by HIS MASTER'S VOICE and are

Orchestra Leaders' Choice

Asked for a selection of favorites from among their own recordings, these band leaders named the following discs:

ARTIE SHAW

Gloomy Sunday	Victor 26563
Frenesi	Victor 26542
Temptation	Victor 27230
Begin the Beguine	Bluebird 7746
Chantez Le Bas	Victor

MITCHELL AYRES

Row, Row, Row	Bluebird 10541
Playmates	Bluebird 10585
Two Dreams Met	Bluebird 10877
Make It Another Old-Fashioned, Please	Bluebird 10940
I'm Nuts About the Good Old Ooo S. A.!	Bluebird 10996

JOHNNY LONG

In a Shanty in Old Shanty Town	Decca 3409A
Louise	Decca 67533
Moonlight on the Ganges	Decca 67535
Looking at the World Through Rose Colored Glasses	Decca 67534
When I Take My Sugar to Tea	Decca 67532

DUKE ELLINGTON

Warm Valley; Flaming Sword	Victor 26796
Harlem Air Shaft; Sepia Panorama	Victor 26731
Jack the Bear; Morning Glory	Victor 26536
Cotton Tail; Never No Lament	Victor 26610
Blue Goose; Dusk	Victor 26677

SHEP FIELDS

South of the Border	Bluebird 10376
Boy Scout in Switzerland	Bluebird 10403
On the Beach at Bali-Bali	Bluebird 6417
When the Mush Begins to Rush Down Father's Vest	Bluebird 10889
Swampfire	Bluebird 6662

TONY PASTOR

Let's Do It	Bluebird B-10902
The World Without You	Bluebird B-10963
Dearest Darest I	Bluebird B-10915
You're Nearer	Bluebird B-10880
Let's Dream This One Out	Bluebird B-10938

LOU BREESE

Come to the Fair	Varsity 8265
Swampfire	Varsity 8265
Tennessee Fish Fry	Varsity 8326
A Latin Tune, a Manhattan Moon, and You	Varsity 8326
Little Firefly	Varsity 8332

AL DONAHUE

I Hear a Rhapsody	Okeh 5888
Accidentally on Purpose	Okeh 5858
Rout 23	Okeh 5660
Fools Rush In	Okeh 5519
Blue Jump	Okeh 5828

still available on special order.

64706 (914) Etude in G-flat Major. Op. 25, No. 9 (Chopin)
74529 (6233) Nocturne in F-sharp Major, Op. 15, No. 2 (Chopin)
74530 (6234) Polonaise Militaire, Op. 40, No. 1 (Chopin)
74533 (6232) Minuet in G, Op. 14, No. 1 (Paderewski)
74535 (6230) Cracovienne Fantastique, Op. 14, No. 6 (Paderewski)
74539 (6234) Waltz in C-sharp Minor, Op. 64, No. 2 (Chopin)
74545 (6234) Nocturne in F Major, Op. 15, No. 1 (Chopin)
74765 (6232) Nocturne in B-flat, Op. 16, No. 4 (Paderewski)
74777 (6241) The Maiden's Wish, Chant Polonaise, Op. 74, No. 1 (Chopin-Liszt)

In 1924 came the first double-faced Victor Red Seal records. Many previously issued records were "doubled" and given new numbers in the 900 and 1000 series (ten-inch) and in the 6000 series (12-inch). Aside from these, the new catalogue contained:

914 (66150) Spinning Song (Mendelssohn)
917 Etude in G-sharp Minor, Op. 25, No. 6 (Chopin)
Song of the Traveller, Op. 8 (Paderewski)
6231 (74788) Hungarian Rhapsody No. 10 (Liszt)
6235 Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2 (Liszt)
6428 Berceuse, Op. 57 (Chopin)
My Joys, Chant Polonaise, Op. 74, No. 5 (Chopin)

In 1925 were added:

6438 Etude de Concert in F Minor (Liszt)
Etude in A Minor, Op. 25, No. 11 (Chopin)
6448 Etude in C-sharp Minor, Op. 25, No. 7 (Chopin)
Mazurka in A Minor, Op. 17, No. 4 (Chopin)
6470 Funeral March, Op. 25 (Chopin)
Hark, Hark the Lark (Schubert-Liszt)
1027 Mazurka in A-flat, Op. 59, No. 2 (Chopin)
Mazurka in F-sharp Minor, Op. 59, No. 3 (Chopin)

In 1928 were added:

6482 Impromptu in B-flat Major, Op. 142, No. 3 (Schubert)
6538 Reflections in the Water (Debussy) (DB833)
The Flying Dutchman — Spinning Chorus (Wagner-Liszt)

Aside from the above, there are the following which were never issued in this country and which are listed in the current HIS MASTER'S VOICE catalog. These may be ordered from The Gramophone Co. Ltd. of England through any RCA-Victor dealer.

DB376 Aufschwung (Schumann)
DB601 Des Abends (Schumann)
DB649 Etudes No. 1 and 2, Op. 25 (Chopin)
Hunting Song, Op. 19, No. 3 (Mendelssohn)
DB662 Etude in E Major, Op. 10, No. 3 (Chopin)
DB664 Etude in C Minor, Op. 10, No. 12; Etude in C Major, Op. 10, No. 7 (Chopin)

ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

The 1928 Victor catalog

6628 Etude in E Major, Op. 26, No. 3 (Chopin)
Impromptu in A-flat, Op. 142, No. 2 (Schubert)
6633 Reflections in the Water (Debussy)
Chant d'Amour, Op. 26, No. 3 (Stokowski)
669 Minuet in G, Op. 14, No. 1 (Paderewski)
Adagio sostenuto from "Moonlight Sonata," Op. 27, No. 2 (Beethoven)
6700 Nocturne à Raguze, in 2 parts (Ernest Schelling)

In 1929 were added:

6825 La Campanella (Paganini-Liszt)
Nocturne in F-sharp Major, Op. 15, No. 2 (Chopin)
6847 Prelude in A-flat Major, Op. 27, No. 17 (Chopin)
Prelude in D-flat, Op. 28, No. 15 (Chopin)

In 1930 were added:

1387 Etude in C Minor, Op. 10, No. 12 (Chopin)
Etude in G-flat major, Op. 10, No. 5 (Chopin)
1426 Prophet Bird, Op. 82, No. 7 (Schumann)
By the Brookside (Stojowski)
6877 Valse Brillante (Chopin)
Valse Caprice (Rubenstein)

Victor issued no catalogs in 1931, 1932. When the 1933 catalog appeared the few remaining acoustic recordings had been dropped.

In 1933 were added:

1499 Minstrels (Debussy)
The Wind in the Plain (Debussy)
1531 Dancing Virgins of Delphi (Debussy)
Veils (Debussy)
1541 Mazurka in A-flat Major, Op. 59, No. 2 (Chopin)
Mazurka in D-flat Major, Op. 33, No. 2 (Chopin)
1541 The Flying Dutchman—Spinning Chorus (Wagner-Liszt)
7391 Polonaise in E-flat Minor, Op. 26, No. 2 (Chopin)
7416 Mazurka in C-sharp Minor, Op. 63, No. 3 (Chopin)
Nocturne in E-flat Major, Op. 9, No. 2 (Chopin)

In 1934 was added:

7508 Moment Musicale in A-flat Major, Op. 94, No. 2 (Schubert)

In 1936 was added:

7324 Tristan und Isolde—Prelude (Wagner-Schelling)

In 1938:

M-349 (14372-73) Sonata in C-sharp Minor, Op. 27, No. 2 Moonlight (Beethoven)
Minuet in G, Op. 14, No. 1 (Paderewski)
14727 Theme and Variations in F Minor (Haydn)

In 1939:

14974 Polonaise in A-flat Major, Op. 53 (Chopin)
15421 Rondo in A Minor (K 511) (Mozart)

The only major composition of Paderewski that has been recorded is his *Piano Concerto in A Minor*, played by Jesus Maria Sanroma and the Boston Pops Orchestra (M-614).

* * *

Best current Columbia recordings are Frederick Stock conducting the Chicago Symphony in the Brahms *Third* . . . Dmitri Mitropoulos conducting the Minneapolis Orchestra in Mahler's *First* . . . and Artur Rodzinski directing the Cleveland Orchestra in Strauss's *Ein Heldenleben.*

YOU CAN HELP!

More than 750,000,000 phonograph needles sold in the United States last year can be rescued from the ashcans, sold as fine scrap-steel for American defense and turned over as cash for aid to Britain, if you will send your worn-out needles to Barry Wood, CBS, New York. Even if only a fraction of the $1,500,000 of fine needle-steel are salvaged, their sale will make possible Bundles for Britain donations for war cots and medicinal equipment. Steel companies have agreed to take all the needles Barry Wood gets. ⧺

Esquire on the Record

BEST SELLERS

Permanent	*Transient*
RCA Victor, Camden, New Jersey	
Concerto in D Major (Beethoven); Jascha Heifetz, Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-705	*Down Argentina Way; You're Nearer;* Leo Reisman. Victor 26765
Schelomo—Hebrew Rhapsody for Cello and Orchestra—(Bloch); Emanuel Feuermann with Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor M-698	*We Three; Tell Me at Midnight;* Tommy Dorsey. Victor 26747
Rondo—"Haffner" Serenade in D Major—(Mozart-Kreisler); Fritz Kreisler. Victor 17220	*Special Delivery Stomp; Keepin' Myself for You;* Artie Shaw and his Gramercy 5— Victor 26762
Symphony No. 3, in A Minor (Rachmaninoff); Sergei Rachmaninoff and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor M-712	*God Bless America; The Star Spangled Banner;* Kate Smith. Victor 26198
Symphony No. 5 in C Minor (Beethoven); Arturo Toscanini and NBC Symphony Orchestra Victor M-640	*Moon Over Burma; Down Argentina Way;* Shep Fields. Bluebird B-10886
	Pompton Turnpike; I Don't Want to Cry Any More; Charlie Barnet. Bluebird B-10825
Liberty Music Shop, Palm Beach, Florida	
Scheherazade (Rimsky-Korsakov); Artur Rodzinski and Cleveland Symphony Orchestra. Columbia M-398	*"Panama Hattie" Piano Medley* (Cole Porter); Cy Walters. Liberty L-308
Symphony No. 5 in E Minor (Anton Dvorak); Leopold Stokowski and the All-American Youth Orchestra. Columbia M-416	*Isn't That Just Like Love; Do You Know Why;* Tommy Dorsey. Victor 26798
Carmen Suite (Bizet); Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia X-144	*Adios; Calientio;* Enric Madriguera. Columbia 35712
Cinderella; By the Sleepy Lagoon; Eric Coates and the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia M-7336	*There I Go; Scrub Me Mamma;* Will Bradley. Columbia 35745
	Five O'Clock Whistle; Shadows on the Sand; Glenn Miller. Victor B-10900
Clark Music Company, Syracuse, New York	
Tales from the Vienna Woods; Blue Danube Waltz (Johann Strauss); Leopold Stokowski and Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor 15425	*Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square; Goodby Little Darlin', Goodby;* Glenn Miller. Bluebird 10931
Symphony No. 7 in A Major (Beethoven); Arturo Toscanini and New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-317	*I'll Get By; Ferryboat Serenade;* King Sisters with Alvino Rey. Bluebird 10856
Roumanian Rhapsody No. 1 in A Major (Enesco); Eugene Ormandy and Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Victor 1701-1702	*I'd Know You Anywhere; You've Got Me This Way;* Tommy Dorsey. Victor 26770
Concerto No. 1 in B-flat Minor (Tschaikowsky); Artur Rubinstein with John Barbirolli and London Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-180	*Drummer Boy; Looking for Yesterday;* Gene Krupa. Okeh 5747
Italians in Algeria (Rossini); Arturo Toscanini and New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra. Victor 14161	*I Could Make You Care; If I Had You;* Jack Leonard. Okeh 5777
	Gloomy Sunday; Don't Fall Asleep; Artie Shaw. Victor 26563
	John Silver; That Feeling is Gone; Jimmy Dorsey. Decca 1860
American Music Company, Los Angeles, California	
The Music of Johann Strauss; Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor M-262	*The One I Love Belongs to Somebody Else; And So Do I;* Tommy Dorsey. Victor 26660
Scheherazade (Rimsky-Korsakov); Artur Rodzinski and the Cleveland Orchestra. Columbia M-398	*Frenesi; Adios Mariquita Linda;* Artie Shaw. Victor 26542
Concerto No. 1 in B-flat Minor (Tschaikowsky); Artur Rubinstein and the London Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-180	*Celery Stalks at Midnight; Down the Road a Piece;* Will Bradley. Columbia 35707
The Heart of the Symphony; Charles O'Connell and the Victor Symphony Orchestra. Victor G-15	*You Made Me Love You; Do You Ever Think of Me?;* Bing Crosby. Decca 3423
Concerto in A Minor; (Grieg); Walter Gieseking and the Berlin State Opera House Orchestra. Columbia M-313	*You Forgot About Me; Gone But Not Forgotten;* Bing Crosby. Decca 3417
	Shadows on the Sand; Five O'Clock Whistle; Glenn Miller. Bluebird 10900

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 82

to return to our subject and to repeat, is suggestive of the theatre of that happily passed day when it was the custom of the cheaper plays to employ scrim cutouts in the backdrop to illustrate for the less imaginative customers the action inherent in certain of the passages of dialogue spoken by the actors. It is also suggestive of the elaborate mechanical contrivances used in the old 10-20-30 melodramas to visualize for the even less imaginative what they couldn't picture to themselves from the built-up dialogue excitement. And it is even more suggestive of the absurd and childish practices of the late David Belasco, who believed that imagination was non-existent in even the most cultivated audience and who, to persuade it that a real dinner was being served on the stage, smelled up the auditorium with the odors of lamb chops, French fried potatoes, and Camembert cheese.

Disney is apparently still of the aesthetic period when so-called realism, with its bogus appeal to the eye over an appeal to the imagination, bastardized the drama—the period when scenery was substituted for fancy-evocative writing, when long explanations of the plot were printed in the programs, and when real coffee was painstakingly brewed on the stage and its aroma laboriously wafted over the footlights lest audiences be not properly aware that it was coffee. And he is further apparently of the artistic conviction—and will doubtless attest to the fact when he duly gets around to it—that some such passage of Shakespeare's as, say, Ariel's in *The Tempest* is not sufficient unto its imaginative self and should be assisted with prettily colored screen drawings showing Ariel lit up with a fiery red light on the topmast of the king's ship or running frantically around the decks, and Ferdinand, his hair humorously standing on end, taking a high dive into the briny, to say nothing of Donald Duck swimming around in the waters below, the while Mickey Mouse makes droll noises on the poop deck.

II

That's enough, in fact altogether too much, about what thoughts music, according to Disney, inspires in us. So now I'll turn to what thoughts certain of the theatrical exhibits distilled in specific me.

First, the Helen Hayes-Maurice Evans presentation of *Twelfth Night.* While both the Hayes Viola and, especially, the Evans Malvolio are highly meritorious and while the revival as a whole may be put down in general as satisfactory enough, it is my thought that Margaret Webster, who staged it and who did so admirably with Evans' earlier Shakespearean revivals, here periodically has missed a little too much of the prankish essence and spirit of the play. There are moments, particularly in the scenes involving Sir Toby, when she handles both the characters and the action with an almost Methodist sobriety, and there are some others when an all-vital forthright lightness of touch is replaced by that touch in woolen mittens. When Miss Hayes and Evans are on the stage, things are usually better, for she seems to have centered her directorial attention chiefly upon them at the expense of some of the other players, much as football coaches at Michigan and Pennsylvania centered theirs on Harmon and Reagan, which under the circumstances and of necessity in both cases isn't and wasn't such a bad idea. But when these two capital actors are not in view to sustain the proceedings with their own personal competences, the rest of the acting team, gifted with no such independent resources, is occasionally a bit lost and at odds with both itself and the play's perky movement.

In a lengthy article addressed to the Bard and published in the *New York Times*, Miss Webster, I think, betrays her shortcomings in the proper appreciation of Shakespearean comedy. More, she betrays a surprising deficiency in both her reading of *Twelfth Night* and in the matter of humorous equipment. I quote her:

"Editors have been consistently puzzled, and for many pages at a time, over Malvolio's These be her C's, her U's and her T's, and thus makes she her great P's, since none of these letters appears in the superscription he has been reading. But then your own Sir Andrew, listening to it, is equally puzzled, and says so. 'Her C's, her U's and her T's? Why that?' he asks. Nobody's ever answered him."

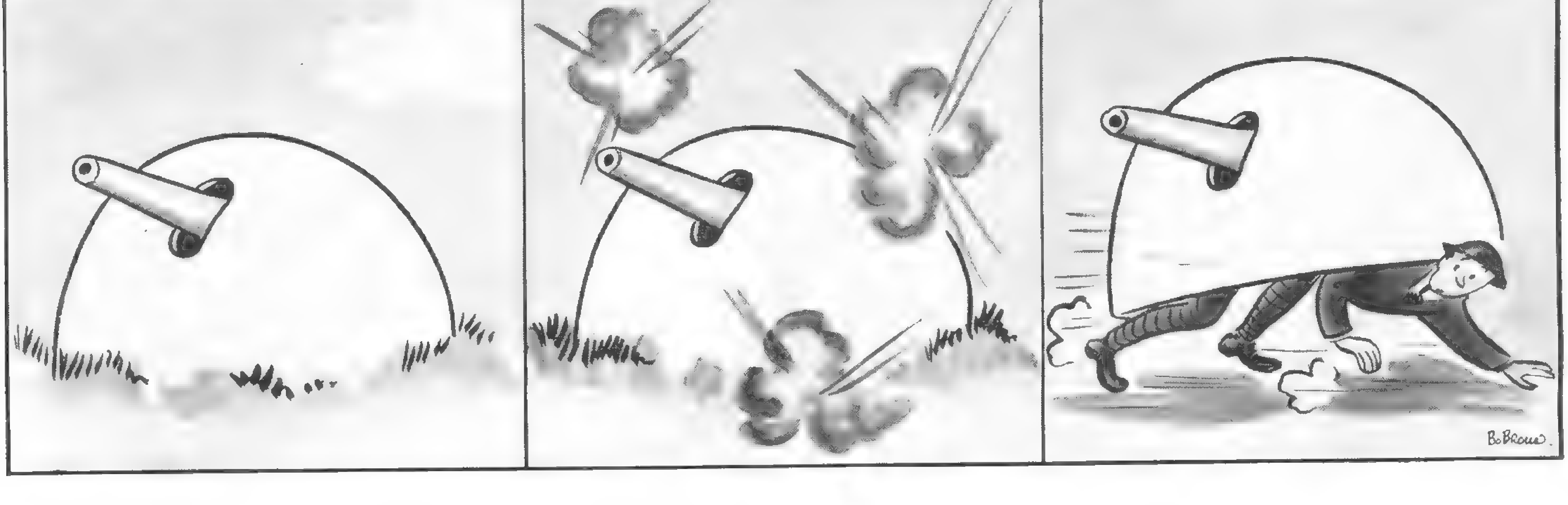
Well, Margaret, I'll answer him. Also those puzzled editors you mention and your charming self. In the first place, the letter forged by Maria is a brief one and Malvolio, after a passing glance at the superscription, has ample time rapidly to scan it—as any other man in the surprised situation would quickly do — the while Fabian and Sir Toby speak their lines. His cursory glance reveals in the very beginning of the letter at least four C's, five U's (one in the superscription itself), ten T's, and, anyway, one P. That he has scanned at least that first portion of the letter containing these letters is made perfectly plain by his spoken reference to "the impression of her Lucrece" before he reads the "like a Lucrece knife" from the letter itself to Fabian and Toby. And so on.

But all this is too punditical, and just a little gratuitous. The whole business, as Miss Webster and those editors should know, is just another of Shakespeare's more or less arbitrarily and daringly incorporated low jests, of which he was so fond. If Miss Webster and the editors she speaks of wish a further substantiating and fairly analogous example, I refer them to the scene between Katharine and Alice in *King Henry V.* And there are others. But I haven't room to detail them here, so I refer Miss W. to a book on the subject which I recently finished and which will be published next year. It's pleasant to anticipate that it may sell at least one copy.

III

Thought No. 2 fertilized in your servant by the season's productions is the poverty of many of our playwrights' humorous invention. Even the customarily hilarious George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart have lately shown a falling off. Consider their *George Washington Slept Here,* which I mentioned in these pages last month. The best they can do in the way of humor about their hero who with great patriotic pride buys a countryside house in which Washington is reported to have slept is to dismay him with the news that it wasn't Washington but Benedict Arnold. That is O.K. for a momentary chuckle, but might not the authors have brewed a laugh with rich potentialities for dramatic development by allowing that it was George who slept there all right but that someone else slept there with him and that that someone—as would be amply justified by the copious personal and historical record—was a lady of color?

The humorous invention of the writers of the plays about Hollywood, of which this season we have suffered an extra-awful dose, is approximately nil. The best they in turn seem to be able to negotiate is to recaricature Sam Goldwyn, re-merchant the wheeze about the high-priced scenario writer who can't get anyone around the studio to read the script which has been bought from him, and to show a film actor in his underdrawers. Might not they just once give us a movie executive (and there are several) who speaks straight English, who discourses scholastically on the cinema, who mingles with polite society, and who is twice funnier than Sam Goldwyn ever was? Might not they just once give us a movie actress (and there are a number of them) who isn't an amalgam of Little Red Riding Hood and Polly Adler but one who goes in for a puritanical sobriety, who reads Dostoievski, who gives out pious interviews on the sacredness of marriage, her overwhelming wish for ten children and her favorite recipe for angel food cake, and who is three times funnier than the other type ever was? And might not they just once give us a scenario writer or a male movie star (and there are a



lot of them) who, without any overlay of humor whatsoever and without any strain to make him comical, would in his own natural person be such a sufficiently pathetic clown as would bring tears of envy to the eyes of Trinculo, Gobbo, Speed, Bottom, Froth, Costard, Touchstone, Feste, the two Dromios, and the two Gravediggers in convention assembled?

IV

Thought No. 4 permeated your hired professor's cranium during a view of an evanescent little handcheese called *Horse Fever*. It was to the effect that you can no longer, as George Abbott for some time successfully did, persuade an audience to accept a veronal tablet as something especially stimulating by serving it as if it were cocaine. The old business of directing a play that has little more life than a Ptolemaic mummy or a novel by Mrs. Alex McVeigh Miller as if it were the Westinghouse Electric Co. in full operation no longer fools anyone, and only adds a doubled patina of boredom. If a play is in itself lively, such lively direction is all right but, if it isn't, all the epileptiform directorial technique from here to hellandgone won't do it much good. The day when Abbott and his imitators were prosperous in getting away with an impression of galvanic stage vitality by having actors read lines like "I'm so drowsy I could curl right up here by the fire and snooze for two years" as if they were written "I'msodrowsyicouldcurlrightupherebythefireand snoozefortwoyears," the meanwhile violently rocking the rocking-chair as if it were entered in the Poughkeepsie races, is flooie.

V

A fifth cerebration infected your beloved in the case of the Emlyn Williams play, *The Corn Is Green*. It had to do with the matter of criticism by comparison, that often dubious and dangerous dido. Largely because no play of even the remotest, faintest quality had appeared on the scene before it, all the reviewers were knocked off their feet by its relative virtues and hailed it, at its best a so-so attempt at semi-autobiographical drama, as everything from "a fine and forthright piece of writing . . . a tale of great point, meaning and quiet dramatic power" (Watts, *Herald Tribune*) to "a remarkable drama . . . the theatre has been restored to its high estate" (Atkinson, *Times*). It isn't that one can't understand and sympathize with any reviewer who was forced to sit through the unspeakable rubbish that inaugurated the present season and then came suddenly upon a play that at least made a stab at quality. I know how it is myself from personal experience. But it is hardly fair to the rest of aspiring drama and certainly not to the craft of criticism to allow one's momentary relief to persuade one to over-eulogize something that, under other circumstances, would be more strictly pondered and more rationally and coolly assayed.

If, instead of having been preceded seriatim by such utter junk as *Suzanna and the Elders*, *Return Engagement*, *Beverly Hills*, *Quiet Please*, *Glamour Preferred* and *Horse Fever*, this *The Corn Is Green* had instead been directly preceded by, say, the then new O'Neill's *Mourning Becomes Electra*, O'Casey's *The Plough and the Stars*, Carroll's *The White Steed*, Shaw's *St. Joan*, Denis Johnston's *The Moon In the Yellow River* and Galsworthy's *Strife* (fetch another pipeful, Chang!), is it at all likely that the reviewers who whooped it up as a remarkably fine play would not clearly have seen it for just what it was and is, which is to say a sincere and consoling but in the aggregate only middling dramatic exploration of the familiar theme of the Galatea who platonically or otherwise carves out the future of a young Pygmalion? I have enough respect for them, surely, to think they would have.

It isn't that there are not some good points to the play. Several of its minor characters are well and amusingly drawn, and several of the emotional passages are handled with a nice restraint. Also, the author avoids, and fairly consistently, the pitfall of sentimentality inherent in his fable. It is rather that, being an actor, a young actor, and a popular London actor, his writing periodically gives off the impression of a makeup box too near the inkwell. It doubtless affects other people differently, but when, for instance, his middle-aged school-teacher heroine, presented as an intelligently critical woman, reads aloud with profound awe and with periodic rapt stares into space a composition by his young, illiterate coal-miner that wouldn't get past the third assistant editor of *True Confessions*, I cough politely behind my hand. Again, when in the brief period of two years this complete illiterate has advanced to the point where—in addition to having mastered many of the subjects normally mastered by an intelligent boy only after eight years in so-called grammar schools and four years in prep—he is fully up on Greek, Voltaire, and the higher polysyllables, to say nothing of being able to assimilate the entire history of Henry the Eighth from a moment's perusal of a sheet of paper, and where he is then successful in getting an Oxford scholarship over many long and carefully trained aristocratic rivals—when I engage all this, I politely cough twice behind my hand.

And I make it three coughs when I am invited to regard as a remarkable and vitally fresh play one in which this genius' career is threatened because of an impromptu baby, in which the mama comes on at the critical moment to blackmail him, in which an irascible squire is wheedled into doing her will by the quasi-Charley's Aunt coquetries of the school mistress heroine, in which the hussy seduces the hero by letting him get a whiff of her perfume, in which the comical assistant school-teacher when asked a question she can't answer, nervously and elaborately changes the subject, in which the school children sing sweet songs, in which local color is achieved by periodically introducing a boy who utters a Welsh mouthful of l's and w's, and in which the spinster heroine, to protect the young hero, adopts as her own the latter's illegitimate babe.

But maybe it's Ethel Barrymore's performance that has fooled the reviewers. It's Ethel Barrymore's performance that two times out of three does.

VI

Thought No. 6. Let's hope for happier thoughts next month. #

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 94

buy his recent recording of the *Third Symphony*. Stock is catholic in taste, has done more contemporary Russian, French, and American music than any other conductor except, perhaps, Koussevitzky. Today he remains the last bulwark on this continent of the great romantic nineteenth century German tradition.

Stories about him are mild, pleasant. Playing golf last summer he couldn't hit the ball and shook his head despondently. "You know, boss," said his caddy sympathetically, "the only trouble with you is you haven't got rhythm." Once when a mother was taking a howling child from the hall during a concert, he said: "Lady, don't take the baby out, he isn't annoying me." The mother replied: "He ain't, ain't he? Well you're annoying him."

Another occasion when a prima donna was singing, a young boy's voice rang out: "Mama, why is he shaking his stick at that lady?" Mamma replied that he wasn't shaking it at her. "Then what is she hollerin for?" the boy yelled.

Doctor Stock hates coughers, frequently lectures them: "It would be all right," he says, "if they would only cough in the right spots. There are places where the score is particularly tricky and we'd love to have them all cough. But they never do then; they always pick out the soft passages. I've often considered installing a set of cough signals. Red light—please don't cough here. Blue light—please cough as loud as you can, we might make a mistake." Coughs according to him, are a gauge of the success of a program. "In a melodrama," he says, "no one ever coughs during hair-raising scenes. That's because they are interested in what's going on. It's the same at a concert." Philosophical, easy-going, he takes everything—coughs and all—as they come. Last winter during a pause in his opening number a small voice sounded across the hall: "Hello, Grandpa!" He turned to the audience and said in an aside: "That's my grandson."

Lately, he has been in excellent spirits. The Golden Jubilee season and the tour stimulated interest within and without his institution. Audiences have been larger and more responsive. The future looks bright for the Middle West's No. 1 artistic institution.

* * *

Chicago critics often speak of a local inferiority-complex, a belief among many citizens that resident organizations belong to a lower order of things than those of eastern cities. This, if it exists, is unfortunate. The largest city does not always have the best music-makers. For decades, Leipzig's *Gewandhaus* stood above Berlin's Philharmonic. Today, the Boston Symphony gives better performances than New York's Philharmonic-Symphony or the Philadelphia Orchestra. I have heard better opera in San Francisco than in New York.

Chicago should have a more important place in the world of music. It requires only intelligence, taste, and money. Fortunately, opera there is on the up. It could hardly go down. Since Insull's collapse, Chicago indulged itself in a series of scratch performances the like of which would not be tolerated this side of Afghanistan. Not only did singers buy their roles; those who were paid arrived from the local airport as the curtain was going up. Rehearsals were unknown and sopranos, often not in the same measure with the tenors, bumped into the orchestra only by accident. In any self-respecting community this would constitute a public scandal. In Italy, it would mean revolution; but then Italians, as all the world knows, care more for opera than they do for their army.

This winter, thanks to the Henry Webers—he, the conductor and she, Marion Claire of operetta fame—Colonel Robert R. McCormick and his self-styled World's Greatest Newspaper *The Chicago Tribune* discovered opera. They broadcast it, subscribed to it, ballyhooed it from boxes, bleachers, and pit, put it in color, rotogravure, and billboard. Those most to be pitied, it seemed to me, were the unfortunate singers, players, and conductors, suddenly called upon to make the public hear the wonders the *Tribune* described.

They did their best, I am certain. But that best was seldom inspired or even routine. Of the performances I heard, only *Salome* came off. Artur Rodzinski demanded and used an augmented orchestra, integrated and well-rehearsed. Rosa Pauly (substituting for Marjorie Lawrence) made the monologue to the head of the dead Jokanaan such a masterpiece of repellant fascination that Thanks-

Continued at top of page 110

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from pages 94-109

giving dinners began to be uncomfortable.

Don Giovanni is not a fair test, as it cannot be properly sung today on any stage. Nothing but the finest execution—beautiful, expressive and meaningful—will do, and the worst of it is, Mozart's phrases are so perfectly clear that a singer is found out the moment she swerves a hair's breadth from perfection. The women in this cast had difficulty negotiating their arias. Only Tito Schipa knew the style and Ezio Pinza was himself, notwithstanding a conductor who insisted on his being an entirely different self.

Rigoletto and *Traviata*—a triumph for Novotna, whose charm gets her farther than her voice—introduced Alexander Sved, a thick-throated Hungarian who sings his roles straight without oomph. *Falstaff* in English was a burlesque with incidental music. I was not surprised to hear an otherwise cultured lady telling Montemezzi: "Much as we admire the Italians' art, we must forgive them Verdi." She had not heard Verdi. Had she been present at Toscanini's performance of the *Requiem* the next night in Carnegie Hall, she would have known better.

Fritz Reiner conducted *Der Rosenkavalier*, expertly, I will wager, and Italo Montemezzi labored valiantly for *L'Amore dei Tre Re*. An imp informed me that Grace Moore, as the heroine, was at her very best in the third act. She is choked at the end of the second. I did not see the Swing ballet nor hear John Charles Thomas sing *Home on the Range* as an epilogue to the Death Scene of *Aïda*. Business men's night when no one in dress clothes was admitted—should be universally adopted. The spirit of the company and the chorus, in particular, was good. The orchestra was not always thoroughly obsessed with every melody and every accent in the scores, but it had improved. Henry Weber has a talent for working with people; he needs it. It would be easier to take over Hitler's job than that of General Music Director of the Chicago Opera Company. The vocalists were, in general, carefully selected. If he were as lucky in his stage managers and his conductors and if he could give them as much money as the singers, the productions would improve.

When the day comes, and it is surely coming, that opera singers at $100 or less a week will be more competent in every way than those who now get $1000 to $3000 a performance, plenty of small cities will think of starting an opera company. When rehearsals are possible and a Toscanini can demonstrate the effect of the old tunes and inspiring rum-tum, the lower classes which only now are being lifted into the august regions of dramatic music by mediocre Saturday afternoon broadcasts will know what opera can mean.

For all practical purposes, operas should be sung by members of a single company and not by falling "stars." All musical masterpieces should be rehearsed up to that point of perfection which Koussevitzky has obtained for the symphonic repertoire, and this should be insisted on whether the work in hand is a trifle like *Lucia*, requiring two or three days' attention, or *Falstaff*, requiring four years.

I say this with deep feeling and full knowledge of the cost. It is time to call a halt. If there is anything of which we have had enough, it is our no-rehearsal system under which the best singers in the world with the best players and the best instruments turn out productions that mean precisely nothing. If private enterprise is, as it seems to be, unable to carry on such a work, you and I will have to join together to make Congress and town council and city-manager aware that opera houses are as legitimate a public institution as Art Institutes, parks, and libraries.

What the Chicago Opera needs is Arturo Toscanini, Bruno Walter, Fritz Reiner, Artur Rodzinski, each producing two operas and repeating them three of four times in a season. This would immediately establish the city as a world center of musical culture and give Colonel McCormick what he probably thinks he has already: opera worthy of broadcast.

"There isn't money. Who will pay the bill? Etc., etc." It is the old excuse: the richest nation on the globe, able to build skyscrapers, suspension bridges, public park systems, etc., cannot afford a single performance of opera conducted by the world's greatest maestro, who sits in Riverdale, New York, twiddling his thumbs.

Yes, there is improvement in Chicago. But by the time the average performance there merits my attention, at the present rate of progress, I shall be celebrating my hundred and fortieth birthday.

A Lady to the Last

Continued from page 58

this. They are not supposed to know; otherwise we'd have no results from the drill. They are going to leap half-naked from their berths. But don't you pay any attention to the sirens! It will be just play. Stay in your bed as if nothing had happened. You might catch cold in the damp dawn, waiting around your lifeboat..."

"...And besides they would see me with the yellow night cream on my face, with the rubber bandage on my ankles!"—the lady thought, frightened. She stroked the hair of the blushing boy. "Thanks for the warning, Johnny!" she said warmly, as if she were thanking him for a bouquet of flowers.

And just as she had sworn, she said nothing about the secret to anybody. Only, a few hours later, she informed the captain, who was smoking his cigar in the salon. She was unable to keep her secret. She had to brag about it. "A little birdie told me ... "—she chirped pleasantly.

The captain grinned mischievously, but inwardly he was swearing enraged. He knew damn well who the little birdie was. And he made up his mind right on the spot that he was going to have the little officer fired as mercilessly as if he had never worn the blue coat with the gold-braided cuffs.

After all this, the lady retired to her suite. She rang up the old stewardess, who was sleeping in her bunk, dead tired after a day's hard work, and ordered her to prepare the bath. Finally she went to bed and fell asleep at once, because even before she took her bath, she had swallowed two sleeping tablets. As a matter of fact, she was not a bad sleeper, but she was so impatient that she couldn't wait even a half-hour for natural sleep to descend upon her lashes.

She slept deeply and deafly. Then, all of a sudden, it was as if some faraway, dull thud had beaten against her eardrums, like the last accord of a gigantic thunderstorm. Was she still dreaming? She was not. She heard the sirens wailing; the sharp sound vibrated through the tepid air of the bedroom. And in its wake at once inarticulate shouting and the muffled noise of running feet.

"It's six o'clock!"—the lady thought, regaining consciousness for a minute. She yawned, stretched her arms, and smiled conceitedly. She was enjoying the glory of being on the inside. How nice it was to have such a pull on this boat! She had known all along that this was going to happen. The sirens could go on screaming, as far as she was concerned. She didn't have to get out of her warm bed, put on that filthy life belt, crowd in that scared, smelly mob on the deck. She was "in" on this. She was a queen on this boat.

She pulled the cover over her ears, because the noise was bothering her. And she fell asleep anew, yielding her relaxed body to the warmth of the downy quilt.

But she had strange dreams. As if the bed were standing askew. Awakening quickly, she had to grab the railing to keep herself from falling to the floor. Because the bed *was* standing askew. And, together with the bed, the whole suite was standing askew. The furniture had swung out of place. The doors were hanging limp in their hinges. A cold wind was blowing through the room, and filthy water began to stream over the rugs.

Much can be compressed into a second. As her first reflex, the lady angrily pressed the stewardess's button. Where was she now, just when she was supposed to assist her mistress? And in the same second she leaped out of the bed. The cold water came up to her bare knees. It awakened her entirely. From the elegant A Deck, where she had her suite, it took her only a minute to climb up to the first-class promenade deck.

There she could see exactly what had happened. Only a very small part of the boat was still above the water. With the impotent gravity of abandoned matter, groaning, crackling, rattling, hissing, smoking, the ship was sinking to the depths. And all around, the silent, limitless, smooth surface, gleaming with the silver of the moon, was full of the faraway nutshells of fleeing lifeboats.

"What is this? Are they going to leave me here?" the lady shouted, angry and insulted. She was not accustomed to being in trouble. Even now, she could hardly believe that she was in serious danger, although nobody could have helped her anymore; at the most, only a chivalrous fish. The stupid face of the little officer flashed through her mind. Why had he lied to her? Standing in the filthy, cold water up to her navel, there were sexual reflexes mingling with the fear of death in her consciousness.

The little officer had not lied. He had told the truth. The captain had been planning an unannounced lifeboat drill for six o'clock in the morning. But now it wasn't six o'clock. Only quarter of three. Around two o'clock in the morning the boat hit a floating mine. No one could time that in advance.

Everybody escaped. All the babies in their diapers, the mothers, the fathers, all the unfortunates. The lady would have been amazed if she had seen the launching of the lifeboats. She probably could not have understood where the sex appeal of the disheveled, ragged women lay, that their men fought for them and for their children like tigers.

And, in addition to the passengers, the whole crew was saved. The officers, the sailors, the waiters, the stewards, the stewardesses, the cooks, all the way down to the smallest bellhop. Finally, not even the captain considered it beneath his dignity to get into the last lifeboat.

Only the very attractive lady was left on the sinking ship. She did not come up on deck when the signal was given; nobody thought of going to her suite to get her. Because in great disasters people remember only those whom they love even more than themselves.

Nordfeldt: Little Swede in Art

Continued from page 96

attention of one of his teachers, Albert Herter, a New York artist, whose assistant Nordfeldt soon became. On the eve of the World's Fair in Paris, Herter received several mural commissions in connection with various exhibits, including those of the U. S. government and the McCormick Harvester Company. When Herter left for New York to work on the murals, Nordfeldt accompanied him as full-fledged assistant.

He prospered. Mural painting in those days must have been a more profitable profession, or trade, for more artists, and without government subsidy, than it happens to be today, in spite of the fact that people then made less noise about it. At any rate, the end of 1900 found the art student Nordfeldt with a stake of $800, and with it he took the boat for Paris. At Julian's Academy, they didn't think he knew enough to work in the painting class, but they did permit him to draw. I don't think Nordfeldt appreciated the condescension. In two weeks he concluded that he had exhausted the possibilities of Julian's, gave himself a diploma, and set to work in his garret painting by himself. He remained in Paris for a year, then crossed the Channel where he spent another year in England. He had a painting in the Paris Salon of 1901, which was something to be proud of, and that fall four of his paintings passed the jury of the Royal Academy in London. From Britain he obtained his way of speaking English and enough remunerative work in drawing and print making to enable him to extend his holiday in art. He returned to his native village, painting the landscapes of his childhood. He remained a full year in Sweden.

Around 1904 he returned to Chicago, arriving this time as a traveled man of the world and an artist on his way in more than one medium. He seems to have thrived on an individualistic basis, remaining above the need of a job, at the mercy of no schedule but his own. During the next two or three years he painted as the spirit moved him and became interested also in the art and technique of the wood block, in which subsequently he invented a process by which it was possible to print in color from one block. This process he made available to other print makers. In 1907 he moved to New York and began etching. He became one of the most successful and one of the most prosperous print makers of those days, winning success in both prices and prizes. Gradually the etcher smothered the painter until the painter, taking counsel with himself, rebelled, and abandoned the needle point for the broad brush stroke. You need not suppose that Nordfeldt gave up etching when the business came up against the law of diminishing returns. Perhaps he was prophetic and saw the handwriting on the wall, but he gave it up while the market was still shouting Encore, when the vogue of print collecting was in full bloom and there was still a merry jingle in the jeans of the collecting class.

His first important commission sent him back to Sweden where, for *Harper's Magazine*, he etched a series of plates descriptive of Sweden's cities. From his native land he traveled through Italy and Germany, through Morocco and Spain, and back to Italy. Those were the days when the impressions from half a dozen copper plates showing views of European cities could finance a well-known etcher through a holiday tour. Home in Chicago with his bride (whom he had married in Morocco) he painted by himself and produced etchings for the market. In the Spring of 1913 the Nordfeldts went to Paris and at the outbreak of the war came home, landing in New York with no more than ten dollars. The next day his pockets were bulging with thousands of dollars received from his print dealers, partly for work sold, partly as an advance for work to be performed. He etched city views, portraits, and other themes, on commission and on impulse. It was a good time while it lasted. Today he does not possess a single print from any of his plates. To make the record complete let it be noted that Nordfeldt, as etcher, was awarded the silver medal at the International Print Exhibition in Milan, 1906; the silver medal at the San Francisco World's Fair, 1915; the Logan medal at the Chicago Institute of Art, and the Members' medal of the American Society of Etchers. There are prints of his in museums in Paris, Oslo, Sydney (Australia) and Toronto, not to mention a dozen museums and university collections scattered throughout the United States, including those at Denver, Detroit, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, New York and Chicago. Nordfeldt brought down the curtain on his etching career in 1926. Since then he has been a painter, however good or bad, and, incidentally, a teacher.

Want to learn the most fascinating dice game ever invented? Easy to learn, fast to play, and "bluffier" than poker. It's Bidou, the game the South Americans call "the devil's masterpiece." See next month's Esquire.

During the First World War he applied his knowledge of mural painting to the problems of camouflage. During that period he served as a member of the Ship Camouflage Unit of the U. S. Shipping Board, in New York, and then went to San Francisco where he was deputy chief camoufleur for that port. Upon his discharge he moved to Santa Fe where he constructed, mainly with the labor of his own hands, a handsome stone house which did credit both to his manual skill and architectural taste. He built the fireplace, carved the doorways and furniture and acted as executive mason. The Nordfeldts remained at Santa Fe until 1937, except for periods of teaching chores, at Utah, Kansas and Minnesota schools. Recently the Nordfeldts struck their Santa Fe camp and came East, establishing themselves at Lambertville, New Jersey, at suburban distance from New York.

Mr. Nordfeldt is an artist who has had the courage to disown methods of painting which better artists have taught him the need of outgrowing. In early manhood he followed in the trail of Whistler, and then became an Impressionist. The agency which did most to liberate his painting from the bonds of formula was the paintings of the Fauves—the wild ones, led by Matisse—which he first saw around 1910. The artist of all time whose work he most deeply admires is El Greco, but the living artists in whom he is most interested are Matisse, Derain and Bracque, and his still lifes have a somewhat Bracquish touch. Probably there is a suggestion of Vlaminck in some of Nordfeldt's earlier landscapes, those of the period immediately preceding the paintings reproduced in connection with this article. Nordfeldt has a high standard of what makes a painting and is much more severe on himself than on almost anyone else. He gives the impression of being governed, as an artist, almost wholly by intellectual procedures and perhaps of over-curbing the emotional élan of art, and it is true that some of his landscapes are a little too pallid and disciplined, but, on the other hand, others are warm and vibrant. He is an able artist, able enough to be the creditable disciple of a big original, but he is not big enough in himself to take the risk of blazing a trail. It can be said for him, however, that he is interested primarily in the creative process, in painting for art's sake, and not for commerce's. He has more than expiated his career of commercial etching. An artist who will withhold his work from public view for fourteen years, until he has solved a problem or two, must have a strong core of integrity, and B. J. O. Nordfeldt has that.

His concern with the creative process is well illustrated by the rejoinder he made to Mrs. Nordfeldt on the eve of their leaving Santa Fe in 1937, and the house into which he had put so much planning and hard labor. She expressed the conjecture that their departure for New York would be more of a wrench for him than for her because so much more of himself had gone into it. His reply, into which entered something of reproach, was: "Haven't you learned yet that creation is swell, but that maintenance is the devil?" The attitude expressed by that rhetorical question is that of the eternally youthful creator for whom tomorrow is wholly of consequence and yesterday of none, for whom perhaps yesterday has had no existence, except to lay down the sediment on which tomorrow may build. Work already performed has no existence for Nordfeldt; he often finds it hard to recall to what points of the compass paintings done years ago have gone; what matters are the paintings in the studio yet uncompleted. He has a habit of leaving many of his pictures around the place so that by looking at them at odd moments he may give his unconscious a chance to work on them. He may have done wrong things, and weak things, and derivative things, but he has the right idea: "If art isn't a living thing, like a plant, it just dies." "Art is a free thing; you're just a pipe through which this force flows." He develops his paintings from sketches made rapidly and easily on the spot, and he loves to draw for its own sake, without reference to the course of development the drawing may take.

As a human being, he is quiet, retiring, meditative and sensitive. Even when he means to tell all, he has to submit to reticence. He has a dry sense of humor. He has no fund of small talk and speaks only when he has something to say. His wife tells me that he plays bridge for blood, but not for money, and that he is impatient with the rules that bind him. He takes misfortune and deprivation quietly, as one of the consequences of life. When he is ill, he will walk about for days without giving a visible indication that all is not well. He is a pipe smoker and a book reader. He does not like any form of exercise and walks only because there is a destination to reach. He has no hobbies. Yes, on second thought, he has one hobby. It is called the art of painting. ##

Someone May Have the Answer

Continued from page 77

bury. It costs from thirty-six to fifty dollars in South Philadelphia, St. Louis, New Haven, Duluth. The amount ranges between thirty-eight to fifty-two dollars in Newark or Paterson. It's considerably higher in Butte, Mont., New York City and other points—all according to whether you're an A1, A, or B classification. And so on higher or lower based on actual statistical experience. Why does it cost so much? Because the cost per insured accident is such that it is necessary for the central point (The Insurance Company—where the contributions are collected to be disbursed to the ones who collect damages) to obtain a specific number of dollars from each Ford or Plymouth owner who buys insurance, in order to pay claims and satisfy judgments against the entire group of insurance buyers. The result? About seventy-five per cent of all Ford and Plymouth owners don't buy any insurance. It costs too much. And don't you think for a minute that the Insurance Companies wouldn't be tickled to death to cut down the tremendous loss in lives and dollars. They could then slash the cost of policies and open up a big market in the automobile field. Right now, in many parts of the country, Insurance Companies will furnish ten thousand dollars worth of fire insurance on your home for three years for fifty dollars—or less than seventeen dollars a year. That is because there is something like three times as much likelihood of your car smacking someone as there is of your house burning down.

I think there is something psychological which must be mastered, if we are even partially to solve the accident problem. Publication of the yearly number of accidents, the number of injured persons, the number of deaths seems to accomplish nothing. For figures are dry—impersonal. Two or three years back, articles telling of blood and terrible pain, of badly smashed human beings, of severed arteries, horrible disfiguration, and pierced skulls were published. Readers were shocked. But not enough. It's true that in 1938 the number of Americans snuffed out by automobiles was only a mere though disgraceful 32,582 compared with a 1937 all-time high of 39,500. But 1939 showed no decrease, and the trend has been upward since. It appears that our drivers still yield to the thrill of excessive speed, the thrill of making pedestrians and other cars wait for them to whizz imperially by, the thrill of sliding through that red light so they won't lose thirty seconds which they don't know what to do with anyway. It's my guess that every driver has frequently taken chances by driving disdainfully along and making the other guy wait. Perhaps you've been getting away with it for years. If you have, your time is surely coming, the one time when it doesn't work and there's a nice mess-up of cars. Then, if you live, you're in trouble.

And I'll bet every driver will recognize this situation: it's some sort of mental difficulty that's hard to overcome. You are on a two-strip concrete road winding along through the country. You want to travel at thirty-five but there's a dope ahead going twenty-five. There are two more cars behind him and then you come. Behind you, three more cars close up and follow along. It's a snail's pace. You're just about ready to burst a blood vessel with impatience but you can't pass because there are so many turns and you know you shouldn't pass on a turn. All the other drivers are impatient, too, but you don't think of it that way. Your mind doesn't consider anything except your own delay. The line of slow moving vehicles ambles on for one, maybe two miles.

Suddenly you hear, at your left rear, a signal. Aha! Some fresh guy is going to pass. Well, he can't cut in and get ahead of you. You step on it some. You'll teach him to keep in line. There's a car coming the opposite way now. Well, that other smart aleck can't cut in ahead of you—let him drop into line behind you. You don't realize that he can't, because the fellow behind you has moved up close to you. With a last desperate effort to avoid a head-on collision, the smart guy gives his car the gas, swings into line in front of you, knicks your bumper and fender, and you're forced into the ditch.

Whether anyone is injured or not makes no difference. You were *wrong!* You wouldn't admit it to anyone—you'd be ashamed to—but you wouldn't give way, you wouldn't give an inch to a fellow driver to help him avoid what might have been a head-on smash. Maybe, temperamentally, he was so constituted that he just could not master his impatience. But you, when there was serious danger looming up for him and the other car coming in the opposite direction, wouldn't be charitable. For the sake of some kind of crazy mental pride, you stepped on the gas—you made his danger greater.

Let's get on the other side of the fence—the claimant's side—for a moment. We are going to make you the claimant. You are walking across town, you come to an intersection, you wait until the traffic light turns red. It turns. There are three cars coming up. The first two slow up—stop. You start across. The third car doesn't stop. It knocks you down. Broken leg and so forth. Hospital, doctors, loss of time, shock. No one will deny that you are entitled to damages. You are. Only the fellow who hit you not only doesn't have any insurance but he doesn't have *anything*—except a 1929 car worth about fifty bucks. What's the use of suing? You might get a judgment and a garnishee of his wages, only he hasn't any job or at least none that you can find out about.

As mentioned before, about seventy-five per cent of car owners have no liability insurance. Therefore, it follows that seventy-five per cent of claimants (even assuming they were all honest claimants and all had just claims) will encounter difficulties in collecting damages. And seventy-five per cent of the number of claimants in the United States is a lot of people. That lot of people are dissatisfied because they have asked for damages and found in very many instances that there wasn't any money to collect.

So several states have passed what are called Automobile Owners Financial Responsibility Laws. Technically, they are sound. Briefly, they provide that, if a car owner becomes involved in an accident, is sued, and a judgment found against him, he loses his license to *own* and *operate* a car unless he does two things. He must pay the judgment and he must furnish a policy, a bond, or collateral to prove that he is financially responsible in case he is involved in any future accidents for which he may be liable.

Concentrate on the word "liable" for a moment. It means in the legal sense "Bound, answerable, responsible in law or equity." In less elegant words "for which he may be to blame." "But," you say, "in the first accident mentioned, when I was driving on Highland Avenue, *I* wasn't to blame. At least, the other fellow was equally to blame. But the judgment was against me." Ah, now you're getting there. Now we're getting to some point or other. And that point is that, like it or not, the question of liability is too often sidetracked when a jury is deciding a case. The fact that someone is suffering, that someone has been crippled, the fact that the testimony of questionable or prejudiced witnesses is given credence, the smooth and vigorous, though untrue, story built up by some lawyers who are erroneously called clever, too often affects a jury to the point where sympathy rules and reason is forgotten.

Here for instance, are some actual cases (names in all the following are fictitious but the cases themselves are not): Mr. Smith—let's call him Frank Smith—owned a car. He sent a chauffeur out with the car to take an elderly and sickly woman and her nurse for a quiet ride. It proved to be far from quiet. On the open road, the sound of a horn behind kept the chauffeur close to the right side of the road. A car with five occupants whizzed by, crowding him partly off of the concrete road surface. Then the other car, now ahead of him slowed down to a comparatively slow speed "hogging the road." He sounded his signal and eventually managed to pass the car but it swerved as he was nearly past and just clipped his rear bumper. After he had traveled at least five or six hundred feet, he heard a crash. Stopping and looking back, he saw that the other car had now collided almost head-on with a car going in the opposite direction. Injuries, blood, gruesomeness.

But Frank Smith, a few days later, had a suit on his hands. His car hadn't been in the accident, but a doctor and his wife were suing him and the owner of the car with five passengers for causing bodily injuries.

In court he found that the attorney for the doctor and his wife claimed that Mr. Smith's car was engaged in a racing contest with another car owned by, let us say, Mr. Klein; that, as a result, Mr. Klein's car was thrown across the highway into the doctor's car; that therefore Smith as well as Klein was liable for damages.

The jury awarded $10,500 to the doctor and $3,500 to his wife. Legal advice showed Frank Smith that he should attempt to collect this amount from Klein. But Klein had nothing; that is, nothing compared to the total awards of $14,000. In fact, he was unemployed and supported by relatives.

That wasn't the end of it.

Klein and the other four passengers in his car also were injured in the crash or claimed to have been injured. They started suit against our Frank Smith and collected a total of $1,819.

Can you beat it?

And here's an instance where a jury's sympathy outweighed everything. So apparent was this that an ex-Judge who was present at the trial remarked on it.

John Brown had a friend named George Hoffman. One morning, John Brown took his friend, Hoffman, and Hoffman's elderly mother, who was rapidly going blind, for a ride along Northern Boulevard. At fifteen miles an hour, he approached and started to cross South Street. A car owned and driven by a Mr. Campbell, coming from the left along South Street without the right of way, crashed into the left side of John Brown's car, spun it around and turned it on its side. Neither Mr. Brown nor his friend, Hoffman, was hurt, but the mother was slightly injured. The friend, Hoffman, later executed a statement that in his opinion the driver of the other car, Mr. Campbell, was clearly at fault.

Hoffman's mother, however, brought suit against our friend, Mr. John Brown, and the owner of the other car, Mr. Campbell.

The jury calmly exonerated Mr. Campbell but held up our friend Mr. Brown for $2,000.

The ex-Judge, commenting afterwards, said that the verdict should have been against Campbell. He further stated that he was of the opinion the verdict was rendered because of the absolute perjury of some of the witnesses and because the jury believed that, because the mother would soon be blind, she should be given something for her welfare.

So, Mr. Brown, totally not liable, was stuck for two thousand because of a jury's whim.

I know of another actual case where Frank Field's car, traveling along Seventh Avenue at twenty-five miles an hour *with the green lights* hit a car which came out of a side street *against the red light,* and turned it over. An occupant of the overturned car, a boy of nineteen earning forty dollars a week, was killed.

In spite of the testimony of two disinterested witnesses who were following Frank Field's car with the green lights at the time of the accident, the jury evidently believed the biased testimony of other occupants of the overturned car, for a verdict of $22,500 was given to the administratrix of the boy's estate.

And there is Bill Brennan who, while driving his car around a turn in the road, saw a motorcycle with two boys on it swinging wide and coming in the opposite direction. Bill actually stopped his car against the curb at the right side of the road, but the cycle, evidently out of control, smashed into the front of Bill's car. Both boys suffered broken legs and severe injuries. Also, illegally, they had both been riding on a motorcycle which had *only one seat.* The jury found against Bill. The Appellate Division reversed the judgment and ordered a new trial, but it costs plenty of money to defend suits even when there are no grounds for them.

Thus, too many times the case resolves itself not to, "Was it the fault of the defendant? Was he to blame? Is he liable?" but to "How much should the poor, unfortunate claimants be paid?"

And whose money is to pay the claimant? The Automobile Financial Responsibility Laws of some states were designed to see that someone's money was ready. They say, if the car owner, who has a jury decide against him, doesn't pay, he loses his license to own and operate. But, if he can't pay, then the fact that his licenses are taken away doesn't satisfy the claimant who thought he was the winner of the case. Naturally, he remains dissatisfied because he could not collect, and the number of dissatisfied claimants is so large that you hear much talk about, "No one should be allowed to have a car unless he has insurance."

Off hand, *that* seems sound. If every car owner had to have insurance, then a lot of financially irresponsible people couldn't have cars. Also, it dawns upon you, anyone who was injured by an automobile would have a sure thing. They could collect, if the other fellow were liable. Oh, Yeah? And so could a lot of fakers—and claimants by the hundreds who never had been injured and others who had received a slightly bruised shin but whose lawyers fixed up the story to prove that their client's leg was about ready for amputation, that his eyesight had been permanently impaired and that he was in danger of losing his mind because of the frightful shock, torture, and what-not. Compulsory Automobile Insurance—meat for dishonest people and for the clever, the crooked lawyers, whether you admit there are any or not.

How do I know? I know by what has happened in the State of Massachusetts. Yes, Massachusetts has tried Compulsory Automobile Insurance with sad results. The many actual evils of such a system have been put down in several published pamphlets. The story is too long to tell here, but the results have been that the courts have become clogged with automobile claim litigations, the number of accidents, deaths and injuries has increased (in much greater proportion than the number of registered cars has increased), fake and exaggerated claims have magnified, losses have multiplied and, thus, rates have gone up.

In Chelsea, Mass., as an example, the premium for liability for a Ford car was $41 before the law passed. Now, *for less* coverage, it is $69.80. And in Boston it was $41; now it is $53.70. Before the law passed, liability insurance afforded coverage everywhere; that is, it covered *anywhere* in Massachusetts or outside the state. Now, at generally higher rates, it does not cover (unless additional charges are paid) any liability to guests riding in the insured car, any liability if the car injures anyone on a private driveway or private grounds, or any liability *outside of Massachusetts.* Also, before the law passed, 25% of the premium went to acquisition cost (the cost of handling business in the field—commissions to brokers and agents and branch office costs). Now only 12% of the premium is for acquisition, yet the premiums have gone up.

And don't forget that tremendous public and political pressure is present in Massachusetts to keep rates down but it hasn't been possible, even though one of the reasons advanced in support of the law when it was first being considered was that it would be effective in promoting safety on the highways. No, it apparently has made drivers more careless and, to be frank, it seems to have made the public more "claim minded" or "claim conscious." Compulsory Automobile Insurance comes close to a confession of irresponsibility and an admittance that our officials and police are powerless to enforce regulations and control traffic. It is, "We give up! It's useless! But you must buy insurance so you can pay as you kill!"

Some people, prominent and otherwise, have suggested (I suppose, seriously) that there should be developed a system of compensation insurance in connection with automobile operations. If, as an example, you are injured by an automobile, regardless of who is at fault, you are entitled to hospital and medical costs and twenty dollars a week as long as you are incapacitated. Something like that. The big idea, I gather, is that the Workmen's Compensation Laws recognized the hazards of industry and removed a great deal of court litigation and therefore, as the automobile has created a public hazard, a compensation law affecting automobile injuries is needed to free the courts but still do justice.

Such a scheme seems to me to be absurd, but not for the reason most frequently given. The immediate criticism usually advanced is that, if a citizen capable of earning one hundred dollars a week has his leg broken by a carelessly driven car and another citizen, earning only twenty a week, incurs a similar injury, both would receive the same amount while disabled. The argument is that the larger salaried individual is entitled to much more than the other. That seems to be wrong as soon as you reflect that the driver of a car doesn't pick his victims. He doesn't drive along until he sees someone who earns a hundred a week and then deliberately injures that person. Furthermore, the suffering, shock, and medical and hospital expenses are just as painful and serious for the low-salaried as the high-salaried citizen. The actual money-loss in earning capacity of the high-salaried person is greater, it is true, but may not be as important to him as to the man earning twenty a week and supporting a family on it.

No—the fallacy of the scheme lies in another direction. It requires little imagination to see that, if everyone were going to be paid for being injured, the number of injuries would increase alarmingly; and the number of alleged injuries and falsified claims by those who have never worked, those who have worked but are now unemployed, and even those who are now working but don't want to if there's an easier way, would develop by the thousands. Every time a man needed money, he could lie down in the street after a car had passed and yell like a hound at a band concert. Miraculously his lawyer would step up, already having jotted down the license number of the car, talk to both of the witnesses who just happened to be standing there, and the case would be all set. Don't kid yourself that that is just an amusing but impossible scene. It's happening often, even now. They take a chance that the car owner has insurance or money or both. With an obligatory compensation plan for automobile injuries in effect, they wouldn't have to take any chances.

There are two problems; first, to decrease to reasonableness and sanity the number of wasteful automobile deaths and injuries and, second, to secure justice for every injured person and every car owner. Those two problems are closely linked. In addition to the millions spent for improved highways, many thousands of dollars are spent each year on safety posters, articles and plans, on safety education in public schools and even colleges, on detecting and prosecuting fake claimants and crooked lawyers—all to make our country a safer place to live and a surer place to obtain justice.

But, despite all these efforts of many earnest and capable people, the results are most discouraging. About everything that, so far, anyone has thought of has been tried out at least partially or discarded as being impractical. It's a great fight but reinforcements—strong ones—are needed. Some more thinking has to be done. There is a solution. What is it? Who has an idea? Someone—I pray that someone—may have the answer. ##

"Sorry, no medal for you Schultz—that bomb you dropped on the orphanage was a dud"

Football's Fifth Column

Continued from page 80

curacy of human observation. Major universities recognize it today as a legitimate feature of football competition. They have developed statistical brochures, complete with questionnaires and blank diagrams, known as scout books, in which the scouts make exhaustive reports on the team they have under observation. They reserve places in their stadia for scouts from other universities and render them every proper facility to aid them in their work. Indeed, they frequently reserve two seats for this or the other scout. Henry Frnka, for example, assistant coach and chief scout for Temple University, dictates to Mrs. Frnka a running fire of comment as he watches a game, and later makes up his scout report from her notes.

It was not always thus. In the "old" days, which means anything more than four college generations in the past, scouting was classed as espionage. Scouts parked themselves with binoculars on hilltops or in trees overlooking the practice fields, or in the upper windows or on the rooftops of advantageously situated apartment buildings. Students organized vigilante squads to ferret out and punish the work of such fifth columnists when discovered and within reach, scouts were at times subjected to a barrage of over-ripe market produce and other forms of rough handling. Since little or nothing could be done in urban centers about window or roof-top watchers, it was not uncommon in those days for a team to take the field on Saturday without ever having executed any of its real plays anywhere but on the wooden floor of a closely guarded gymnasium.

There used to be a good story which was printed, played or screened in one form or another through all the years from Merriwell to MGM. That was the tale of the black-hearted dastard who, in order to win his wagers, stole Harvard's signals and slipped them to the Yale coach. He was so inevitably foiled that one wonders he never grew discouraged; for though fiction records no single instance in which his skullduggery succeeded, the unprincipled but obviously wacky blackguard went blandly on, year after year, hopefully stealing the signals of the opposing team for the fall issues of the thrill magazines.

Any one who tried to hand a football coach the opposition's signals today would be run off the lot so fast he'd scorch his heels. Ethical considerations aside—and football coaches are fully as scrupulous in this regard as any other class of human beings—any coach who tried to base his team's play on a full knowledge of the other team's signals, would be entitled to a barbed-wire dunce cap.

A football team uses approximately thirty-five plays, each distinguished by its signal. Experience has shown that this is about the maximum cargo an average player can safely retain through the stresses of a competition based on violent bodily contact which inevitably brings in its train a marked ascendancy of emotion over logic. In fact, even with no more than thirty-five plays to remember, it is probable that not half a dozen games have been played in the entire history of football during which at least one man on at least one team has not muffed the signal for at least one play.

Now: Double this portable maximum of thirty-five plays by adding to it the thirty-five signals and plays of the opposition team, giving the already fully burdened home boys only a week to take on the additional load. The result would be an upswing in the strait-jacket industry which would make the radio boom of 1924 look like the panic of 1873.

That's one point. Here's another: Let's grant that a team of superminds mastered and retained for use in one game all the signals for both sides. On the first play—a rather tricky reverse, let us say—the opposition coach would see eleven men sweep unanimously not toward their regular assignments, but to the one focal point where his ball carrier will theoretically cross the line of scrimmage. Under those circumstances, even the bronze bust of the Founder before the ivied portals of Sirloin Hall would realize at once that something was un-good in Denmark. Thenceforth his players would first whisper the true signal in the guarded sanctity of the huddle; another signal, just loud enough for the opposition to overhear, would follow; the defenders would thereafter converge on the wrong point, and the road to the Promised Land would be as invitingly wide open as a Prohibition speakeasy. In other words, the team of superminds would have gone to a great deal of trouble to saddle upon themselves still another big handicap.

So the acquisition of signals from the other side is out, and forms no part of the scout's task. By mutual agreement, the taking of slow-motion pictures, which could be run off over and over again, enabling a coach to study in the most minute detail the offensive and defensive tactics of the opposition, is also barred. But whatever a scout can observe from the public stands on game day, whatever he can learn from just what you or I or any one else paying the requisite admission fee (plus tax) would see of the team's play, is his and welcome. As already pointed out, he doesn't even have to pay for his tickets. Theoretically, he sees no more than we do. Actually, he sees a great deal more. Otherwise he could not begin to fill in with replies the amazing questionnaire embodied in his scout book.

Here, as an instance, are specimen questions from such a form:

"What is the stance of the feet (which forward and which backward) of each individual lineman on offense and defense? Do they change such stance *occasionally* to execute particular plays? Do they as a rule step first with the rear foot, or take a short step first with the forward foot? (Particularly on defense, but get on offense also if possible. Particularly note which foot the center has forward on his *offensive* stance.)"

As trivial and ordinarily unconsidered a detail as these once launched a three-year All-American career. This was in 1929, the year that first brought home to Eastern sports writers the realization that a pretty fair brand of football was being played south of the Mason-Dixon line. That was when the University of Georgia beat Yale. Two weeks later a flock of the Eastern scribes came marching down to Georgia for a weekend of football. Two games were scheduled: Tulane against the Yale-conquering team of the University of Georgia, and Notre Dame against Georgia Tech. In order to make it possible for all hands to see both games, the Tulane-Georgia joint debate was set for Friday afternoon at Columbus; the Notre Dame-Tech soirée for Saturday at Athens.

In the minds of most Eastern writers, Tulane would be little more than a pushover for the team that had vanquished Yale. But Tulane had been sending out Lester Lautenschlaeger to look the Bulldogs over. A former Tulane captain, and generally rated one of the best scouts in America to this day, Lautenschlaeger had observed one detail of the Georgia play which probably not a dozen other spectators caught.

Georgia used a single wing-back formation on offense. On ordinary line plays, when the ball carrier was to head for the long side of the line, the fullback and halfback stood even with each other; but when the play was a reverse, the fullback stood six or eight inches farther back than his team mate, since this made the cross-over easier. Nowadays most fullbacks always stand in this position, regardless of how the play is going, largely because of what happened in Columbus on Friday, November 1, 1929.

Having checked this detail in three games, Lautenschlaeger made his report. The net result was that Jerry Dalrymple, Tulane's greatest right end, then a sophomore playing his first year of varsity competition, spent most of the afternoon in the Georgia backfield. If the play was headed toward Dalrymple's end, he stayed where he belonged. But if the Georgia quarterback, discouraged by the reception, sent the play toward the other end, there Dalrymple was again, clear on the other side of the defensive line, backing his team mate, Jack Holland, and making the Georgia runners very unhappy. Tulane won by a score of 21 to 14, coming from behind twice to achieve the victory.

The Eastern scribes were loud in their praise of Dalrymple's uncanny play diagnosis, evidenced by his unorthodox work as what they called a "roving end." Yet there was nothing uncanny about it. He merely looked to see where the Georgia fullback was standing. This alone would not have been enough to make him an All-American, of course. He had to be a great athlete in addition; and he was. But the incident did serve to focus upon him the attention of Eastern sports writers for the balance of his three years of play, and he was an All-American selection in all three years, whereas otherwise he might have gone unnoticed, as has been the case with many another brilliant player in the less publicized football sections of the land.

Incidentally, on top of Georgia's defeat by Tulane, Tech lost the next day's game to Notre Dame, in good part because Rockne could and did wear down the Tech squad with his apparently endless supply of reserves. As a result, there was more desolation in Georgia that week end than there had been since Sherman called it a day at Savannah, most of it due to the fact that a football scout had noticed an eight-inch difference in the placing of a fullback's feet on one particular play.

Few laymen realize that a great deal of effective scouting is done before the game, during the few minutes of practice that precede the actual contest, or that during the game most of the scout's attention is centered on the defensive setup of the team he has under observation. The reason is simple enough. If he's worth beans as a scout he already knows the general offensive formation of the team he's to watch. He and the other coaches likewise know just about what offense tactics to expect from, let us say, a Notre Dame attack. Besides, no coach is as much interested in the opponent's offense as in their defense. The tightest defense in the world will score no points for the defenders. A team must attack to win. How to attack to best advantage depends on the other side's defensive measures; not on their offense.

Moreover, the character of any team's attack depends too much on the particular game being played, while the character of their general defense formations does not. A scout who is looking Dartmouth over on the afternoon of the Princeton game, knows he'll see Dartmouth with all the chips on the table; but the Princeton game comes so late in the Dartmouth season that only the one or two teams still on the schedule can take advantage of the situation. On the other hand, early in the season, the good scout who is preparing to watch the Big Green in action against Lawrence or Hampden-Sydney, knows perfectly well he will not see much Dartmouth offensive stuff. In fact, he's not likely to see many of the Dartmouth first stringers in action. But he will see the entire team, first stringers and all, during practice just before the game starts.

In addition to this, some teams are extremely difficult to scout accurately during the game itself because of the so-called razzle-dazzle from which they achieve their ultimate attack formations. Outstanding in this respect have been the Southern Cal boys of Howard Jones. They would trot around in a circle—the famous Jones "squirrel cage"—while calling signals, and then go into a preliminary huddle from which they shift once, sometimes twice, and occasionally three separate times before putting a ball into play. This goes on in a stadium within which it would almost be possible for Monaco to defend its territorial integrity. Trying at those distances to sort out numbers, players and stances from such dizzy evolutions is just as easy as following the individual movements of a formation of eleven black bass in the upper reaches of the Niagara Rapids.

Most experienced scouts make it a point to get to College Town the day before the game. Frequently the newly arrived visitor spends some time in one of the newspaper offices, going through press accounts and photographs of the team's previous games that season. This will familiarize him with the general style of their play, and with the names and positions of those outstanding players who most need careful watching. Then he buckles down to the job of memorizing the names and numbers of every man on the squad. Next afternoon, if he happens to notice something about the play of Number 42 which might be important, he won't have time to consult the list for Number 42's identity. Moreover, knowing the numbers, he'll be able to concentrate on the outstanding players without wasting time on some big scrub whose size and demeanor in practice are impressive, but whose chances of getting into a tight game are somewhat less than submarginal.

And he talks with people; with chance-met acquaintances at the hotel cigar stand, with knots of students, with elevator operators, with any one who'll enter a conversation. No telling what bit of knowledge may thus be gleaned about the prospective ineligibility of a star back, or a pulled tendon that is being kept very secret, or even about bad feeling between coach and players. Indeed, on one occasion, a taxi-driver's casual remark to a scout practically decided the outcome of a major game the following week. Little dreaming of the import of his words, this driver chattily confided, en route to the stadium, that a famous All-American tackle had been breaking training all season. After all, why not? Opposing teams stayed away from his section of the line so much that he could practically loaf through a game without special effort. For nearly three years scout reports about this player had been virtually unanimous, reading approximately:

"Doe, John. No. 73. Weight 245, 6′3″, rugged, fast, tough to handle defensively, leads plays well, difficult for any two ordinary men to take out, one of the greatest tackles in the country today."

Offensive strategy by opposition teams therefore had adopted what amounted practically to a cardinal rule, which was: "Keep the Attack Away from Doe." This is no exaggeration. There are such players in every year.

The taxi-driver's gossipy remark was brought back by the scout to his coach, who promptly built an attack directed primarily right at Doe's position. The following Saturday afternoon, play after play was sent at the big fellow from the opening whistle on. It took only about ten minutes of that sort of hammering to wear him out, due to his lack of conditioning. The greatest player in the world can't take sixty minutes of steady pounding in one afternoon when he's been hitting the night spots two or three times a week all season. And after Doe was sent to the side lines, tuckered and panting, the home team had a field day, for Doe's brethren were not organized to cover weaknesses on Doe's side of the line. Thus a chance bit of gossip turned what had previously been at best a doubtful contest into a rather one-sided victory.

With all the information he can accumulate from newspaper files, program notes and gossip, the scout goes early to the stadium the next afternoon and takes his seat as high as he can, preferably near one of the end zones. You couldn't hire an experienced scout to occupy one of the coveted "near the field on the fifty yard line" seats. In the nature of things, he has to be where he can really see what's going on. Frequently, when there are end-zone stands, he sits there by preference for at least part of the game, for it is easier to analyze plays that are coming toward the observer than plays that are running past him. Particularly is this true when it comes to the task of spotting the exact positions occupied by each player on defense, and the angles at which he charges.

And now the scout goes to work in earnest. As already indicated, the ten or fifteen minutes of practice before the game make up a fertile field of observation. Here he first checks every member of the team for size, conformation, speed, passing and kicking ability as a matter of course, filling in the proper places in his questionnaire, or contenting himself with fragmentary notes to be elaborated, later.

Sometimes, in addition, he checks every detail of individual physical appearance, down to the way the uniform is worn or the ankles are taped. This is because some coaches try to put a physical counterpart of the opposition team into the field as practice opponents during the week preceding a game. Where the next team to be encountered has a big man, a big scrub will be placed; where it has a guard whose right ankle and calf are heavily taped, a scrub will be taped in identically the same fashion; where a backfield man wears a nose-protecting wire mask, a scrub will be given such a mask. All week before the game with Exhaust Normal, Siwash will thus practice against Exhaust Normal's offense, defense and counterpart, so that by Saturday afternoon they will be on familiar ground when meeting the Exhaust Normal regulars. Indeed, some coaches go so far as to give scrubs or freshmen the names of the Exhaust Normal players they represent, using those names on the field all week.

The scout then turns his attention to the boys who are kicking and passing. He notes the yardage of each practice punt by each man. On the basis of those notes, if they should reveal that Exhaust has only one really dangerous punter, Siwash will be able to take a lot more chances with her safety man as a linebacker when that one Exhaust man is out of the game. How many steps does each man take before he kicks? That will determine whether the Siwash forwards shall try to harry, and possibly block the kicker, or whether their best bet would be to let him kick while they concentrate on providing adequate blocking for a substantial punt return. Does he rock back before stepping forward to kick? Watch out! He's a potential quick-kicker.

Similar observations are made of the boys who are throwing forward passes in pre-game practice. How many of them are accurate to a menacing degree? Naturally, if the boy doesn't come within hailing distance of his receiver in practice, he's not much to be feared in actual competition, and the pass defense can be reorganized accordingly during the game, depending upon what Exhaust Normal players are in the line-up at the moment. In other words, secondaries can be moved closer as line-pluggers when a poor pass-thrower is handling the job for the other side, making possible, in turn, a much tighter defense against power plays.

Finally, the referee's whistle starts the game itself. How does Exhaust Normal kick off? How many men to the right of the kicker, how many to the left? Do they block man for man, and could Siwash cross them up by having its own linesmen cross over on the kick-off? Are tacklers blocked at once or do interferers drop back and then block? Do they use cross blocking? A wedge? Do the halfbacks receiving the ball run straight up the sidelines or converge toward center?

Once the ball is in play, a host of other questions await an accurate answer. At what angles do the guards charge? Above all, is it a sliding line on defense?—that is, do the defensive linesmen move sidewise in mid-charge with the apparent direction of the attacking play, or do they charge straight through? If so, will it be possible to counter with a "mouse trap," in which a dangerous linesman is deliberately allowed to go through, only to be cut down by a backfield blocker from the side, or by a guard who has been pulled out of the opposite section of the line for that purpose. Have any of the ends a tendency to drift? If so, sooner or later, the drifter may be found so far to one side that the theoret-

"It's no use, Miss O'Hara—I'll either have to get a shorter stenographer or just attend strictly to business"

Continued at top of page 116

Football's Fifth Column

Continued from pages 80-115

ical "cup of defense" that is built to halt an attack will develop a weak opening at that point through which a well-directed attack can stream into open territory.

Are there any unusual offensive plays? This is left for the last because it is of much the least importance. A really unusual play is like a magician's illusion. It loses its effectiveness the moment it has once been exposed. A few cabalistic lines, curves, wiggles, crosses and series of dots added to a prepared diagram of standard offense formations will serve to fix the details of almost any play in a scout's memory. Ordinarily he needs to watch only about four men on such a play. Knowing what they did, he likewise pretty well knows what every other man on the squad must have been doing while all that was going on.

As an occasional last step in winding up his task, the scout may ask permission to talk to some of the boys who have been playing against the team he has been watching, though this rarely brings to light any valuable contribution to the store of information already in his possession.

Most scouts are fond of telling on themselves the story of how they went into the dressing room of the little college team that has just taken a dreadful shellacking from a big university squad in one of the early season "warm-up" games of the schedule.

"Can you tell me anything about So-and-so's play that would help our boys when we go up against him?" he asks an end who has just been knocked all around the lot by the big blocking back concerning whom information is sought.

"Why that big lug hasn't got a thing in this world," indignantly replies the boy whom So-and-so has been taking neatly out of play all afternoon. "He couldn't block a sick butterfly out of a flower patch."

With all the source material thus in hand, the scout report is written up in detail that same night, and is in the hands of the Siwash coach by Sunday, whenever possible. Monday night, judicious excerpts from the report are read to the entire Siwash team, to an accompaniment of chalk-talk diagrams. If the Siwash coach happens to be a literalist, a squad of scrubs or freshmen is then disguised as the Exhaust Normal team, and is thus used to scrimmage against the Siwash regulars for the rest of the week.

The final quarterback session is held Friday night. Such private conferences have been in progress all week, to acquaint the Siwash field generals with information which, for one reason or another, is regarded as confidential. For instance, if Exhaust Normal has one of those invincible All-Americans in her line, it wouldn't do to let the Siwash linesmen who will play opposite him hear a coach tell his quarterbacks not to run any plays against So-and-so because he's "too tough for our boys to handle." That would be a bit too discouraging. Such special details of the plan of attack are therefore confided only to the quarterbacks, who run the team all week in practice along the lines thus laid down.

The Friday night session winds it up. By that time, the scout is already out of town on his next assignment, so that he'll not even see the laboratory test which demonstrates whether or not his job has been well done. Not that such a demonstration necessarily furnishes conclusive evidence.

Take in 1931, which was Bierman's first year at Minnesota. The Gophers weren't expected to perform too many miracles in that initial season, but it was hoped they'd make at least a creditable showing, particularly against Wisconsin. Red Dawson, Bierman's backfield coach, himself only one year out of college, was assigned the job of scouting Wisconsin. He didn't find many weaknesses, but he reported that "they have a tendency to over-shift when there is a flanker out against them."

A flanker is usually a halfback, who is sent far out to one side, beyond the end, on certain special offense formations. Naturally, the defensive end drifts toward the flanker, as does the rest of his line, and perhaps a secondary, to be prepared for eventualities. This drift was what, in Dawson's opinion, the Badgers were overdoing.

Bierman pondered the possibilities and came up for air with a play that might be good for a touchdown if all went well. Instead of sending out a halfback as flanker, he sent out one of his ends, hoping the other team might not notice that, in spite of the flanker, there were still four men in the Minnesota backfield. The ensuing play was a feint toward the strong side, with a reverse which sent the runner, with full interference, toward the weak side, left unguarded by the Badger over-shift.

The score was tied when Minnesota's quarterback called this play. One touchdown for the Gophers, under the circumstances, might well mean victory. In any event, it would almost guarantee no worse than a tie. Everything, worked out to the proverbial gnat's eyebrow. Not noticing that the Minnesota flanker was a linesman Wisconsin over-shifted. Minnesota's right half, Bill Proffitt, already in motion when the ball finally reached him on reverse, bored through to the left, as his blockers cleared the too thinly guarded path, and shook into the clear without another menace between him and Wisconsin's goal. Then he slipped on the treacherous going and fell. Wisconsin finally pushed over a score and Minnesota thus lost the game by a single touchdown.

Naturally, no such illustration is needed to point the moral that scouting alone cannot win football games. In the last analysis, that's done on the gridiron turf by the players. Nevertheless, given two teams of approximately equal training and ability, the one which has the services of the best scout will normally win. That's about as far as it goes. But considering the fact that the scout gets none of the acclaim, that's far enough. ⵌ

Sign First; Read Afterwards

Continued from page 41

individual, and never crossed streets against the traffic. If there isn't a moral in this, I'm the full reserve at the nearest even dollar per thousand.

I had another friend who decided to be a writer. He wrote for a long time with nothing but rejections, and then one day he got a letter from an editor of an important magazine accepting his story and offering him a very nice piece of dough. But enclosed with the letter was a long document of agreements and stipulations that my author friend had to sign before he could get his dough.

My friend tried to show me the order sheet, but I waved it aside, averted my head and asked just one simple and essential question. "How much they giving you?" I inquired. He told me, and I whistled sharply and said: "Sign it quick!" But did he? No. He read the damned sheet word for word. "How about this?" he asked me, "Subject in all respects to our said rights of first publication and of exclusive use in magazine and newspaper form in the United States and Canada, and to our rights of possible distribution of our magazines in countries other than the United States and Canada, the rights to publish aforesaid literary work or composition in book form and to use in motion picture or dramatic production anywhere, and the right of magazine publication in any country other than—"

"Pipe down!" I said.

"How about it?" he asked.

"How about what?" I said. "Forget it."

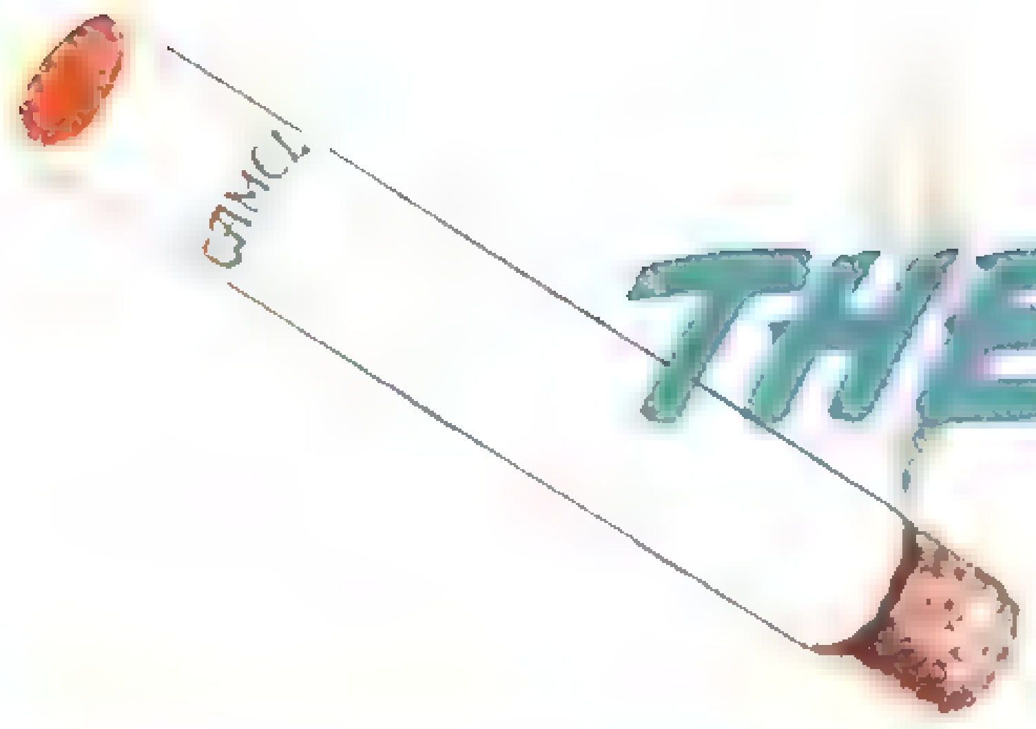
Did he forget it? He did not. He pored over this paragraph—and others more complicated—for days, and finally took the thing to a lawyer. The lawyer assured him that he could sign the paper with a clear conscience, and that he was not committed to do anything he didn't want to do. (My friend had somehow got it into his head that this had something to do with defending Canada against invasion.) But instead of signing, my friend decided to see a second lawyer on the chance that the first one might have been wrong. The second lawyer also told him to go ahead, and he did so.

But the damage had been done. Lawyers' fees ate up a good deal of my friend's profit from his story, and, worst of all, he hasn't sold another story since. He hasn't even written one because he can't concentrate on the essentials of salable fiction—like romance, narration, description, conflict and climax. All he thinks about are the legalistic pitfalls into which he may tumble if he carelessly signs an acceptance sheet without understanding it in every detail. The result is that he has none to sign.

Occasionally one hears nonsense to the effect that if you sign a document without reading it, you may be imposed on by somebody who is deliberately out to defraud you. This happens so seldom, that it isn't worth giving the matter a second thought. Be sensible, and look at it this way: The only people that crooks bother to defraud nowadays are those with lots of dough. (Poor people in these days have all read countless articles in newspapers and magazines about the tricks of flimflam men, and are on their guard.) If you have lots of dough, you aren't going to have to sign papers that haven't first been looked over by your lawyer. That's what lawyers are for, and that is their chief penalty for being in that lucrative profession; they have to read papers that have been written by other lawyers who are out to confuse them. So in any case, you yourself have nothing to worry about.

I haven't read a document for years, and I don't intend to start now. I may not be wealthy or famous or powerful, but my health is good, and I sleep fine at night. My mind, being unencumbered with provisos, wherases and aforesaids, is alert and clear. I know the batting averages of all regulars in both major leagues because I have had time to concentrate on them. I know four dozen good telephone numbers by heart, and all the latest popular songs. All this I attribute to going into action quickly when somebody thrusts a fountain pen in my hand. If I have signed over my house to the contractors in 1950, agreed to turn back my new car to the local agency if I get a ticket for illegal parking, or have committed my children to serfdom when they reach their majority, I don't care. I've had a good life and a merry one. And lots of the best fun I've had was during those very hours when I might have been reading documents that I couldn't have understood anyhow. I wouldn't know whether the pen is mightier than the sword. All I'm sure of is that both weapons should be drawn quickly and wielded boldly. ⵌ

IN A CIGARETTE



THE SMOKE'S THE THING!

THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS GIVES YOU

EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR, AND—

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other of the largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself

CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

By burning 25% slower

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

WHEN you get right down to it, a cigarette is only as flavorful—only as cool—only as mild—as it smokes. The smoke's the thing!

Obvious—yes, but important—all-important because what you get in the smoke of your cigarette depends so much on the way your cigarette burns.

Science has pointed out that Camels are definitely slower-burning (*see left*). That means a smoke with more mildness, more coolness, and more flavor.

Now—Science confirms another important advantage of slower burning . . . of Camels.

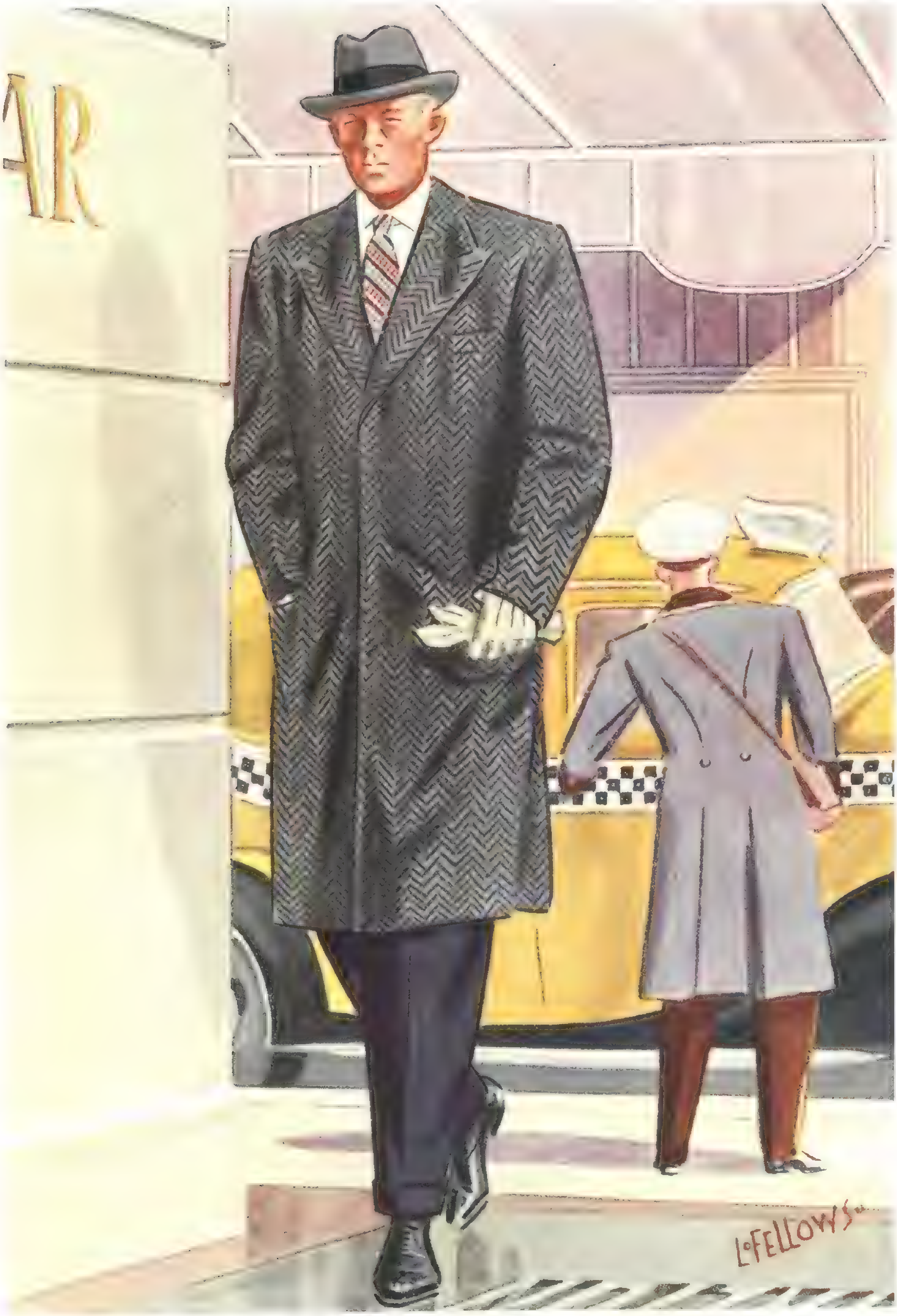
Less nicotine—in the smoke! Less than any of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—28% less than the average!

Light up a Camel . . . a s-l-o-w-burning Camel . . . and smoke out the facts for yourself. The smoke's the thing!

"SMOKING OUT" THE FACTS about nicotine. Experts, chemists analyze the smoke of 5 of the largest-selling brands . . . find that the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains less nicotine than any of the other brands tested.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

CAMEL—THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE—



in the spring—a young man

The city streets and concrete walls don't lend themselves too well as obvious signs of approaching spring, but there is no mistaking this man's apparel as definite proof that spring is just around the corner. But even if spring isn't, a cocktail lounge is, and this man will be the cynosure of all eyes that aren't bleary as he enters. And why shouldn't he be? He's impeccably groomed, beginning with his topcoat, slightly dressy for business, as may be noted by the peaked lapels, fly front, slight shapeliness and drape. The two-toned grey tweed fabric is of the proper pitch. The rest of his outfit is well in keeping with the standards set by men you encounter in the best places. His turned-up-brim grey hat has a tapered crown, which is flattering to most faces. His white shirt and starched collar form an excellent background for his Americana tie. The chamois gloves easily qualify as a dress-up accessory. The panel-striped blue mixture worsted suit he is wearing is a becoming shade and pattern. And his black shoes with medallion toe caps complete a mighty smart outfit.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Arrow's choice for this month... *Spur Stripes*

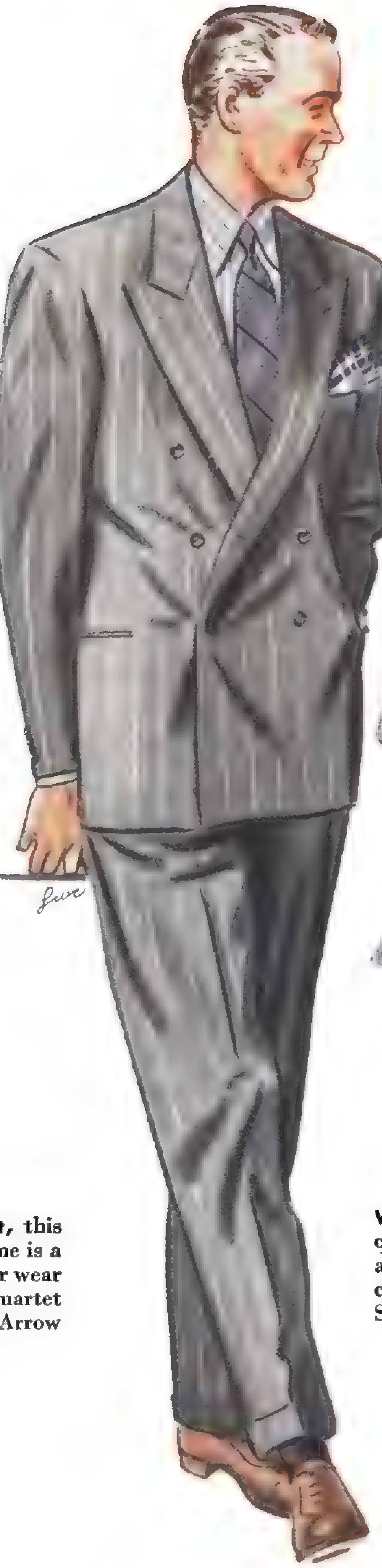
A NEWSWORTHY SHIRT is the crisp new Arrow in the neatly conservative *Spur Stripes* pattern. It has twin satin stripes, highlighted with white, on fine broadcloth grounds.

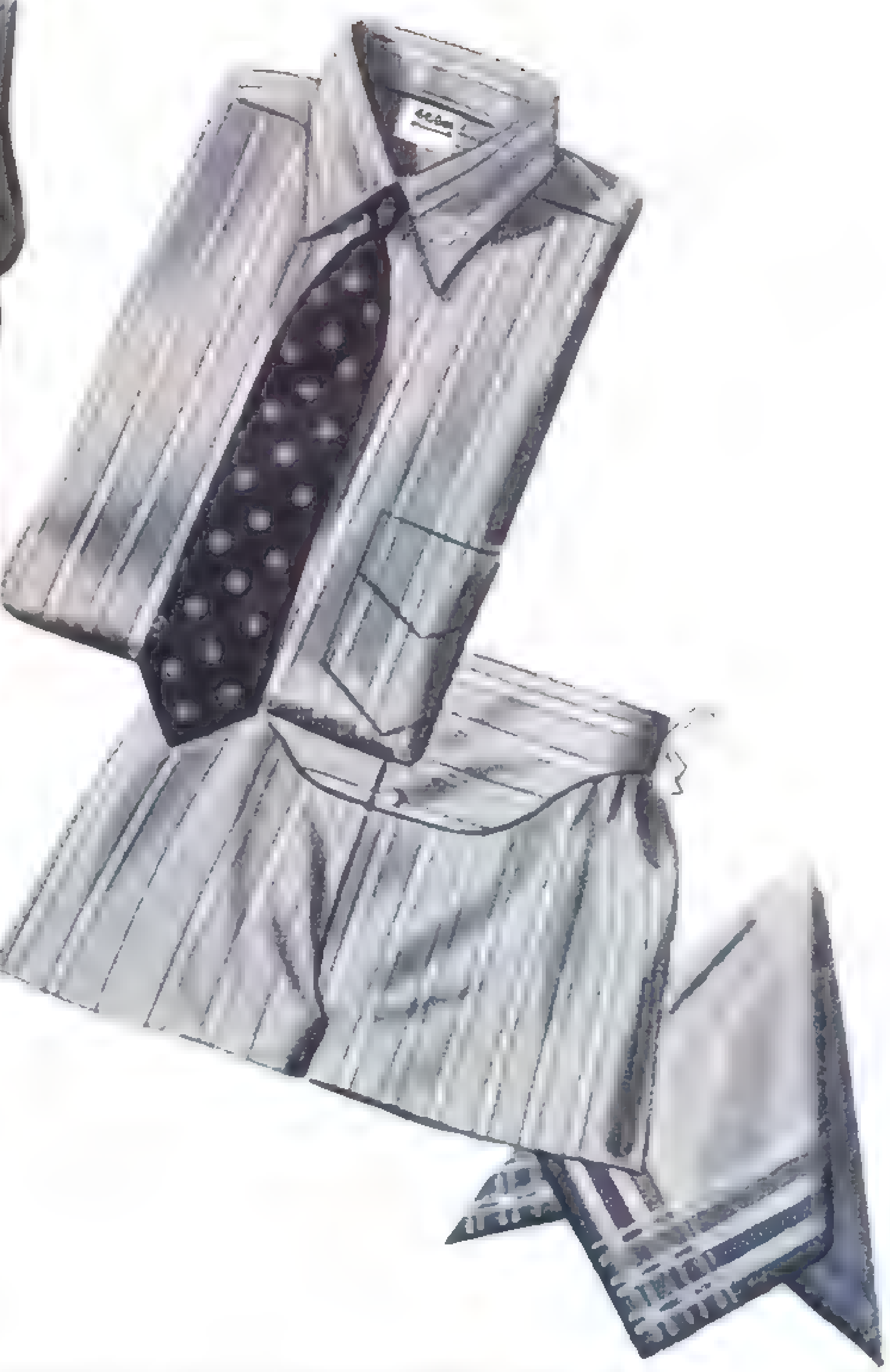
The perfect-fitting Arrow collar, and the exclusive "Mitoga" figure-fit design add further luster to Spur Stripe shirts. See them at your Arrow dealer's ($2.25). Also see the smart Arrow ties, handkerchiefs, and shorts to match.

If it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't Arrow.

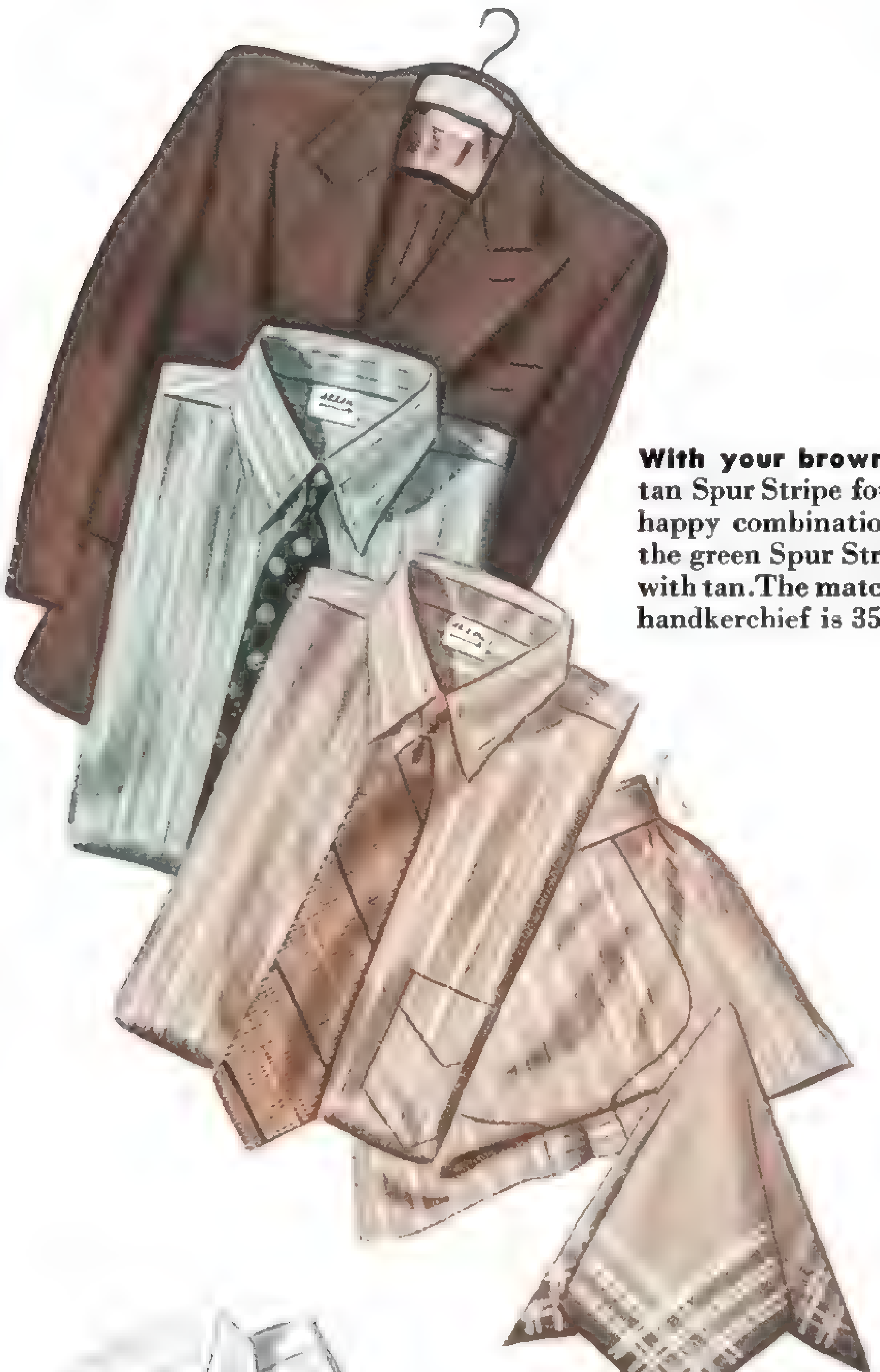
All Arrow shirts and Arrow shorts are Sanforized-Shrunk, (fabric shrinkage less than 1%) —guaranteed permanent fit.

ARROW
SANFORIZED SHRUNK



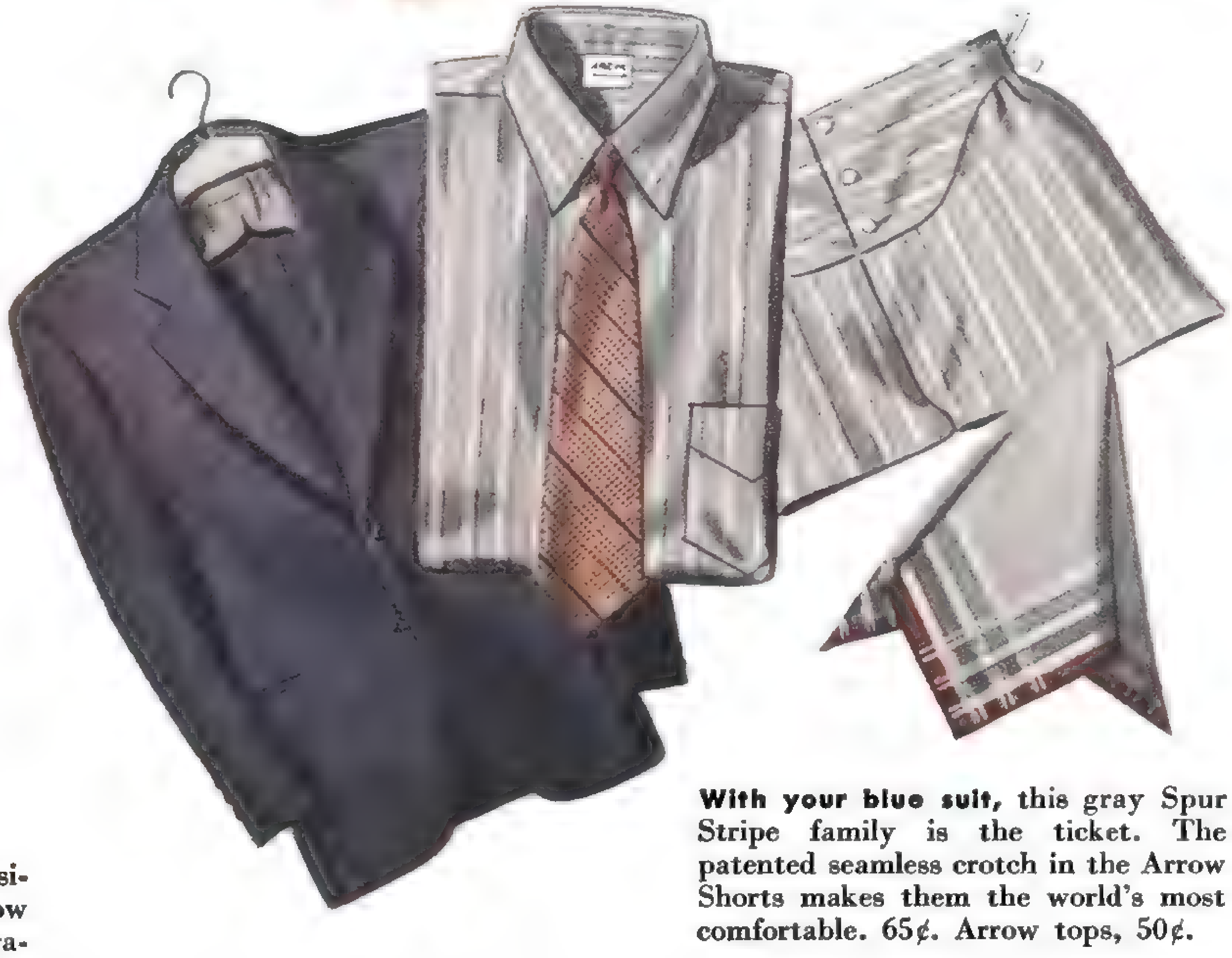


With your gray suit, this blue Spur Stripe quartet looks best. The stripe tie (and another, in a figure pattern) were especially designed by Arrow to accompany Spur Stripes. Wrinkle-resistant. $1.



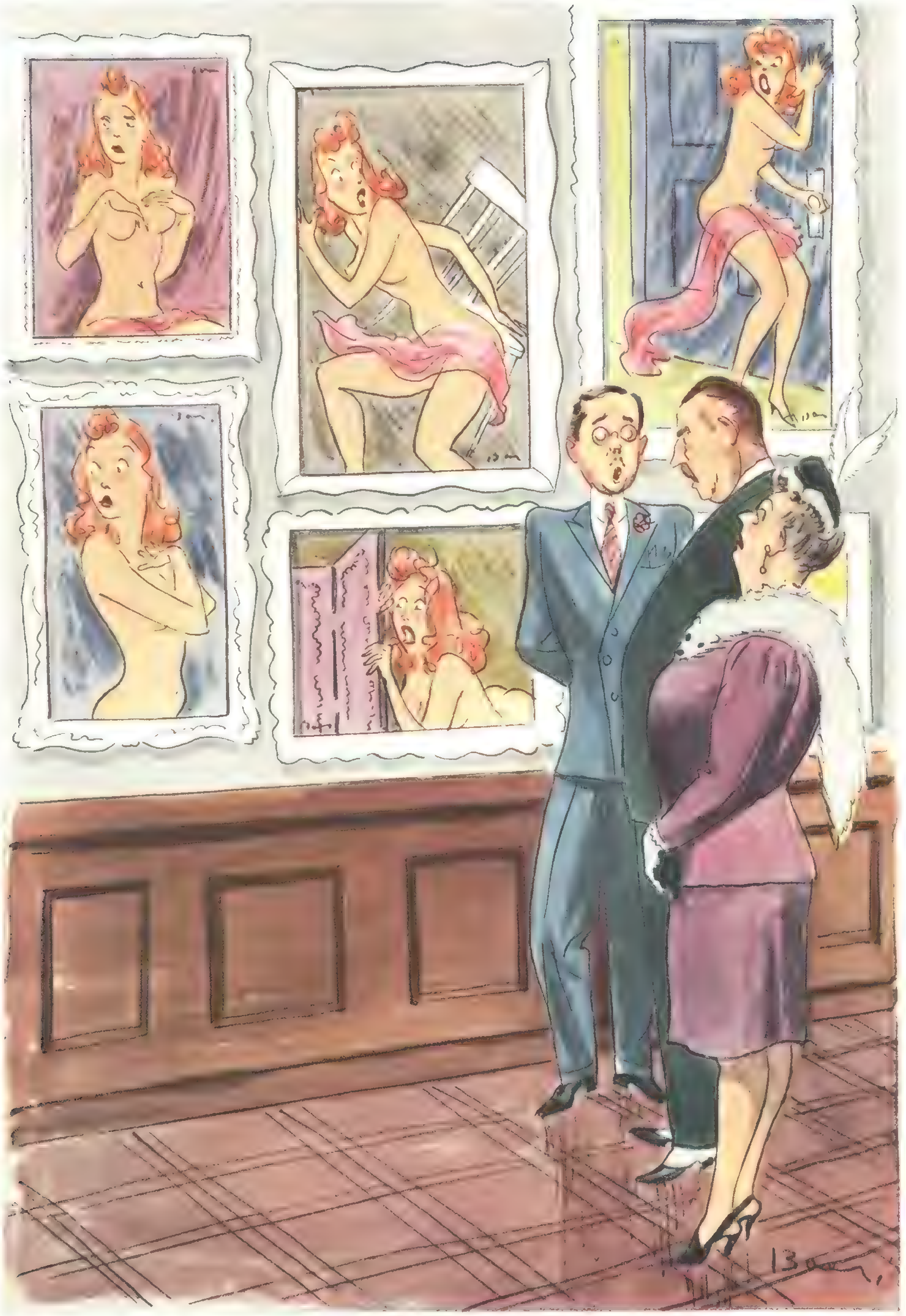
With your brown suit, this tan Spur Stripe foursome is a happy combination. Or wear the green Spur Stripe quartet with tan. The matching Arrow handkerchief is 35¢.

Don't slight white. For business, you'll want some Arrow Dale shirts, made of extra-fine white broadcloth. The collar won't wilt. $2.50.



With your blue suit, this gray Spur Stripe family is the ticket. The patented seamless crotch in the Arrow Shorts makes them the world's most comfortable. 65¢. Arrow tops, 50¢.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N.Y.



"At about this time he was struggling to perfect a new technique"

Trouble-Shooter on the Bench

Continued from page 55

in motion protracted extradition proceedings. These would require three years or more. Meanwhile, Schultz, having hoist the law by its own petard, would be free to attend to his nefarious business.

The plan has worked, with variations, before. But here Judge Clark took a hand. He ordered the U. S. Commissioner to step aside and the gangster to be brought before him. At the subsequent hearing, Schultz was represented not only by Davis but by an ex-governor of New Jersey, a State senator and another shrewd criminal attorney, but Clark was not awed. He directed such searching questions at Schultz that the latter became livid with rage. Once reporters wrote, the gangster glowered at the judge, only to have the judge glower right back! In the end, the nominal bail was vacated and the sum of $75,000 fixed. When no satisfactory bondsman was produced, Schultz went to jail.

The following day, Schultz presented a remarkable petition. He charged: "Judge Clark has a personal bias and prejudice against me, and a personal bias and prejudice in favor of the United States of America." He demanded that the judge disqualify himself. Not since a similar petition was filed by Boss Tweed were newspapers so critical. They characterized it as brazen, ridiculous, arrogant and grotesque. Remarked one: "Schultz has been brought up by underworld mouthpieces such as 'Dixie' Davis to expect de luxe service in the courts. He was shocked when he didn't get it in this case."

Clark denied the petition calling it "a new low-water mark in the administration of justice." Schultz took a prompt appeal, and the result would have been interesting, but a grisly termination of the case precluded further tests. On the night following the filing of the appeal, the gangster and several henchmen were slain as they pored over the current figures of their enormous "take." Dying, Schultz blandly confessed: "We tried to smear the case." As if Judge Clark didn't know!

William Clark is a millionaire, but not of the self-made school. He was born in Newark, forty-eight years ago, the son of the founder of the prosperous Clark Thread Mills. Both of the juror's forbears were Scotch. On the maternal side, his grandfather had been J. Donald Cameron, railroad tycoon and U. S. Senator from Pennsylvania. Tradition in the Cameron family has it that J. Donald sat behind President Lincoln on the journey to Gettysburg, and furnished the paper on which the famous address was scribbled. Great-grandfather, Simon Cameron, had been Lincoln's first Secretary of War. He was forced from the cabinet when his premature proposal to arm the Negroes caused a furor throughout the country. His great-grandson displays the same bold approach to problems, but holds his ground more tenaciously.

After his graduation, *cum laude*, from Harvard, Clark stayed as an instructor in government for a time. Then, completing the law course, he became a junior partner in the aristocratic New Jersey law firm of Lindabury, Depue and Faulks, attorneys for U. S. Steel and other large corporations. The war came along and Clark enlisted for service with the artillery. He served with distinction on the Western front for more than a year, and returned home with a Captain's commission and a Silver Star Citation for gallantry in action. Official records show how he earned the award. He volunteered to climb an exposed steeple to ascertain whether a certain bridge was safe for his regiment to cross. He returned under fire, his journey rendered even more hazardous by a mongrel which followed at his heels and directed German snipers to his position by its barking.

His first public appointment was to the New Jersey State Courts by a Democratic governor. The nomination was bitterly fought by the party in the Legislature. At thirty-four, he was the youngest Federal judge in the land, by appointment of President Coolidge; this time over the bitter opposition of Republicans. Clark's independence doesn't carry well with politicians, and their opposition is something he can expect. Curiously, however, on his elevation to the Circuit Court of Appeals, he was supported by a coalition. The event moved Senator Hatch of New Mexico to write admiringly to Senator Guffy of Pennsylvania: "When a hard-boiled politician like you can get Borah and Norris to take the floor for your man, my hat is off."

Clark had been on the bench but a short time when the New Jersey public became acutely aware of the forthright jurist in their midst. Inside of two years, he won even national attention for his unconventional conduct in a case involving five women who were stricken with fatal radium poisoning. The case was not pending in his court and it was unprecedented for him to interfere. But the victims were wasting away while technicalities made a travesty of justice. Clark induced the lawyers for both sides to sit around a conference table in his office, and within a month generous settlements were arranged. Each victim received a capital sum of $10,000, plus $50 a month for life, and all medical and legal expenses. Press and public hailed the result warmly, and Professor Felix Frankfurter of Harvard congratulated the jurist for refusing to be governed by "the timidities which seem to clog the opinions of men in our public life."

But on December 17, 1930, the name of Judge Clark was screamed across the country by front-page headlines. For on that day he declared the Prohibition amendment invalid. Newspapers printed the 12,000-word opinion in full; in originality it seemed to place Clark even beyond the other recognized judicial dissenters.

Succinctly put, Judge Clark held Prohibition illegal because it had been ratified by State legislatures rather than by popular convention. While the Constitution permits either method of ratification, Clark argued that the latter mode was plainly indicated where additional powers were transferred to the national government by the people. To reach this conclusion, he departed, as he said, "from the stereotyped form of constitutional interpretation and dealt with the question as a matter of political science."

It was a strikingly bold and yet typical attitude for him to take. Up to then, no amendment had been adopted except by legislative mandate. Ratification by popular convention was, in fact, a dead letter in the Constitution, approved, so it seemed, by the Supreme Court. But, Clark, chiding his superiors for their "tired-eye" scrutiny of the document, appealed for a "scientific approach to the problems of government instead of a legalistic one." He bolstered his argument by quotations ranging from Confucius to Professor Beard compiling a learned treatise on American government.

Not that he was optimistic of being sustained by the Supreme Court; but this has never deterred him from rendering a decision. Keenly aware of the sordid record of so-called enforcement, it seemed clear to him that Prohibition was too unpopular to be successful. Had it been submitted to popular convention for adoption, he reasoned, it would have been defeated. Therefore, he argued, to determine the popular will, the convention method must be followed. The Supreme Court, however, reversed the decision. Influential papers termed the reversal a "purely legal repudiation" and maintained that Judge Clark's logic was unanswerable. Later, the Wickersham Crime Commission, established by President Hoover, upheld Clark's argument, recommending the convention method of ratification for the future. And in a little over two years, Congress voted repeal and submitted the matter to popular conventions for approval. The 21st Amendment thus represents the first one adopted by specific vote of the people. It was a stunning and complete vindication such as comes to few men in their lifetimes.

When canny Edmund Burke was asked if he thought that democracy would work in America, he is said to have replied: "Wait until the twentieth century and see." We are now in the midst of that century, and the wisdom of Burke's remark must be apparent to us all. To make democracy work is perhaps Judge Clark's greatest passion. It was this that caused him to seek an end to the disruptive tendencies of Prohibition; it was with such thought in mind that he instituted the first American Jury School. The jury system has undergone much belittlement from persons, but Judge Clark is not one of them. He holds it the core of the Anglo-Saxon administration of justice. The purpose of the "school" was to teach the citizenry its duties, and so phenomenal were the results, many hardened criminals plead guilty rather than face trial. It was a trained jury that convicted Ellis Parker in the dime-novel Wendell kidnapping trial in 1937, after State juries had refused to act, and despite an array of high State officials who appeared as character witnesses for the defendant. Probably Judge Clark's greatest service to democracy in America was rendered in the highly-dramatized Jersey City Civil Liberties case. Here he came into conflict with the political boss who holds an entire State in his palm, and gave him his most important setback. The last of the old-line political bosses, he is perhaps more powerful than were the others. In large degree, this is because he has been shrewd enough to recognize the vast power of the courts in a democratic system. In New Jersey, the Governor appoints the judges, and Hague elects the Governor.

Hague's philosophy is aptly summed up in statements such as: "We hear about constitutional rights, free speech and a free press. Every time I hear those words I say to myself, 'That man is a Red.'" Another favorite remark is: "I am the law." In the courtroom of Judge Clark, Hague has never been the law—a circumstance of significance to the people of New Jersey, who seek its protection. Clark is extremely critical of the State judges, and has been known to veto their actions in radical manner. When, for example, mild-mannered Powers Hapgood was held for "inciting to riot" during a strike and held in bail of five thousand dollars, Judge Clark promptly reduced the bond to one hundred dollars. "The only thing a court should be concerned with at any time," he remarked, "is whether the evidence shows a commission of a crime." To Hague, Clark is simply "batty."

Thus, when organizers for the C.I.O. and others, including Norman Thomas and members of the House of Representatives were deported from Jersey City for standing on their constitutional rights of free speech and free assembly, the American Civil Liberties Union brought suit for an injunction before Judge Clark. Hague was his own star witness, but much to his disgust, Clark found against him on every score. The Jersey City practices were condemned in a philosophic document which traced the age-old struggle for freedom, and ended by a sweeping injunction which

Continued at top of page 122

Dimples?
YOU'RE LUCKY!
LOOK FOR THE DIMPLED DAWSON BOTTLE
Dawson
Special
Blended Scotch Whisky
Wile

When the bartender reaches for the dimpled Dawson bottle—you're in luck. Out of that bottle, generations of Scotch lovers have poured a glorious whisky—Peter Dawson's own "Special" blend—a whisky soft on the tongue with a light, clean, pungent tang that's peculiarly satisfying to your taste sense. Today, as always, the Dawson blend is faithfully followed—the pleasure never varies.

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Trouble-Shooter on the Bench

Continued from pages 55-121

won the unanimous approval of the American press. "A rule of reason for free speech," the New York *Herald-Tribune* termed it; while the *Harvard Crimson* noted dryly: "Judge Clark has practically reincorporated Jersey City into the United States." Hague appealed to the Supreme Court, lost, and capitulated. Thus was arrested in its early stages, a dangerous and cancerous growth.

It would be impossible in a short article even to touch upon many of the evils which this alert and energetic jurist has drawn a bead upon, but if a trouble-shooter may be defined as one who can be depended upon at all times to take the initiative, Judge Clark eminently qualifies. His legal skepticism is clear, sane and vital, and always redounds to the benefit of the public. When he ascended the bench of the Third Circuit Court of Appeals, which has its headquarters in Philadelphia, that court had the reputation of being the most reactionary in the land. For some years running, in fact, it compiled the amazing record of having every one of its decisions reversed by the Supreme Court. With Judge Clark's advent, it may be reported, simply: those days are over.

From his present perch, it is only one more rung to the top of the judicial ladder, and it is difficult to know Judge Clark and believe that his present activities are any more than an apprenticeship for a more important performance on the national stage. Certainly, in him the country has produced a unique figure: a judge who refuses to take a detached, sporting interest in the convulsions of society, and who speaks his mind with a candor never before associated with the American bench.

In these respects, history may yet record him as our first genuine twentieth-century judge. ⧺

The Last of the Confucianists

Continued from page 27

instant recognition, although it always cost him a job or a few friends. Once he was paid by *The North China Star*, a British paper, to write some of its editorials, and the first editorial he wrote was a scathing attack on the British. Of course, that was also his last editorial. Another time, he was engaged by Eugene Chen, then editor of *The Peking Gazette* and later Foreign Minister at Hankow, to write four articles a month, and soon a furious recrimination started between Eugene Chen and Ku, Chen writing like John Morley and Ku writing like Matthew Arnold. It was good to see, but naturally the financial arrangement was soon discontinued. That explains why Ku remained throughout his life poor and proud, for anybody who helped him with a loan of one or two hundred dollars was putting his friendship with Ku under an unbearable strain. Ku regarded everybody who lent him money as an insufferable bore and considered it his sacred duty to assert his pride by insulting his benefactor.

Poor, almost friendless and usually without disciples to teach, Ku lived his life in comparative obscurity. He never tasted public adoration and was too pleased with himself to care. Once he was secretary to the liberal governor, Chang Chih-tung, but after his patron died, he could never keep his job for more than two months and lived always in poverty. With his superior prestige, he could never be bribed with a lucrative post. Ku probably enjoyed accepting a temporary office for the pleasure of firing himself from it. In his humble house, surrounded by his books and journals, his old wife and son and daughters, he was content.

Geniuses are rare and have to have their own idiosyncrasies, and Ku, if he had been a hard worker, would have been a genius. Ku had an idiosyncrasy. When he was writing, he had to take his socks off and play with his toes. Authors are known to be subject to some specific stimulus for their literary inspiration. Goethe's stimulus was women, Beethoven's was wine, and Schiller's, the smell of decayed apples. The olfactory sense always had something to do with it. Ku had to play with his toes. This later developed into a fetish with women's bound feet.

Ku's championing of the old way of life included defense of the old sing-song girls system. Ku insisted that he was a gentleman because he frequented the streets inhabited by women even in his old age. Once there was a party given in his honor, and when the time arrived, Ku failed to turn up. His friends knew for certain where he was, and there was a bet. The party set off to find him in his favorite haunt, and, surely enough, he was there. But it would have been sacrilegious to argue with him; in that atmosphere everything was harmonious and right. He wrote publicly that if you want still to find the last remnants of "true decent womanhood of China"—with its modesty, restraint, good manners, chastity and sense of shame—you have to go to the sing-song girls. He was not merely spiting the modern Chinese girls. One should hear him discourse on "the moral law," "the moral order," and "the divine order of things" at a sing-song girls' apartment to see that he was convinced of it.

There was, however, the serious side of Ku Hung-ming as a teacher. A true teacher is one who teaches out of an inner necessity. In his house were to be found only a few friends of the old Chinese scholar type who didn't know a word of

English. For the half-baked English-speaking moderns he had only contempt, and when Dostoevski was fashionable talk among the Peking intellectuals, he always spelled his name facetiously as "Dostoi-Whiskey." There would be, now and then, some young man whom he had picked up to teach English, against his own inner convictions. For Ku theoretically didn't approve of studying English. He gave one the impression of a man coming back from the North Pole and warned people from following his own example. "Don't study English. It's not worth it. Do you think you understand the (Confucian) *Four Books* already?" he seemed always to say. The next moment, you might be hearing him teaching the young man some fine points in English rhetoric. He was a severe master in style. One of the things he insisted was: in a sentence beginning with an *if*, do not follow it up with a *then;* and in a sentence beginning with *although*, avoid the redundant *but*.

Ku never taught for fees and was willing to take in quite common strangers for his pupils, for the pleasure of talking to them. It was the oldest of teacher-disciple relationships, the teacher passing on his gathered wisdom in casual talks to young men worthy enough to learn. The pleasure was real, because every true teacher who had really something to say had to say it to somebody who was willing to listen, a mental release as inevitable as any process of parturition in nature. Ku took in any young man and taught him in his house if he liked him and if the young man was reactionary and proud of being Chinese, or if he believed in the essential correctness of Confucius and was willing to laugh at his jokes at the expense of the moderns. After a few months, when he had sufficiently unburdened himself of his wisdom, the young man would leave and he would not care, and would pick up a new listener.

The actual teaching consisted of setting his students to tasks of English composition and especially translations from the Chinese into English, of which he was immensely proud and had a right to be. It was here that Ku was original; he had the inevitable phrase gained after long years of thinking and discussion and deep insight. Occupied as he was entirely with the Confucian classics, his whole process of thought seemed to follow the problem of reinterpreting these Confucian ideas in terms of English. There is a classic purity in his renderings of these philosophic ideas. He himself taught his students to read only two books for a long time, Shakespeare and the Bible. Recently, going over his translation of one of the *Four Books* (*The Conduct of Life*, John Murray), I discovered that for the words usually clumsily translated as *benevolence* and *righteousness*, he used the phrases "the moral sense" and "the sense of justice." And I came across a passage almost Biblical in its sound and sense:

"For God in giving life to all created things is surely bountiful to them according to their qualities. Hence the tree that is full life He fosters and sustains, while that which is ready to fall He cuts off and destroys."

And the amazing thing is that the translation is verbally correct.

It is a pity he did not translate the whole of the *Four Books*. What a revelation that would be!

But Ku was an indolent worker, being too pleased with himself to work steadily at a project. He wrote often at the spur of the moment. Any slight upon the Chinese civilization called forth the best or the worst from him. During the Lincheng Incident, in 1923, when two hundred passengers of all nationalities on the Blue Express from Shanghai to Peking were kidnapped by a Chinese bandit for ransom and the event had stirred up disparaging remarks about the Chinese chaos, Ku came out with what he considered his best retort. He reminded the Westerners that during a recent *police strike* in the city of Peking, not a single case of robbery was reported—a thing that could not have happened anywhere else and a proof that the individual Chinese are essentially gentlemen.

Ku wrote chiefly newspaper articles and a few longer essays, and he didn't care who printed them and never collected his own writings. But he was a stylist. Brought up in the tradition of the Victorian prose masters, he was a severe master with himself. He wrote a sonorous English prose that is yet unequaled by any living Chinese.

During the World War, stirred by the world tragedy, he wrote a long essay, called *Verteidigung Chinas gegen Europa*, a defense of China against Europe, in which he denounced Europe's "polizei-civilization," the civilization of force, and upheld China as the only country which believed in the moral order and the cult of the gentleman as the basis of world order. Ku's name became quite well-known in the intellectual circles in Germany. George Brandes, the Danish critic, wrote a commentary on Ku Hung-ming in his *Miniaturen*. While editing a special magazine issued in commemoration of Ku in 1934, I discovered also a short correspondence between Ku and Tolstoi.

Ku was the only Western-educated Chinese who had the soul of a wit and the depth of a philosopher. His writings are scattered, but I remember one of his best comments from memory: "The Germans have depth and breadth, but no tact; the French have tact and depth, but no breadth; and the English have breadth and tact, but no depth." Of course he implied that the Chinese have all three.

He was never happier than when he found he was about to die. "I am seventy-two," he said, "and you know that was the age of Confucius." ⊹

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Murder in Fly Time

Continued from page 44

be darn few pickings on the job for me and my gang."

"You mean you can't do anything about it. No," she mourned. "Nothing any creature can do about it now."

The Blowfly glinted at her, with the splendor of a sudden idea. "No? No! You said that before. Now listen . . . Suppose we could do something—me and my gang. Suppose we *did* do something about it. H-z-z-z?"

"Oh, if you *did*, I'd think you're simply too, too wonderful!" she breathed in maiden admiration.

Biologically, of course, it could never do him the least good; but the Blowfly loved it all the same. He winked half an eye—1,024 lenses. "Well, stick around, kid, and you might see some action yet! S'long, sweet," said he, and flew swaggering off the way he had come.

* * *

The Chief of Police sat at the table in the living room writing up his notes. *Doors locked inside. No evidence of robbery or any disturbance. Empty beer and liquor bottles. Finger prints of deceased only . . .* "What's your report, Doc?" he asked.

The City Coroner, a stoutish gent, first rubbed his nose and then glanced absently at his watch. "The subject," he stated, "the subject has been dead about twenty hours. Death was due to fracture behind the right ear. Evidently caused by falling heavily against the foot of the iron bedstead. No other marks of violence on body."

"Poor chap!" the Chief commented. "The postman told us—how he never stopped drinking since his wife left him. And there was a letter from her in the mail this very morning, too! I opened it—in case it might show anything phony. But she only wrote she might be coming back, if he wanted her.

"Tough, eh?" he mused, philosophically. "Makes you think there just ain't any justice the way things happen. Here's a harmless little gink gets himself popped off. Not by crime, or suicide even. Only by dumb, drunken accident.

"Say—" He broke off, suddenly. "What's that crazy rookie of a Macklin yelling for, outside there?"

Macklin was a round-faced young cop whose zeal for theoretical police practice had proved rather a trial at times. He came charging in now through the rear door like a bull-pup with a bone. "We got him, Chief. I got him, Chief!"

"Well, what t'—?"

"Yessir. Right down the alley here. Hid up in that old empty garage. He's pretty badly cut, but the towels had set. Likely he could ha' rested up there and got away with it, safe enough. If I hadn't traced him!"

"Who? Which . . .?"

"I'm telling you, Chief. *The murderer!* The skinny bloke who killed this little fat man with a beer bottle!"

The Chief spoke under strong restraint. "Macklin. If this is another of your dam-fool theories I'll order you off the case!"

"Nossir!" yapped Macklin. "It's the iceman who used to be on this beat. He ran off with the fat man's wife. And then he came back to kill him because the lady had changed her mind . . . Lissen, Chief. There's no use shaking your head at me. *The guy has confessed!* He was so sore at me tracing him down, he told the whole story. The other boys are holding him for the ambulance!"

"Traced him. *You* traced him . . . *How?*"

"Why, by his blood stains of course!" Macklin chortled. "Sure. I picked up the trail right outside the kitchen window. All I had to do was to follow it right across the lawn and down the alley. Old Sleuth Macklin!"

"*Blood stains?*"

"Blood stains fresh and new. He wrenched his wound climbing out the window, you see. He left a trail bright as paint!"

The Chief made an effort at incredulity. "*Blood!* But it's impossible! It would have dried up!"

"Nossir. The sun ain't even took off the dew, yet."

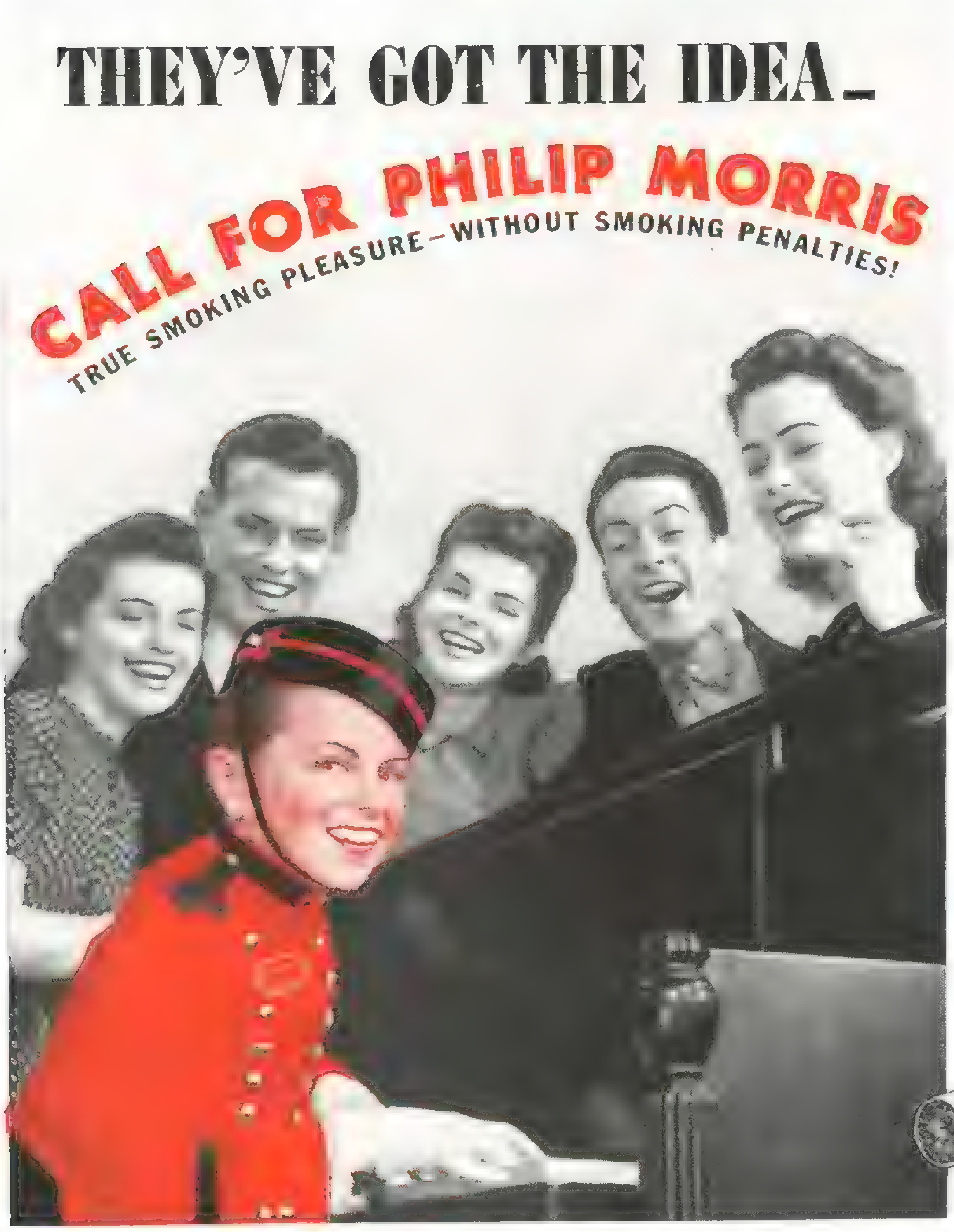
"But the flies! Dammit, man—it's *fly time!*" the Chief blurted. "Any such stains as those, all the blowflies and carrion flies in creation would have sopped 'em up and mopped 'em up. Long ago!"

"I dunno about that, sir. The stains are still there. I didn't see no flies. Maybe," Macklin added, with a grin, "maybe they got ordered off the case!"

"Speaking of which—" The Coroner spoke up suddenly. "Where's all the flies gone to, anyhow? . . . I don't see any around here."

And for a fact: there were no flies visible inside the murder house.

No flies. None; except one prim little Housefly who sat unnoticed in enraptured contemplation of eternal justice, accomplished after all. And patted her little hands together like Lady Macbeth. While a minuscule airplane went shooting past the window—*Hz-z-z! . . . Hz-z-z ?*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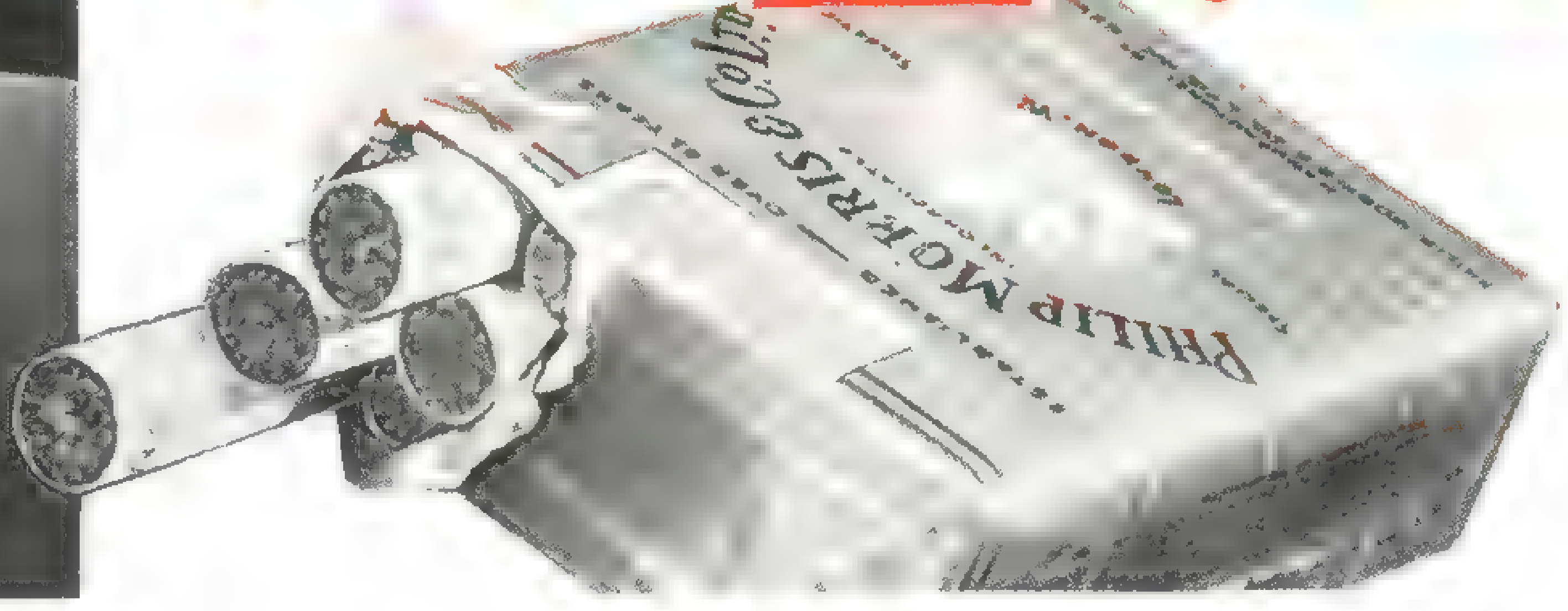

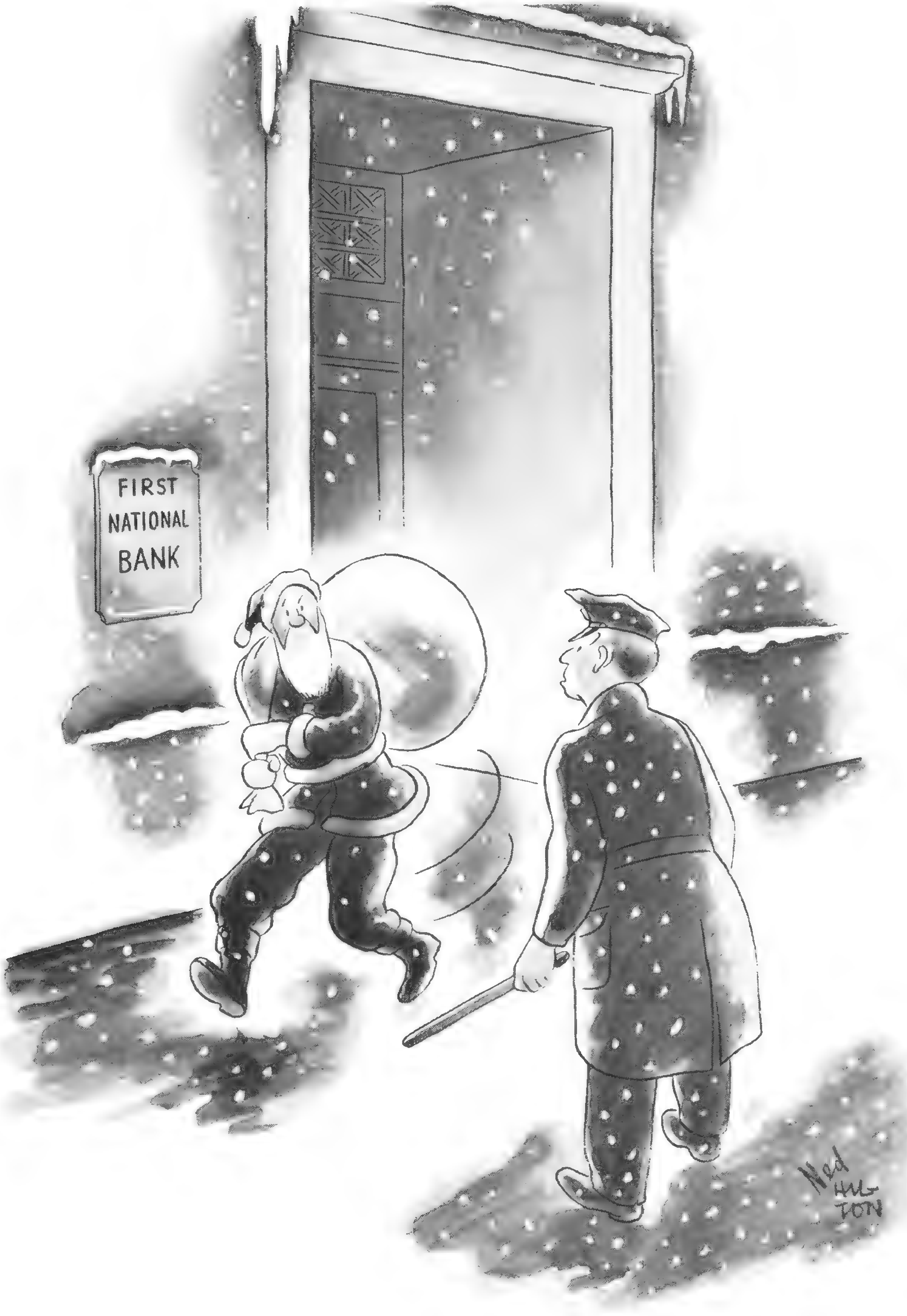
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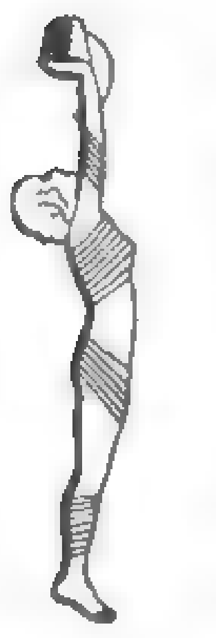

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A Quiet Wedding

Continued from page 79

don't see how these sporting writers can produce such stuff."

"They can't," said Bella. "They haven't the ability. I wrote the whole thing myself."

"I still say it's tripe," said Bill. "And I bet Sammy Ringo will agree with me." Sammy Ringo was the owner of the Coliseum and producer of the wrestling bouts.

"I explained the whole thing to Sammy yesterday," said Bella. "He thought it was swell. He told me to go ahead. And he's the boss around here, so what he says goes. You know that."

"Just the same, I don't like it, and I won't stand for it. Have you told Clarence yet?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"Oh, he had a lot of childish objections. He said in the first place he didn't like me, and in the second place he had a wife already, so he couldn't pretend he wanted to marry me."

"And what did you say to that?"

"I told him I wouldn't marry him for a million dollars because I like him even less than he doesn't like me—and he doesn't have to worry about his wife, because he hasn't lived with her for years, and she is way back east in Newark, New Jersey, or some such place, where she won't even hear about this business. And, finally, I told him it was all according to orders from Sammy Ringo himself, so Clarence had to agree—just the way you're going to agree."

"I'll never agree," said Bill. "What I want is just a nice quiet—"

"I'm sorry," interrupted Bella, "but I got no time to argue. I got to go and work up some more publicity."

The next day—Friday—the local paper carried another article playing up the coming wrestling bout and wedding. There was also a letter to the editor, as follows:

"To the Editor of the *Times*. Sir:—For some time past the more thoughtful members of the community have viewed with alarm the increasing wave of indecency and loose-living which seems to be sweeping across this country. Those of us who wish to preserve the sanctity of the American home and the purity of American womanhood have stood aghast at the inroads being made by the forces of communism, nazism, atheism, companionate marriage, free love, Trojan horses, easy divorce, birth control, selfishness, greed, irreverence, the liquor traffic, gambling, and the so-called freedom of the younger generation. But the climax of all these iniquitous movements is reached in the shocking performance announced in today's paper. I refer to the so-called wrestling match which is planned for Saturday night at the Coliseum, where, according to your paper, some shameless hussy—I will not dignify her by the name of woman—is brazenly offering her body as a prize to the victor of a brutal and degrading physical combat. In the name of common decency I call upon you, Mr. Editor, to exclude from your columns all further publicity and advertising for this affair, and, in the name of the law, I call upon the police of Prairie City to stop this degenerate spectacle. (Signed) Outraged Womanhood."

Bill showed the letter to Bella. "This shows," he said, "what we're getting into by exploiting ourselves this way. I don't like it. I won't stand for people calling you a—what was it, now?" He looked over the letter again. "Oh, here it is—a shameless hussy."

"It's all good publicity, Bill. If we can sell the public the idea that this is an immoral exhibition, we're sure to pack the house. That's why I wrote the letter."

"You mean you wrote it?"

"Sure—and the sporting editor was kind enough to see that it got published. Hot stuff, isn't it?"

"Bella, I'm ashamed of you."

"I'm not," said Bella. "But now I have a lot of other things to do. Good-bye." And Bella was gone.

On Saturday afternoon, the paper came out with more publicity, more objections, and an item stating that a member of the State Athletic Commission had decided to attend the bout in person. The Commissioner was quoted as saying that he stood—first, last and all the time—for good, clean sport. And there had been so much publicity and controversy about the coming bout, that he felt it his duty to make sure that everything was on the level and in accordance with the high moral standards heretofore always associated with the manly art of wrestling throughout the state.

Bill was considerably worried at the prospect of having the Athletic Commissioner at the bout. But Bella, merely laughed:

"All you have to do is follow my advice, and everything will be all right."

"I'm not so sure," said Bill.

"You're not losing your faith in me, are you?" asked Bella. "Don't you love me any more?"

"Bella," said Bill, "you are the most wonderful woman in the world. You know I'm just crazy about you. Without you to handle things for me, I never would have amounted to anything. But this time I wish you would listen to me. It would be so much nicer to have just a simple quiet—"

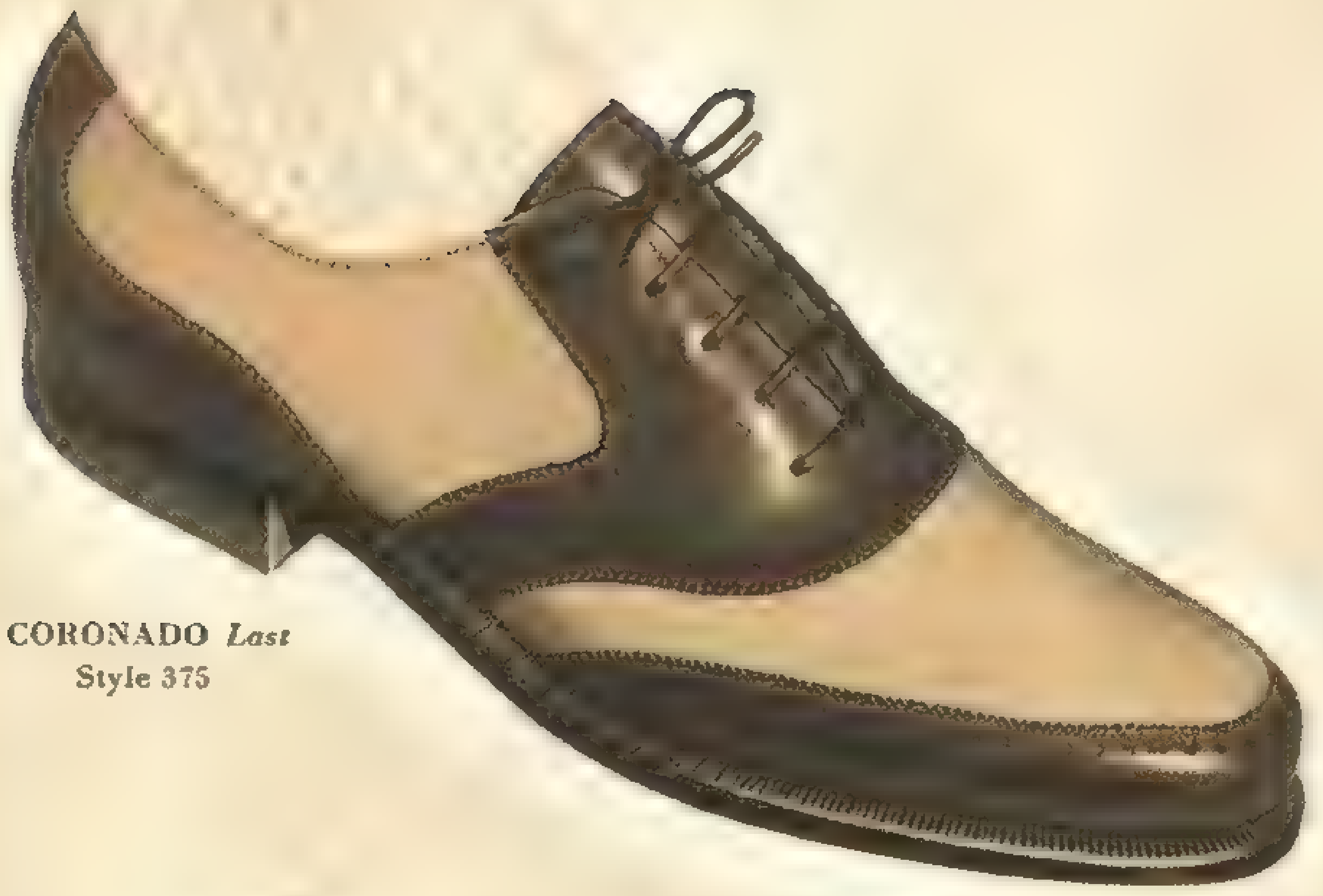
"Bill," said Bella, "You're just too sweet for words, and I love you very much, and I just know you're going to carry this thing through the way I want you to."

"Well," said Bill, doubtfully. "If you insist—"

"Atta boy!" said Bella. She kissed him affectionately on his cheek just above the point where his beard began. "And now," she went on, briskly, "We've got to go down and see Clarence, and make the final arrangements."

Taking Bill by the hand, she led

Continued on page 128



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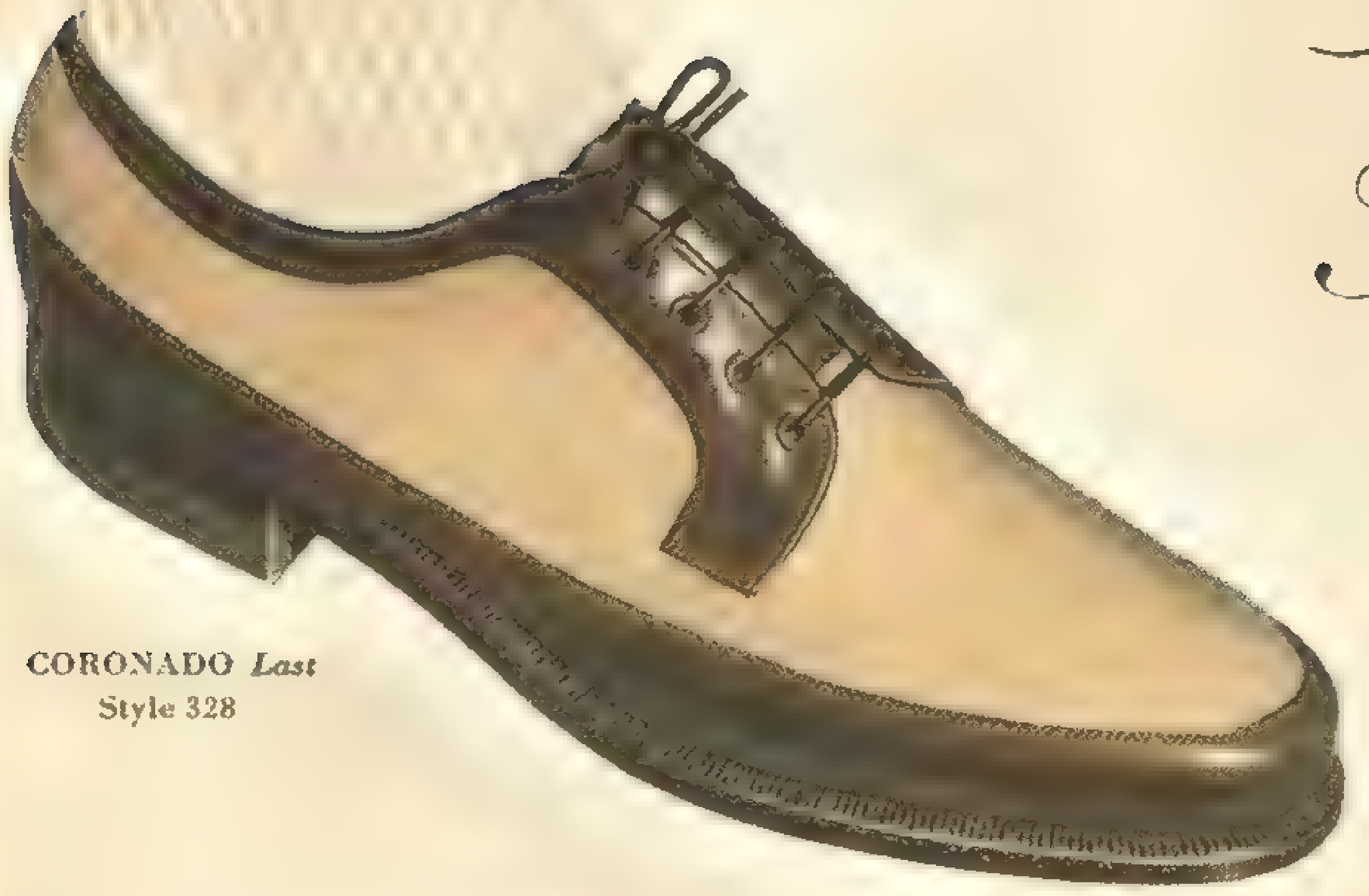

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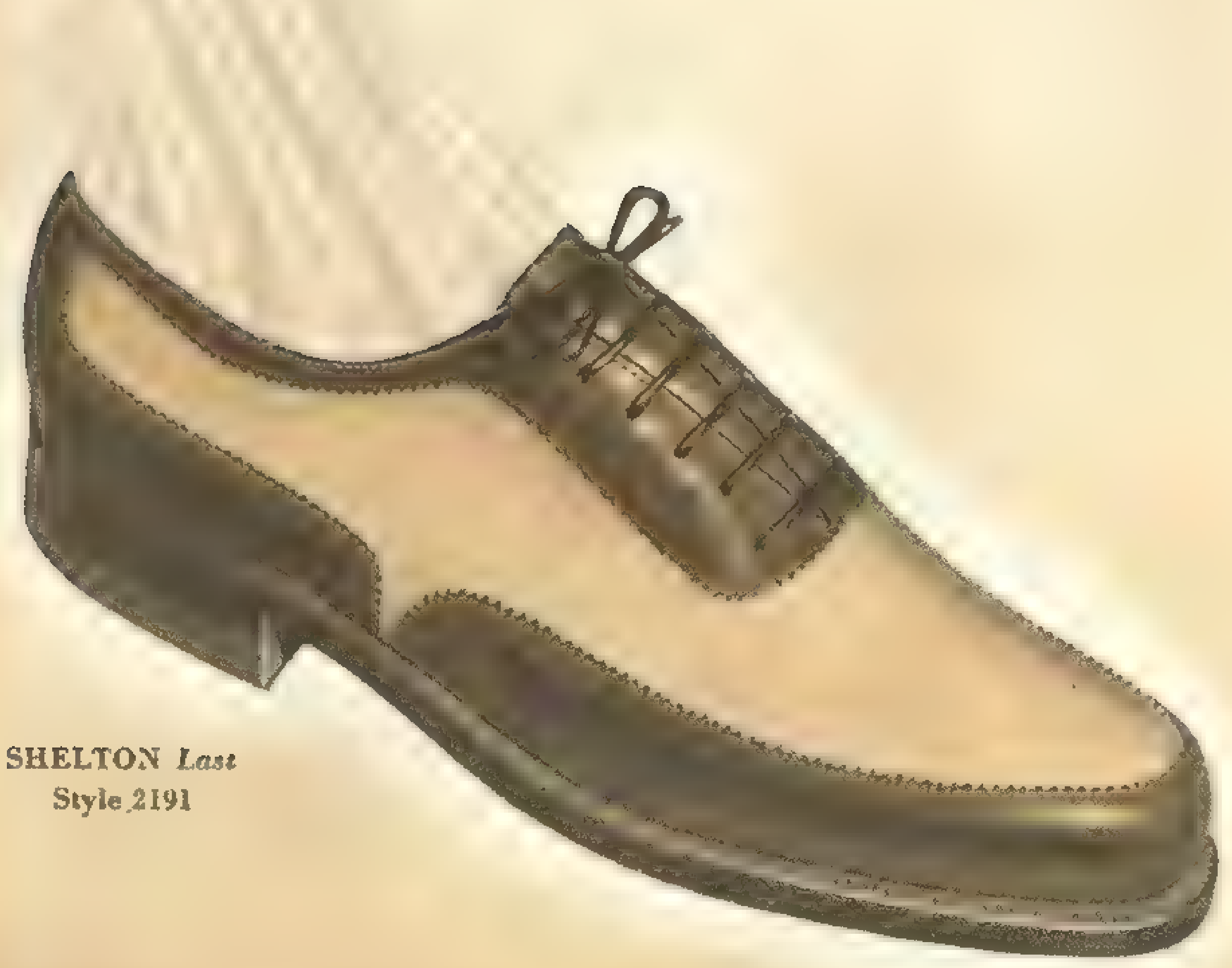

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A Quiet Wedding

Continued from pages 79-126

him down to the small Coliseum gymnasium, where Clarence Alford had just finished his afternoon workout. The term "Akron Adonis" fitted him fairly well. His face was rather weak and uninspiring, but his physical development was pretty much all right—broad shoulders, rippling muscles, and an undeniably graceful carriage. Bella motioned to Clarence. The three of them sat down on a bench, and Bella explained the details of the coming match.

"For the first ten or fifteen minutes," she said, you guys can slam each other around in the usual way. But this is a very special occasion, so we ought to give the fans something new in the way of a finish. Here is the scenario: Clarence pulls a few flying tackles, maybe a couple of those phony flying handsprings, and Bill begins to act groggy. Then Clarence knocks Bill through the ropes, and Bill falls down in front of the first row of fans, and rolls in under the edge of the platform. Clarence stands looking down at the place where Bill disappeared and waiting for him to come back."

"There's nothing new about that," Clarence objected.

"Wait till you hear the rest," Bella said. "Instead of coming up where he went down, Bill creeps along under the platform and comes up into the ring on the far side. Clarence doesn't see him, because he has his back turned, and he's looking for him at the place where he disappeared. So Bill takes Clarence by surprise, slams him on the canvas, and wins the match. If you ask me, it's a good trick. The fans ought to eat it up."

"Yes, I guess it ought to work out all right," Bill admitted.

"But you want to be very careful, Bill," said Clarence, "when you hit me from behind. If you aren't careful you might hurt me."

"Don't you worry," Bill said. "I'll lay you down as gentle as if you were a crate of eggs."

"All right, then," Bella said. "It's settled. Now I have to go see about my wedding dress."

That was the last they saw of her until the evening performance.

When the doors were opened, there were already long lines of people waiting in the street. Sammy had boosted the prices, and the fans did a lot of grumbling, but they turned out just the same.

The last preliminary bout was over at half-past nine. The announcer then stepped up into the ring and explained that the grand entrance of the wedding party was about to take place. Afterward, the final bout would go on, and then the beautiful Miss Bella Jones would marry the winner.

As the announcer finished speaking, an orchestra arrived from the basement by means of the small stairway under the ring. The musicians climbed through the ropes, settled themselves on camp chairs, and started in on the well-known strains of *Oh Promise Me.* The words were sung by the announcer—amplified to a terrific roar by the public address system.

The fans, on the whole, did not like it. The lads in the cheap seats started a rhythmic stamping which almost drowned out the music. And the song ended in such a chorus of hoots and hisses that the announcer decided to skip *I Love You Truly.*

The orchestra swung into the opening bars of the *Lohengrin Wedding March.* A deep hush fell over the audience, accompanied by a great craning of necks as the wedding procession entered a rear door and moved down the aisle.

In front were two little flower girls—daughters of one of the preliminary wrestlers. They carried baskets of roses which they scattered before them as they advanced. There was some undignified scrambling around by nearby members of the audience who could not refrain from grabbing these roses as souvenirs. After the flower girls were six bridesmaids hired by a leading department store to model its latest gowns.

And then came Bella herself, a truly majestic figure in white satin, with a long veil. She leaned gracefully on the arm of Mr. Sammy Ringo, the promoter, who was beautifully dressed in full evening attire—including a white tie, white stiff shirt with large diamond studs, white satin vest, and a coat with tails. Behind Bella were two little pages, sons of another wrestler, who carried her train.

The entire bridal party clambered into the ring, joined by the minister and the two bridegrooms, who came up from the basement. The timid-looking minister wore a dingy frock coat. The two bridegrooms were attired in wrestling trunks and bathrobes. Each was accompanied by a combination best man and second, clad in white pants and white sweater, and carrying a towel.

The crowd burst into loud and enthusiastic applause. The announcer introduced the minister, the blushing bride, and the unhappy-looking bridegrooms. Then the orchestra disappeared into the basement. And the entire bridal party, with the exception of the two bridegrooms, climbed down into a section of the ringside seats which had been blocked off by white ribbon. Here also sat the Athletic Commissioner of the State.

The referee held his inevitable conference with the wrestlers. They removed their bathrobes, the big bell rang, and the great battle for the beautiful lady began.

Bill employed all his usual tricks for exciting the interest of the crowd. He expanded his vast hairy chest and beat upon it with his fists. He rumpled his hair and beard. He bared his teeth and growled and roared. And he went charging about the ring in his usual mad-bull fashion. Clarence employed the same Toreador tactics which he had used in the past—gracefully side-stepping Bill's wild rushes, wiggling out of tight places, and occasionally closing in and taking a good pull at the heavy black beard of his opponent. From time to time the two men would grapple with each other and fall heavily. Bill would get an apparently effective hold and almost push Clarence's shoulders to the mat. And then, with a mighty heave, Clarence would wiggle loose and escape. It was a good show, and it had the fans roaring with delight.

Finally Clarence caught Bill off his guard and bounded off the ropes with a beautiful flying tackle that sent Bill sprawling. As Bill staggered to his feet, Clarence floored him with another tackle. Then Clarence pulled his most spectacular stunt—the flying handspring—striking Bill square in the chest with his feet, and knocking him backward into the ropes. As Bill dropped heavily over the edge and rolled in under the platform, the crowd leaped to its feet in a frenzy of excitement. Clarence waited, tense and expectant, just inside the ropes.

Slowly the referee began to count. According to the rules, if Bill failed to get back into the ring in twenty seconds he would lose the match. When the referee had reached the count of ten, he began to slow down. By the time he got to fifteen he was proceeding at about half the normal speed. And at sixteen he stopped entirely and began to look around in a puzzled sort of way.

The State Athletic Commissioner was on his feet. "You keep on counting," he shouted. "I'm here to see that this is a fair match"!

Reluctantly the referee took up his slow count.

Bella slid out of her seat, got down on her knees and peered under the platform. In the semidarkness she was able to make out the vast form of Bill, partly hidden by the complicated network of criss-cross timbers which supported the platform. He had reached a point directly under the center of the ring.

"Hey, there," Bella shouted. "You better hurry."

"I am," Bill answered. "But I'm caught. I seem to be wedged in between two of these timbers."

Bella went scuttling in under the platform—bridal veil and all. She crawled around, put her shoulder behind Bill and pushed.

Bill heaved and struggled until the entire platform swayed and shook. Then one of the timbers came loose with a crash, and Bill was on his way once more, with Bella right after him.

But it was too late. By the time he emerged at the side of the ring, the referee had reached the count of twenty, and the State Athletic Commissioner was shouting, "All right, what are you waiting for? Hold up the hand of the winner!"

The referee walked over and lifted Clarence's hand high in the air. The crowd was cheering and clapping and stamping. The little minister—thinking, no doubt, of the generous fee of twenty-five dollars which Bella had promised him—climbed eagerly into the ring. He opened his prayer book.

Down on the main floor beside the ring Bella spoke rapidly into Bill's ear. "I can't back out of this very well myself," she said, "So there's only one thing to do."

"What's that?" asked Bill.

"You've got to kidnap me by violence. Come on—pick me up and carry me out of here! And don't mind if I put up a fight. I got to stage a bit of a show for the benefit of the fans."

After a few seconds hesitation, Bill went into action. With one sweep of his mighty arm he swung the far-from-unsubstantial form of his fiancée across his shoulders in a fireman's carry. But before he could start for the door he was diverted by a sudden commotion.

A large determined-looking woman came marching down the aisle. She reached the ring, climbed through the ropes, and walked over in font of Clarence.

"So this is what you are doing, you dirty little weasel!" she said in a shrill and angry voice. "Getting ready to commit bigamy!"

"I can explain the whole thing," Clarence whined.

"I know all about it already," said the woman. Apparently I was just in time. You can forget all about this new wedding, and from now on you're going to turn over all your spare cash to me, or I'll have you put in jail for nonsupport and desertion."

"Who are you?" asked the minister.

The lady pointed her finger at the cringing Clarence, and answered in a voice that came over the public address system like the roar of a Texas tornado: "I am this man's lawful wife!"

"Say," grunted Bella from her uncomfortable position across Bill's shoulders. "That's swell! It shows how far the publicity went; all the way to Newark, New Jersey. Now nobody can expect me to marry Clarence. So you can let me down, and you and I will get married according to the original plan."

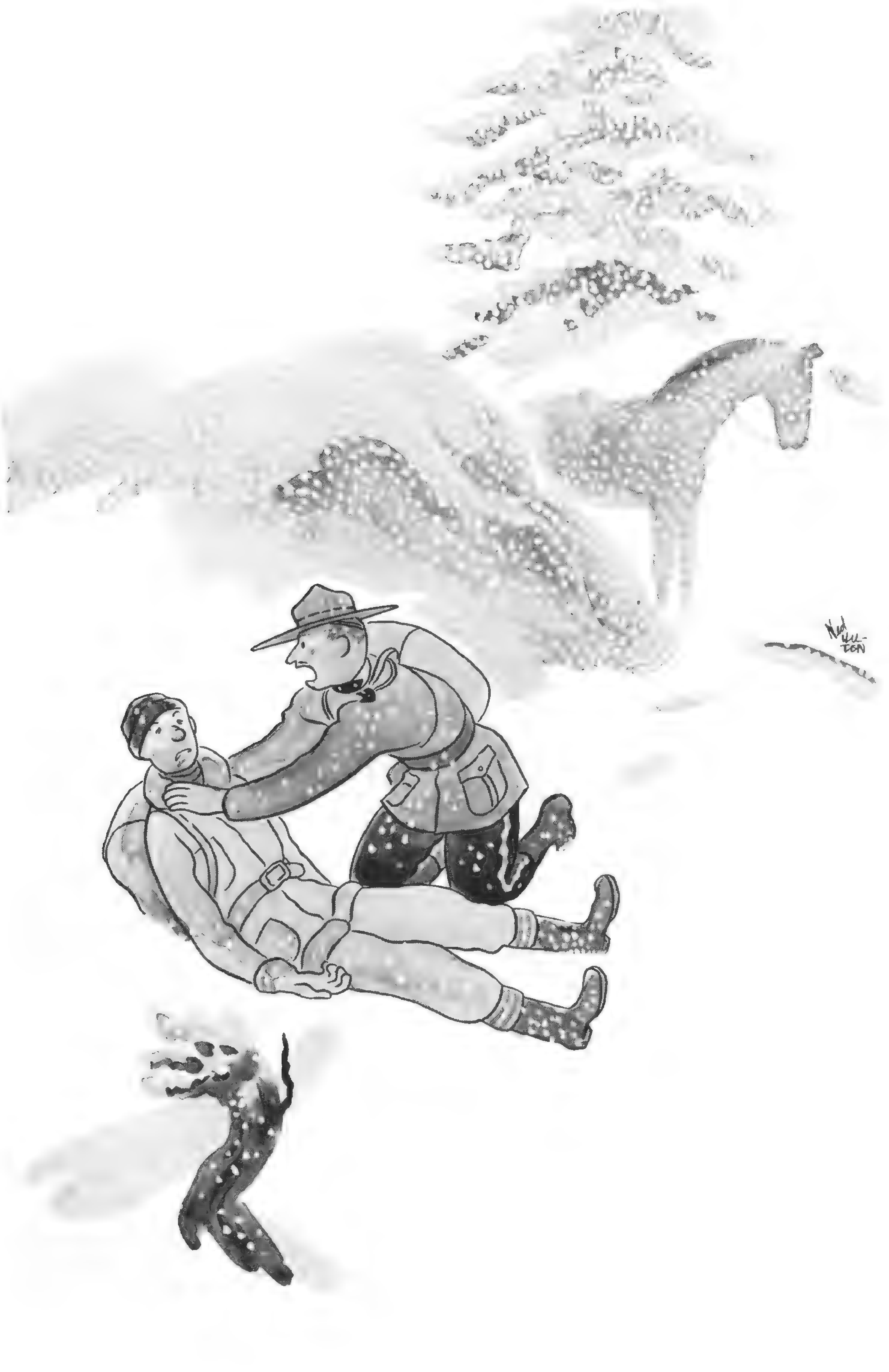
"Bella," said Bill, "you got real brains. But I got the muscle."

"Put me down," yelled Bella.

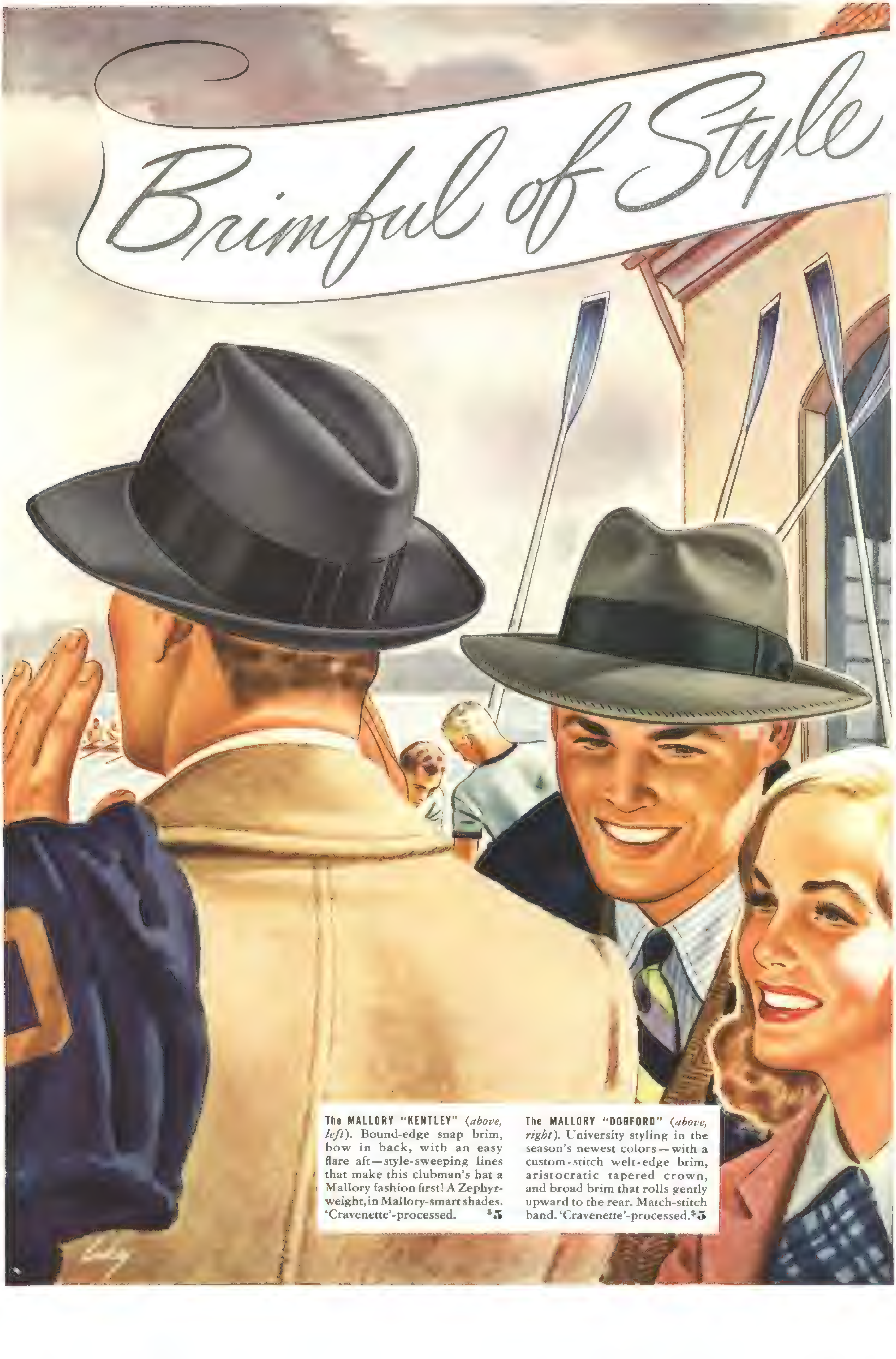
"Shut up," said Bill. "I got you where I want you. And from now on I'm going to boss this affair."

He went up the aisle like a charging elephant. He carried the kicking and screaming Bella through the lobby, down to the dressing-rooms where he picked up his clothes, and out to the street where he hailed a passing taxi.

As they drove off, Bill braced himself for a terrific bawling out. But Bella merely gazed at him with love and admiration. "What a man!" she said. An hour later they were married by a minister in an outlying village. It was a simple, quiet wedding. #



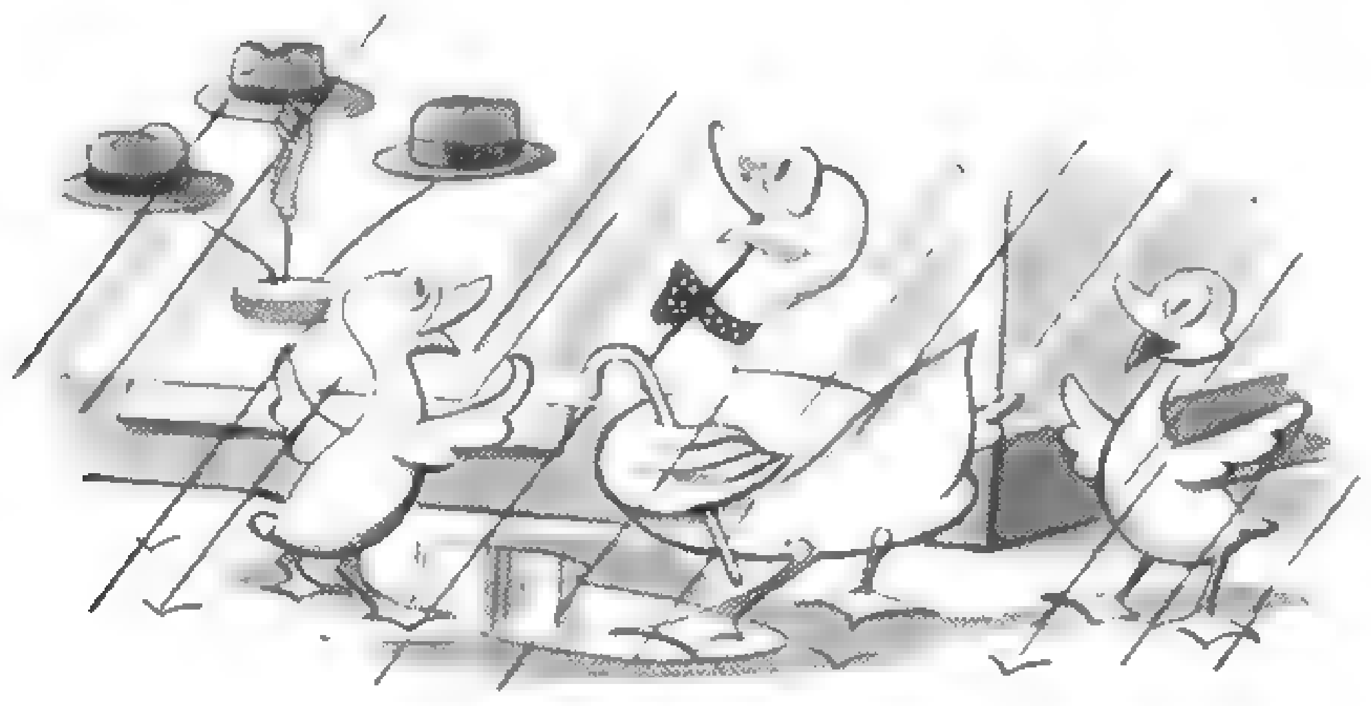
"You must try to carry on, man—you've got to get back to the post to face that murder charge!"



The MALLORY "KENTLEY" (*above, left*). Bound-edge snap brim, bow in back, with an easy flare aft—style-sweeping lines that make this clubman's hat a Mallory fashion first! A Zephyr-weight, in Mallory-smart shades. 'Cravenette'-processed. $5

The MALLORY "DORFORD" (*above, right*). University styling in the season's newest colors—with a custom-stitch welt-edge brim, aristocratic tapered crown, and broad brim that rolls gently upward to the rear. Match-stitch band. 'Cravenette'-processed. $5 yet they'll take a ducking...

"What's Mallory got that I haven't got?" quacked Dapper Duck. "I'm handsome, and the talk of the pond—and a spot of rain doesn't dampen my style a bit. What's that smart Mallory gonna do in bad weather, I ask you?"



Ah, there, Dapper, that's just the point! A Mallory is more than just a hat. It's as soft and light to the touch as the downiest feather. A Mallory hat makes a man feel as if his head's in the clouds, because it's brimful of style and hatful of comfort. And when it comes to bad weather—! With that moisture-resistant 'Cravenette' process, Mallory hats can certainly take a ducking!

The "CHEVRON NOKABOUT"—Dashing chevrons on suede leather straps give a military air! A welt-edge brim, plus a crown that does things to you! Mallory-styled colors. 'Cravenette'-processed. $5

The "CROSS ROADS"—Casually smart, it looks equally well brims-up or down! Nonchalance—with a spark! Deft, cut-edge brim and perky motif band. Newest Spring colors. 'Cravenette'-processed. $5

The "MERIDIAN"—A Stowaway felt for anybody's features! From deep-creased streamlined crown to welt-edged brim and heavy-corded band—this 'Cravenette'-processed Mallory is "tops." $5

The "TRAVEL-LITE"—Comes Spring, comes this companionable Nokabout felt, lined, that goes anywhere. The dapper underwelt brim sets off a narrow, rakish drape band. Mallory-styled colors. 'Cravenette'-processed. $5

Most Mallory Styles $5. The Sportabout $4. Others $6, $7.50 and $10.

MALLORY

EXCLUSIVELY "Cravenette" PROCESSED

They'll take a ducking

At the Fertility Sing

Continued from page 49

in the ceiling, all of us were under the rhythmic spell of the drumbeat.

We lay back on the sheepskins, as hours passed. We smoked. We watched Tall Singer arrange and rearrange his "medicine" on the deer skin. He smoked, too, and often spat into the fire.

The trader told us Tall Singer had many cures to his credit. He was renowned as a medicine man. He was a man of power, full of the subtle, ancient wisdom of his calling. Indians often gave him many sheep for a healing ceremony.

He seemed to be waiting for something, as the chanting continued. Perhaps for some sign from the gods that they were attentive to the prayers.

Many Goats sat quietly opposite him, but there was something patiently expectant in his manner, as though he hoped, at any moment, to feel a surging, vital power sweep through his old veins.

Chewing Tobacco's Daughter sat on a rug of her own weaving, on one side, her legs stretched out straight before her. She was motionless and composed. Most of the time, her eyes were downcast; but now and then we saw her glance at Tall Singer's devout assistant, whose attitude towards her seemed almost too indifferent, or at the young, handsome trader. There was a warmth, a liveliness, in her eyes, then; her glance was not flirtatious, but it was decidedly interested.

The singers grew tired. Some of them lay on their backs, their knees up, in the perfectly relaxed pose Navajos so easily assume. The old man with the water drum beat out a low, steady rhythm, chanted in a low tone. Tall Singer spread out paints and yucca brushes on his deer skin; all medicine men are artists, and painting designs and symbols on a patient's body is an important part of their craft. His assistant stirred the herb tea on the fire.

At a word from Tall Singer, one of the old women went outside and brought in a large cup. Some of the tea was poured into it, and the cup was passed around, first to Chewing Tobacco's Daughter, then to Many Goats, then to the rest of us.

"Just pretend to drink," the trader said. "One of those old boys has t.b."

Not to drink would be to break the circle of magic and power. We lifted the cup, barely touched the brim with our lips; then passed it on. Tall Singer looked at us out of his amused, cynical eyes.

How much did he believe in his own power? It was impossible to guess. Perhaps he was so great a master of magic, on such sure terms of intimacy with the gods, that he no longer had to be abject in his devotion. Perhaps he didn't believe at all. Perhaps it was enough that others believed in him. He was not a simple person, easily understood; he had a keen, subtle mind, highly trained in his mysterious craft. Whatever he thought, whatever he was, he had magnetism, force, and a manner unmistakably authoritative.

At a word from him, his assistant filled the cup again, dipped his fingers into it and ran them over Chewing Tobacco's Daughter and Many Goats. The singers who had been resting sat up and resumed the chant.

We watched the young medicine man. When he touched the girl, his bright, intent eyes gazed upon her. She hung her head. Tall Singer watched them, too, a half-smile on his lips, a cynical light in his eyes.

His assistant slipped off the girl's moccasins, lifted her skirt a little above her ankles. Tall Singer dipped a yucca brush in bright blue paint, which he had mixed from dry powder. His assistant, sitting before the girl, painted designs on the soles of her feet.

Tall Singer watched him, giving him exact directions, handing him other brushes dipped in other colors. Many Goats sipped tea from the cup. His eyes were shining with faith and confidence; he, at least, believed, wished to believe.

When the young man had finished his painting to Tall Singer's satisfaction, the medicine man yawned, stood up and went outside.

"It's about over," the trader said, "except that they'll sing the rest of the night, of course. You want to stay?"

We did. But we were drowsy. Like the Navajos and the trader, we lay back on the sheepskins.

"Don't blame me if you get lousy," the trader said.

We dozed off, to the continuous rhythm of the drum and the chanting. It grew cold in the hogan. We stirred and sat up as Indians went outside to relieve themselves. Whenever we looked at them, Many Goats was sipping his tea, Chewing Tobacco's Daughter was sitting motionless.

Tall Singer stepped into the hogan, chewing a piece of broiled meat with obvious relish. That made us hungry and we went out to the cook fires, squatted there and had meat, bread and coffee. Light was breaking in the East.

As the sun rose, the chanting ceased. The Navajos came out, yawning and stretching themselves, to eat. One, standing straight, looking towards the sun, sang a wild, joyous song, high-pitched and barbaric, unlike the chants we had heard during the night.

Many Goats came out, smiling confidently, calm and assured.

Inside the hogan, Tall Singer's assistant was gathering up the materials of his craft. He was there alone with Chewing Tobacco's Daughter. He was talking to her quietly, persuasively; she pretended not to hear him.

Then he came out, lithe and efficient, his work done, and sat

Continued at top of page 132

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America's Guest Whisky

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO., INC., At Louisville, in Kentucky

At the Fertility Sing

Continued from pages 49-131

down to eat. Chewing Tobacco's Daughter slipped on her moccasins and joined us, smiling, good-natured, sitting near the trader and urging food upon him. He grinned at her and said something in a low tone that made her hang her head and giggle.

It was twenty miles back to the trading post, over a rough, high-centered road with some sandy stretches where we might get stuck. It was time to leave.

We clasped hands with each of the Indians, looking into their eyes. We thanked Many Goats and Tall Singer for their hospitality.

Tall Singer said, with humor in his tone, "Tell the Americans if they ever need a sing, for trouble like this, I will do it. You will see. Many Goats will have a child, his ewes will have many lambs, his cows many calves."

We climbed into the trader's truck, without a word of farewell—it is not the custom to say good-bye in Navajo; there is too much finality in the word; it puts an end to something that should flow on like a stream—and drove off across the mesa.

The trader was laughing to himself. We looked at him curiously.

"Well, what do you think?" he said. "You think the operation was a success?"

"Do you?"

"Oh, sure. There'll be a child in that camp. You can bet on that. You hear me talking to Chewing Tobacco's Daughter? I was telling her if she couldn't manage any other way, the next time she brought in a rug I'd see what I could do for her. They get a kick out of jokes like that."

He laughed again, and began a very good imitation of a Navajo chant.

"Tall Singer's assistant," I said, "is a very handsome young Navajo."

The trader winked.

About a year later, the trader added a postscript to one of his always interesting, chatty letters. It read:

"Remember the sing up at Many Goats' camp. Well, sir, Many Goats is a proud papa—you just ought to see him with that boy of his. Or, anyway, his wife is a mother. Laugh this off, if you can: Just as Tall Singer said, Many Goats has the biggest lamb and calf crop in many years. More than anybody else around. Tall Singer claims the credit." #

A Pair of Vikings

Continued from page 30

blindingly, angelically, beautiful. Angelically, because they were both so incredibly fair, so blond, so blue-eyed—but also because there was a fierce purity about them, something untamable, almost unchallengeable. Vikings, yes—Paul had hit the nail on the head, as usual. And the effect was further heightened—now that I looked again—by the fact that the girl, who was otherwise dressed exactly as the boy was, in a blue shirt open at the throat, and loosely fitting dark blue trousers, wore a snug little blue hat, which sat very close to her fair head, with bright silver wings at either side. The effect was really magical; for as she looked over our heads, undazzled by the brilliance of the spotlight in which she stood, it was as if she were already in swift motion, already positively flying. She was speed itself—she was an arrow. And her eyes were the bluest, and the fiercest, I have ever seen.

Meanwhile, the boy had raced the engine of his motor-bike three or four times with a shattering roar, the ticket seller announced through a little megaphone that the performance, the last of the evening, would begin, and people were climbing up the rickety stairs that led to the top of the great varnished cylinder which was called the Drome of Death. A perfect cat's cradle of wire stays tethered it to earth—I noticed that these, like the wall of the Drome itself, seemed to be brand-new—a fact which subsequently, of course, was verified. The boy and girl wheeled their motor-bikes along the runway to a door in the Drome, which an assistant clamped fast behind them, Paul bought the two tickets, and we hurried up the stairs.

"Do you mean to say they're going to ride *round* in this mere barrel?" I said, as we seated ourselves, and looked down into the wooden interior. Viewed from the rim, it really looked like an enormous dice-cup. The two vikings stood beside their motor-bikes, wiping their hands.

"Of course. Nothing but centrifugal force—quite simple, really, I believe—they've been doing it for years in the States—but just the same it gives you quite a thrill. And those two *people*—my God, did you ever see anything like them? *Look* at that girl! *Look* at the way she stands there! Like a flame, my boy—she's like a flame. And he's really just as fine—they're married, I think."

"Married? Those children?"

"Well, she's wearing a ring—you'll see it when she comes up here."

"Comes up here?"

"Right to the top, almost up to the top—that's why they've got this guard-wire here . . ."

The boy, his fair cool face turned upward, was saying:

"—you see how it is—the risks are thought to be too great, and therefore we are unable to obtain any insurance whatever. No life insurance company will take us—no matter what the premium. That is why I ask you to make any contribution you can, no matter how small—it simply goes into a separate fund which we keep in case of accident."

He stood there, looking up, calmly and as if appraisingly—one hand resting lightly on his hip—the girl was leaning idly, indifferently, against her motor-bike, not looking anywhere, and visibly bored—it was all quite extraordinary. A cultured voice, too, clear and firm—the accent that of a gentleman. Pennies, sixpences, a few shillings, fell spinning and rolling into the Drome—he said "thank you—thank you—" as he stooped unhurryingly, and with irreproachable dignity, to pick them up. The girl watched him, unmoving, for a second or two, and then began examining her fingernails.

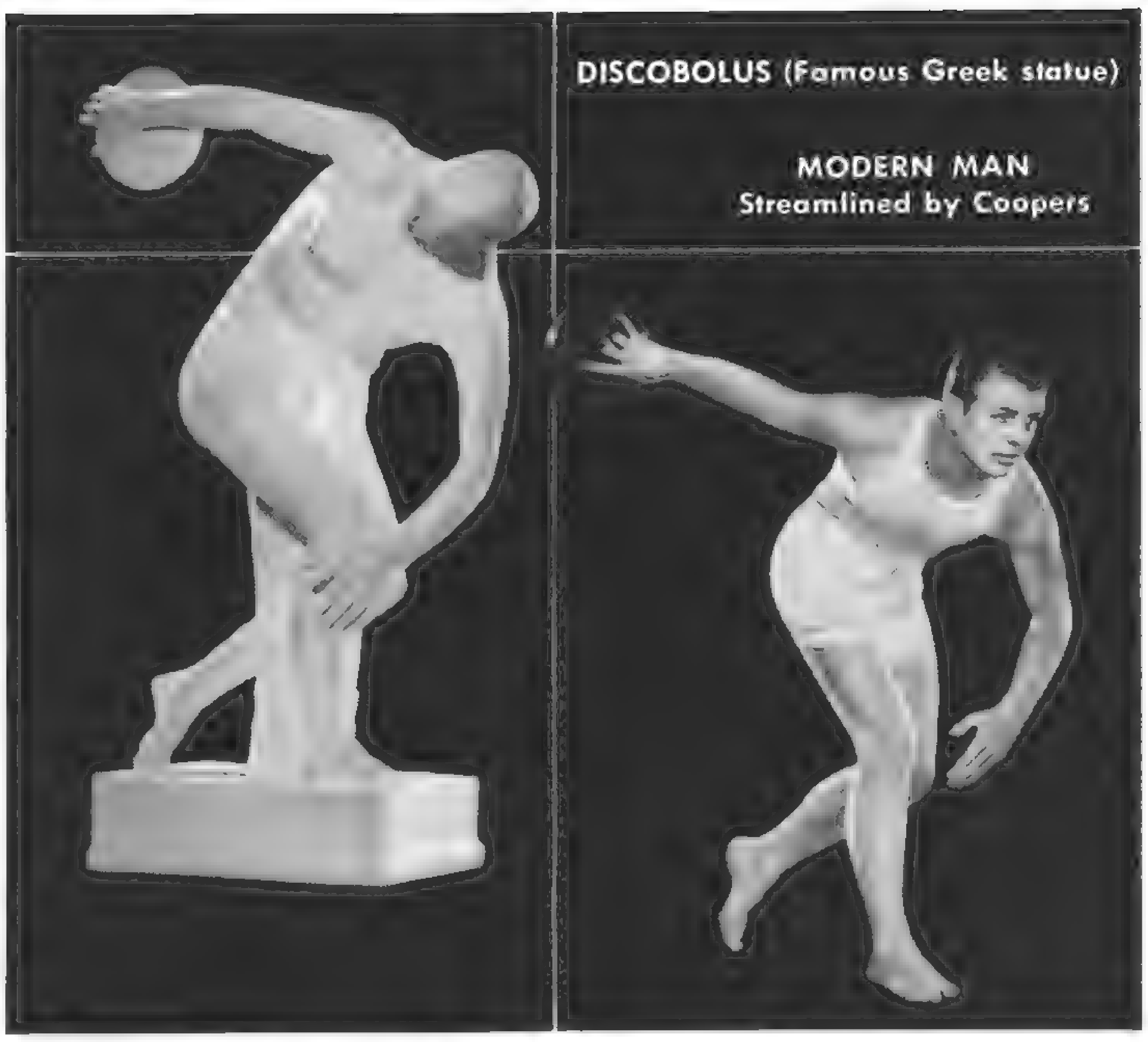
She remained like that, too, exactly like that, at the center of the Drome, while he started his motor-bike, rode with increasing speed round and round the tilted floor at the bottom, and then suddenly was circling round the wall itself. The uproar was deafening. The pent-up racket of the motor-bike would have been quite enough by itself—but in addition the Drome began to creak terrifyingly under that swift rush of pressure and weight, and you could see it actually changing in shape as the rider flashed round the gleaming walls. Higher and higher he came, spiraling always nearer, until at last he was roaring past us within arm's reach of the top, the hot gust beating against our faces and gone and then back again, his fair hair blown back like a flag. And then he was dipping downward again: and had taken his hands off the handle bars: and his arms outspread was circling as easily as a swallow. It was as beautiful, and looked just as easy, as that. It was pure flight.

I was just going to say something like this to Paul, and just thinking to myself that swallows alone, of all birds, seem to use flight for pure pleasure, when I happened to look down at the girl. She had not moved. The proud face, under its silver wings, was turned slightly aside and downward, she again examined her fingernails, still leaning idly against her tilted machine, only once did she glance upward toward the moving figure above her; and then it was a glance not so much directed toward him as beyond him. Was she—as she appeared—so completely indifferent to him? Or was the whole behavior merely professional? It did not change when he dropped down, slowing, to the tilted floor, and came to a stop beside her—nor when he said something to her, in a low voice, either. Something very brief, only a word or two—he looking straight at her, she looking away—instructions, perhaps, or a word of advice. She simply continued to look away, as if through the walls, while he was announcing to us, in his polite and cultured voice, that he and his wife were the first in the world to ride two motor-bicycles simultaneously in the Drome of Death—adding, as a cautionary note, that it would be as well if the spectators would keep a little back of the guard-wire. And then, in another moment or two, the girl had mounted her machine, and was circling with greater and greater speed for her first strike on to the wall, and—flash!—she was already there, and the two bright wings were swiftly mounting toward us. It seemed to me that she had rushed the whole attack on the perpendicular wall much more rapidly than he had—or could I be mistaken? And that even now she was traveling faster. In next to no time she was whizzing round the very top, barely below the guard-wire, the beautiful viking face fixed in a sort of fierce serenity of speed, the loose blue collar blown back from the white throat: and then, below, the other machine had suddenly shot upwards: and in an indescribable uproar which seemed to be racking the walls to pieces the two flying figures circled and recircled, one above the other—the girl keeping rigidly at one level, the boy alternately dipping and soaring. One didn't know which of them to watch—the rapt face above, or the more brilliant performance of the boy below. But now, one *had* to watch him for once more he was sailing like a bird, with his hands off the handle bars, and now too he was taking something out of his pocket—it was a square of black silk, a black handkerchief, fluttering as fiercely as if it were flame in its attempt to escape from his hands, the two hands holding it up before his face. Yes—he was actually going to blindfold himself! The black square blew over his face, over his eyes, and was held stiffly there by the sheer speed at which he was moving, and now again, his arms outspread at either side, he swooped like a swallow round the shining Drome, easily, effortlessly, while the girl above, traveling a little more slowly, for the first time seemed to be watching him . . .

But watching him with that same fierceness, still, that same air of remote and unbreakable pride—certainly without fear, either for herself or him. Almost angrily, in fact, or contemptuously; and as if impatient, too, for him to be done with it, to get it over with. You could feel her thinking—"come on, come on, we've had enough of this now, you've shown off enough, let's get down off this wall and go home"—! But all the while, too, her own steel-like delight in the speed and danger, as if that gleaming perpendicular wall, for her, was something more precious than life itself.

It was coming to an end, however. The boy had whipped off the black handkerchief, had tucked it away quickly, was circling downward and slowing, the bursts of sound from the exhaust becoming irregular and intermittent—and now he was out on the floor again, and the girl, in her turn, was spiraling beautifully down the wall, slower and slower, the silver wings pointing downward, the

Continued on page 134



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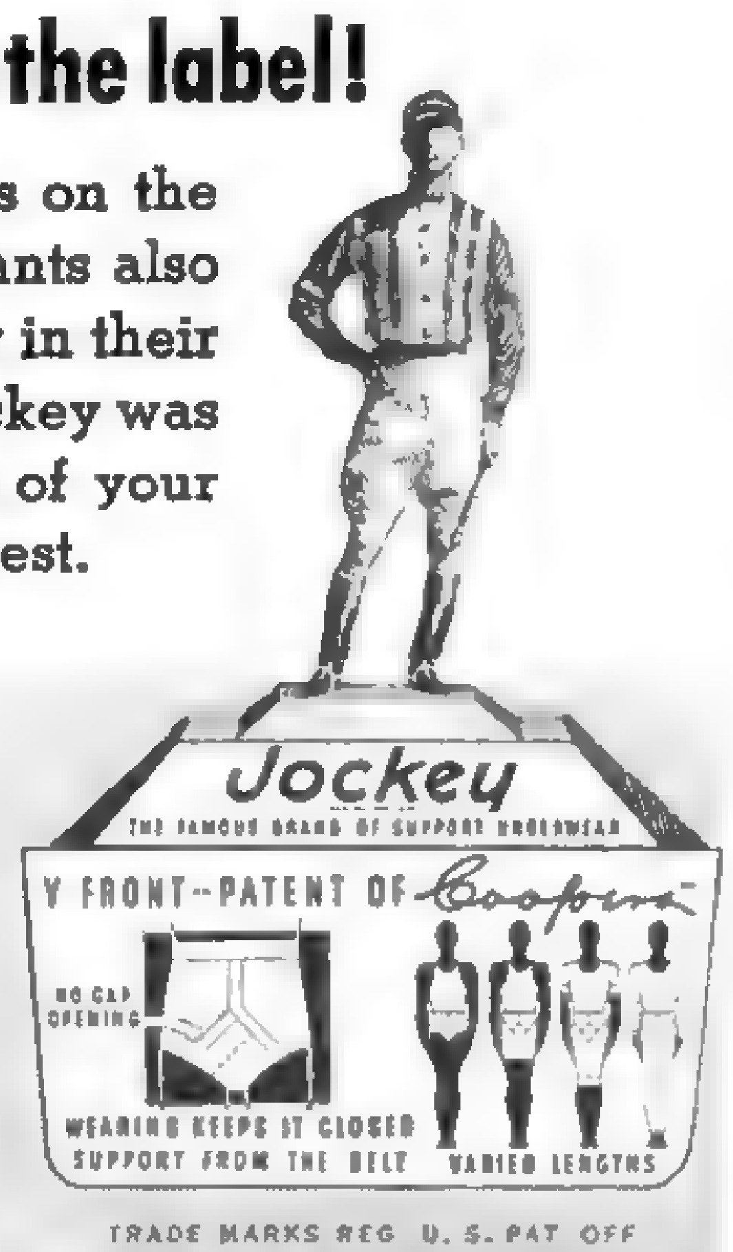

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A Pair of Vikings

Continued from pages 30-133

fierce head held proudly back. In less than a minute, without any fuss, she had joined the boy in the center of the floor, they were stacking the motor-bikes for the night, and the people beside us were getting up to leave. Down below, the curved door in the wall of the Drome had been opened from outside, and the assistant had come in, bringing a wooden mallet. The girl went out first, without saying a word—the boy just pausing to say something to the assistant, then following. Our ten golden minutes were over.

"Well—" Paul said as we went down the narrow stairs—"was I right?"

"You were right. Words fail me. A pair of nonpareils. Why they're incredible! And how exactly like you to find them!"

He chuckled.

"Yes—it was a bit of luck."

"But tell me—why was there no applause?"

"Isn't that funny? There never *is* any. Not a scrap. You know—I fancy it's because people are really dazzled, really overcome—do you think it could be that—?"

"It may be—it may be. *I* certainly was . . . !"

Outside, the fair was closing up for the night. The merry-go-round had been darkened, lights here and there were being turned off, the last few stragglers were drifting across the littered playing-salts. Shadows moved on the curtained windows of the gypsy wagons and caravans—the fair-folk were going to bed. Beside the huge green lorry which was the power-plant, the night watchman sat in a wooden chair on the grass—he was reading a paper by the light of one naked bulb, stuck in the side of the lorry, and keeping an eye on his throbbing motors. Cables ran from the lorry across the grass to the merry-go-round, the Drome, the various wagons—we stepped over them carefully, deciding to walk home by way of the river.

The boy and girl were nowhere in sight.

II

Of course, we both saw them again, and not once but many times. How could we possibly keep away from them? We couldn't, and didn't. We became addicts, sitting through performance after performance—we took parties of friends—we went, in short, over and over again, returning willy-nilly to that delight as the drunkard returns to his bottle. Paul took along his camera, naturally, and got dozens of remarkable photographs—and how many sketches he made goodness knows. At the end, we knew those two lovely creatures absolutely by heart—as you usually know only those people you love. And all this time, right *to* the end, they both remained just exactly as superb and beautiful and inviolable as they had seemed at the beginning.

That is, as far as the *performance* was concerned. And in fact, the effect was actually heightened by what we found out about them—it added an element of the dramatic to know what we knew, and to know *why* they behaved as they did. How much more, too, if we could have known how it was destined to end, and how soon—! But that was impossible, of course, and nobody guessed it; and meanwhile it was quite enough for us to watch day after day the girl's savage and contemptuous indifference, and the angry pride which so enhanced her beauty, and counter to this, the boy's calm and cool and patient courage, the *quiet* courage of the one who knows that he can wait longest.

A start was made when Paul decided to ask them to Sunday tea, and did so, and they accepted. They were surprised, but they were also delighted. They came, and it was a huge success, and—as Margaret told me afterwards, for I was unable to go, much to my sorrow—they behaved beautifully, simply beautifully. Somehow, nobody had quite expected them to have much in the way of manners—an assumption which was quite unfounded, of course, and which collapsed instantly and startlingly when it came out, almost at once, that the boy was the son of a north country vicar! A gentleman, in fact, and the girl a lady! Margaret was relieved; and Paul was amused; and everybody, as usual, had a good time. And lots of interesting things came out. They were both twenty-two, and had been married less than a year. The boy had spent a few months in New York—it was there that he had learned his stunt-riding, while working as a mechanic for the Wall of Death at Coney Island, or some such place. And he had decided that he would come back to England and be the first to introduce it there. With the money he came into from his mother on his twenty-first birthday, he bought the rights and plans for the first Drome of Death in England, therefore, and had it built at Southampton—and only a week before, at Southampton, he and his wife had given their first performance. All the money had been spent—it was a close thing—and they would be dependent on what they could make, but they were confident. And so on.

It was noticeable — Margaret said—that it was he who did all the talking. But a little nervously, and constantly turning to his wife, as if half afraid of some shadowy criticism or disapproval. The girl said practically nothing. She was perfectly self-possessed, and quite amiable, but she made it evident that she preferred to listen—now and then turning towards her husband, Margaret thought, an expression that seemed perhaps just a shade skeptical. Especially of his exploits—when he was telling of his previous exploits. Not that he boasted at all—not in the least. Apparently he had in fact been extremely modest about it. But it was when he was telling of his winning the Isle of Man trophy, and the race from Land's End to John o' Groats, and a few other such things, that Margaret first noticed, as she put it, what looked almost like a curl of the lip, and an angry flash of light in the girl's eyes. It was odd, and a little disconcerting. And moreover, it seemed disconcerting to the boy.

But that was all, no further light was shed on it at the time, and it was not till a few days before the fair left town, and took the road for Folkestone, that the thing really came out.

And all through a package of cigarettes—and the fact that I had to call at the jeweler's for my watch, which I had taken to be cleaned. The jeweler's shop was at the end of the High Street, just beside the cliff, and above the playing-salts; and seeing the fair, and having nothing to do, I went down. Except for one or two of the penny gambling stalls, the fair was not officially open in the morning, and therefore now it looked a little deserted. Nobody about—only a few children. But when I came to the Drome of Death, there, sitting on the edge of the red plush dais, dangling his blue-trousered legs, was the boy, all alone, and the minute he saw me his eyes lighted up with recognition, and he smiled.

"I imagine you've seen me before," I said.

"Many times. You're a friend of Mr. Nash, aren't you? I think he spoke of you."

I admitted this, and said that I was sorry I had been unable to come to the tea, and to meet his wife and himself, and I complimented him on the show, at which he was pleased, and then he asked me if I wouldn't sit down, and I did. But it was when I offered him a cigarette that he *really* showed his pleasure—he fairly beamed at me.

"You know—" he said—"I've been frantic for a cigarette—absolutely frantic. Ran out half an hour ago, and not a soul round the place, and myself alone here, so that I couldn't leave — nothing safe, you know, with these gypsies round—thanks!"

"You smoke a lot?"

"Afraid I do. I don't know, in this sort of business you need something to do in between-times, something to steady your nerves —you know what I mean? When you aren't riding. And in the morning, especially in the morning!"

"The morning?"

"It's a long wait in the morning—we were disappointed to find this town so small, you know, it means you can't have any morning performances—bad luck, too, just when we could do with some extra cash—and it's bad in this kind of business when you haven't got anything to do. You can't drink, not in this game—so there's nothing to do but smoke. I'm a chain smoker — so's the kid."

"The kid—?"

"My wife."

"Well, I suppose that's natural. I should think it *would* get on your nerves."

"Yes. You want to keep going. On the move all the time—that's the trouble with a little third-rate fair like this, they only hit the small towns, and there isn't enough in it. . . ."

He smiled, the blue eyes looking lightly at me, and then beyond me, as if to something in the future—something quite definitely bigger and better than this third-rate fair. But then he waved his cigarette toward the merry-go-round, and added—

"But it's all right, you know, and you've got to make a beginning somewhere, haven't you? So I suppose we were lucky, at that."

There was a pause, he blew the ash off the cigarette, and then after a moment I told him how much I admired the looks of the Drome—in which Nash, who was an artist, agreed with me. He was delighted with this.

"It *is* pretty, isn't it—?" he said—"yes, it *is* pretty. A little shipyard at Southampton did the building, and they did a lovely job of it. Look at that woodwork—like a yacht, it is—everything of the finest! Much better built than the Yankee ones — much. You know, it's a tricky piece of work to do, too—there's got to be a lot of give and play in it, not too rigid —but not too slack either. Have you noticed when we go round there's a kind of ripple of the whole structure that goes with us—? Well, that has to be just right. We have to tune it up, keep it tuned, just like a fiddle. That's what the stays are for—we tighten 'em or loosen 'em—watch 'em all the time. And it'll get better as it ages a bit— got to weather, you know, like everything else. It's already improving—gets a little more supple."

We looked up together at the varnished woodwork of the Drome, the sunlight gleaming on its smooth brown flanks, he reached out his hand and touched one of the heavy wire stays—yes, it was true, it *did* remind one of a yacht—or even, yes, of a fiddle.

"Nash has taken some very good photos of it," I said.

"Has he?"

"Of you and your wife, too."

"Oh? I'd like to see them—I'd like to see them. He's quite an artist, isn't he?"

"Very fine. One of the best."

We smoked in silence for a minute, and then, to my great surprise, he said—

"And what do you *think* of my wife?"

"Your wife—? How do you mean?"

"I mean, in the show."

"Well, of course—I think she's wonderful."

"You do, eh?"

He was frowning at me, a little anxious, a little puzzled. I was uncertain where his questions were

Continued on page 136

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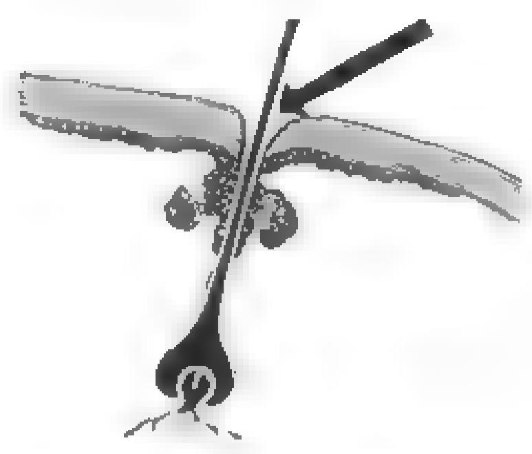

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FOR PROFESSIONAL COCKTAILS AT HOME

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A Pair of Vikings

Continued from pages 30-133-135

leading, so I merely repeated—

"Oh yes, we *all* do. And of course she's remarkably beautiful."

"Yes—she is . . . I say, would you mind if I cadged another fag—?"

I handed him the cigarettes, he lit one from the stub, and then, frowning again, he went on—

"You see, it's a problem."

"A problem?"

"Yes. This show business isn't so simple. Of course, she's good, I know that—"

"Oh, she is!"

"She's good, but there's more to it than that. You've got to think of the effect. On the people."

"How do you mean, exactly."

He looked at me searchingly for a second, as if somehow weighing me personally in the light of what he was going to say next—a troubled look, too, and somehow a little pathetic.

"Well—" he said—"take yourself. Or Mr. Nash."

"Yes?"

"You come to our show, and, as you say, of course you like my wife, and that's all right. But then, you see, there is this 'star' business. You see what I mean? There's always got to be a star. *One* of the performers has got to be outstanding—otherwise, you've got no climax."

"I see. Yes."

"You see?" He was visibly relieved at my agreement—he smiled, and went on a shade more confidently. "You've got to have that climax. People want a show to be built *up* to something. And that's what the kid won't see."

"No?"

"No. And that's what the trouble is. We can't both of us do the fancy stuff, can we? And what I say is, the audience wants to see the *man* do that, not the woman. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, I think perhaps you're right."

"Of course I'm right! But *she* won't see it—no, she won't see it."

He shook his head, gazing perplexedly down at his swinging feet, and the grass, where the stub of a cigarette was smoking, and repeated once more—

"She just won't see it. Mind you, *I* know she could do some of the things, *some* of them—she's got all the nerve in the world, anybody can see that—but that isn't the point. And then, besides, there's the risk. No woman is quite as good as a man—she's more liable to nerves, more liable to make a slip—and in this business there can't *be* any slips. Well, I tell her that, but it doesn't do any good. She's after me from morning to night, wanting this or that, just to try it once, or try it twice—you know how a woman is, and if you give in you're gone . . ."

He looked at me quickly, and away—and I felt sorry for him.

"Well—" I said a little lamely—"I think you're perfectly right. The show, as it is, is as good as it could possibly be. Your wife, with her beauty, just adds the right touch—but if I were you *I* certainly wouldn't let her do anything else! Not me."

"You think that?"

"I do indeed."

"Well, I wish someone could persuade her—but when she gets an idea—!"

He laughed, frankly, boyishly, and affectionately too, as if he were thinking very precisely of his wife's beautiful stubbornness, and then he swung himself down to the ground, and I saw that his assistant, the mechanic, was approaching.

"Well," I said, "I expect you'll see us again later!"

"Right-o. And I say, will you tell Mr. Nash I'd like to see some of those photographs?"

"Yes—of course."

He was off then, with a quick nervous wave of the hand, and I had already turned away toward the cliff steps that led to the town when I heard him add—

"And please excuse me, will you? Got a little tuning to do!"—

I waved—he waved in answer—it was the last time we were to exchange greetings, though not by any means, the last time I was to see him. . . . That was to be a year later.

III

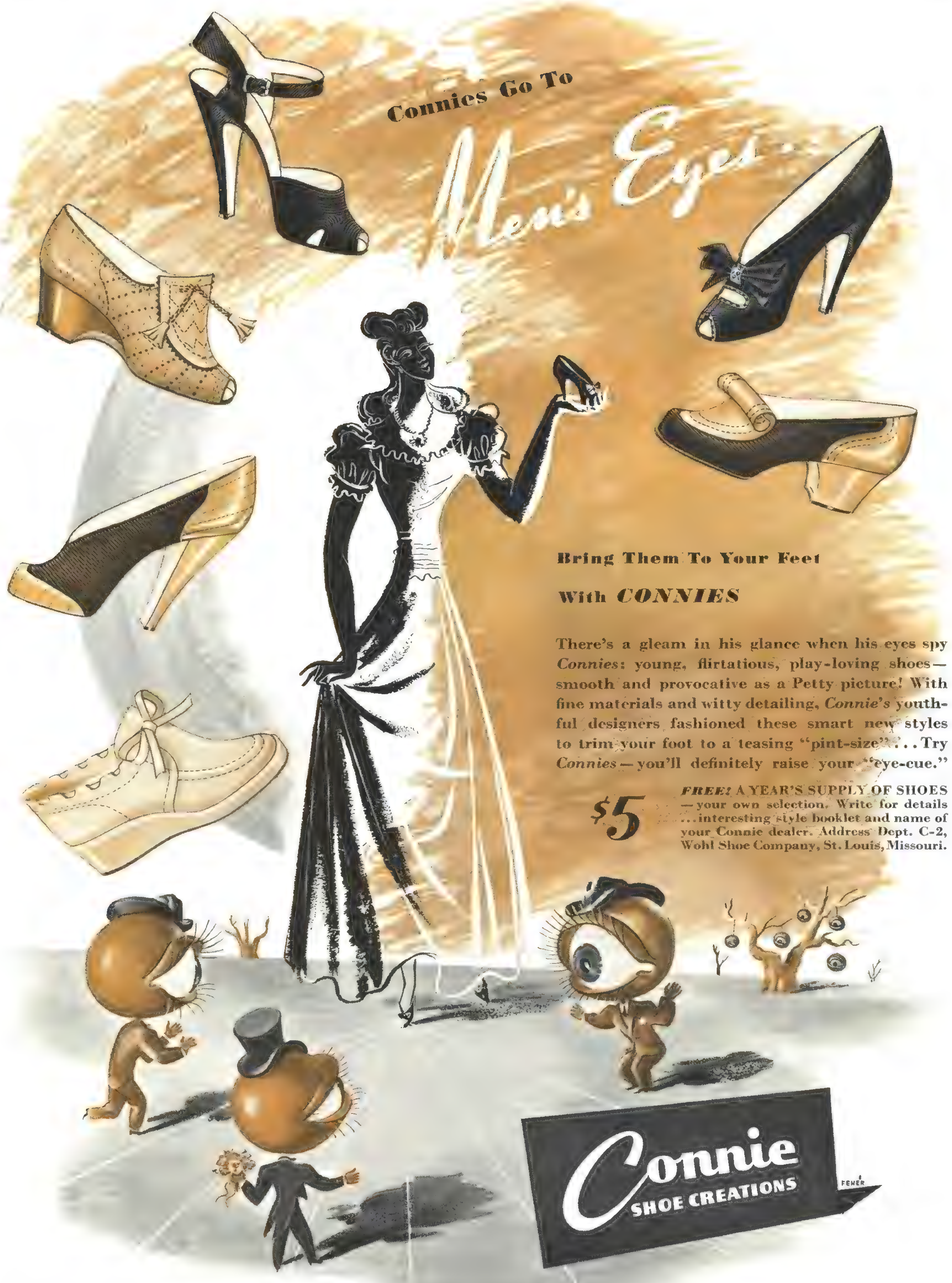
A year later—yes. And almost to the day.

By that time, we had all but forgotten him, hadn't we—? and the beautiful girl who had been killed at Folkestone, while riding blindfold in a "novelty show"—so the newspaper phrased it—called the Drome of Death. We had read about it, only a few days after they had left us; and we had been inexpressibly shocked and saddened; and then the boy had written to Paul, and asked if he could have some of the photographs; and Paul had sent them. . . .

But a year later the same little fair came back, and with it again—much to our surprise—the Drome of Death. At first we thought it must be another—for it didn't look quite right, somehow, and it was certainly a great deal shabbier, as if it weren't properly kept up. Our doubts were resolved when we drew a little nearer.

There, on the faded plush dais, stood the boy—but himself too somehow faded and cheapened, and looking almost haggard—the beauty had gone out of him. Beside him was a girl, a little dark creature, dull-faced, dull-eyed. The same blue riding suits—but now, no silver wings. The boy was smoking a cigarette, and for a moment, when he saw us, he looked guilty. The recognition wavered, as it were, between us—and then he lifted his chin, proudly, turned his head, turned his eyes, and coldly, fiercely dismissed us. . . .

And, with a pang, I knew that he was right.



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Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 102

least a half-dozen other European and Oriental countries the natives know and relish this dish, and although it has never become thoroughly Americanized, you can find it in a hundred New York restaurants and at many in the rest of the country.

Speaking of Turkey, there *are* a few odd Turkish dishes that are not well-known in other countries, and I doubt if you can get them even in the United States, where allegedly every known dish is to be found. One is Eggs à la Constantinople, and here is its recipe:

Mix in equal proportions olive oil and Turkish coffee. (To make Turkish coffee: mix finely pulverized coffee with equal amount of granulated sugar; add the coffee to boiling water and boil three times.) Put in this mixture as many eggs as required, in their shells, and cook them on very low fire for twelve hours. The mixture will penetrate the shells, give the whites an amber color, the yolks the color of saffron, and the eggs will have the taste of the most delicious chestnuts you have ever tasted.

The other specialty is *Imaru Bayeldi*, a great dish; try it, and you won't be sorry. I do hope that sooner or later it will become a full-fledged American citizen, although at present I don't think it even has its first papers. Recommended to vegetarians.

Take five eggplants, cut off the stems and skin them thoroughly, but don't forget to leave about an inch of skin all round lengthwise to hold the eggplants together. Chop very finely one pound of onions, sautéing them in olive oil to a golden brown. Add to this three chopped-up tomatoes, a little chopped parsley, and a clove of garlic. Put the eggplants in a pan with the fried vegetables, and cover with water. When cooked remove the eggplants carefully, place them on a dish, and cut their bodies in half, lengthwise, leaving the strip of skin intact, and in between the two halves, put the onion mixture.

It is a great pity that the old Byzantine cookery of Turkey, on which Western civilization practically made no impression, has not influenced American cooking to a greater extent, for it is very light and healthful.

But let us stay in this hemisphere. To disprove the belief that in the Rice and Beans Republics you can't eat well, and to nurse along the Good Neighbor Policy, I went to dine the other night at New York's latest Latin-American restaurant, the *Copacabana*—named after the famous waterfront of Rio de Janeiro. The place is run by three hosts and notwithstanding their youth, they are tops in the field. Monte Proser owns it, Jack Entrater manages it, and Jack Diamond press-agents it. And since life is odd, and the luck and fate of people changeable, it might interest you to know something more about these young men. A few years back Mr. Proser was a hobo. He then became, for a while, one of the best press agents in New York and Hollywood. Last year at this time he had no more, no less than one Buffalo nickel in his pocket, yet within twelve months he became the operator and part-owner of the most successful night club restaurants in New York, the Copacabana and the Beachcomber, with other nightspots in Miami Beach and Hollywood as well. Jack Entrater had for years been manager of another famous place, but his enthusiasm was dulled by an owner who forgot that he was merely the proprietor and not the manager. Here at the Copacabana, Entrater's soul can soar and his magnificent capabilities are allowed free rein by Proser, who is clever enough to be just the owner. Jack Diamond used to be a crack foreign correspondent, and many of the South American ideas used in the Copacabana are the result of Diamond's years in Brazil and Argentina.

Hedy Lamarr will be the subject of the next of the series of candid camera-and-type studies of Hollywood personalities by Donald Hough and Jules Buck.

So we sat down to dinner under a giant palm in the Copacabana, and since we four men had much in common, we were *en rapport*, an essential factor in enjoying a meal. I was the only one who disrupted the peaceful atmosphere now and then, for after each course I jumped up and went to the kitchen to ask Pedro Pujol, the Spanish-American chef, for the recipe of a particular dish that pleased my palate. He looks like someone who stepped out of a Zuloaga canvas, a proud-faced, raven-haired, bushy-eyebrowed Spaniard. First there was *Canja* soup, a Brazilian specialty, which is made the following way:

Salt and pepper a fat hen, and let it stand for half an hour. Meanwhile slowly fry a sliced onion in fat; add a minced garlic and go on frying until the onion is a golden brown. Add the jointed chicken, and let it fry under close cover until lightly browned on one side, then turn it and fry the same way on other side. Wash half a cup of rice thoroughly, and after draining it add to the chicken together with a quarter of a pound diced ham. Cover the pan and continue the slow frying process but shake occasionally to prevent sticking. Add two quarts of boiling water and one bayleaf, some parsley, and a sprig of marjoram. Simmer until the chicken is tender, then take it out and remove all bones, cut the meat into pieces and return it to the soup.

Pedro proved to be a first-class *potagiste*, a distinction that is very rare. We then had haddock with a delicious South American fish sauce, called *Molho do Peixe*, and then came the "body" of the dinner, Breast of Chicken Brazilian style. There are several ways to prepare this specialty much esteemed by our Latin neighbors and just starting to win over the gastronomes of the U. S. Sometimes treaties have to be signed for a new dish to become known, sometimes wars have to be waged. *You* only have to read Esquire. Here, for instance, is the recipe for Breast of Chicken Brazilian:

Split the breast of a large chicken in two. Then proceed to make a stuffing of two ounces of butter, a tablespoonful of Chili powder, and some shredded coconut. Mix this and roll it into the shape of a football, and put it in the breast and fold the latter around the stuffing. Now dip the breast into flour, and then in whipped up yolk of egg, and finally into breadcrumbs. Put some shortening in a pan, and fry the breast in this for five minutes; take it out and put it in oven for another five minutes. Now garnish: fry slices of pineapple, sweet potatoes, slices of bananas; make a rich curry sauce and serve separately.

Ecuadorian lemon pancakes were another outstanding feature at this memorable dinner; they are exceedingly tasty and easy to prepare:

Make a thin batter of one cup of flour, two eggs, sugar, salt and water. Butter a large pan, covering the bottom with the batter; the pancakes should be thin and wide. Cover them with browned butter when they are ready, and serve halves of lemon and powdered sugar with them.

To my great and agreeable surprise I found Dr. Gaymont's *yogourt* on the menu. I am a lover of this milk product, not only because of its extraordinarily refreshing flavor, but because this is the food which has been accepted as a definite factor in longevity. The great Russian microbiologist, Professor Ilya Mechnikov, discovered it and in 1908 got the Nobel Prize in medicine for this epoch-making work. It is interesting to note that chance played a part in the matter. Professor Mechnikov happened to be traveling in Bulgaria, and he was struck by the fact that the peasants there often lived to be a hundred or more, with the average age limit about eighty-seven years. Investigating their habits, Mechnikov found that these old peasants were handicapped by the most primitive hygienic conditions, which certainly should have killed them off young. He learned, however, that the mainstay of their diet was a kind of a sour milk which, under analysis, proved to contain an enormous amount of lactic acid microbes. These prevented the multiplication of noxious bacteria which infest man's alimentary canal, and consequently shorten his life.

But since there were other microbes in milk, as well, the difficult task of Professor Mechnikov was to take out only the necessary microbes, and implant these in sterilized milk, so as to present the world with a perfect product. The newly separated microbe was named Bacillus Bulgaricus in honor of the Bulgarians, although even in Biblical times there was mention of soured milk—and all soured milk contains some Bacillus Bulgaricus. In the Bible, Abraham offered his guests "Some soured milk and some sweet milk, as well as some veal that had just been brought in." (Genesis 18:8) In the fifth book of Moses there is a list of foods Jehovah allowed to his people, and it seems he made them eat a lot of soured milk.

In Egypt, since remotest antiquity, the people have eaten soured milk, under the name "leben raib," and in Africa it is known as "yaourth." In the Caucasus it goes under the name of "kephir," while "kumiss" is mare's soured milk. Primitive people in Russia eat a lot of it; "prastokwacha" is the name of it when it sours spontaneously, and it is called "varenetz" when the milk is boiled and is impregnated with a yeast.

But all of these are far from being as palatable and healthy, or as much a factor in longevity as yogourt—for this is the richest in lactic acid; the microbes in yogourt are strong, fully alive, capable of eating up almost any toxin in the stomach. It is the easiest thing to digest, since the protein and the albumin, which are in free form in ordinary milk, are pre-digested in yogourt; it also stimulates the digestive organs, balances alkaline and acid admirably, takes wonderful care of your kidneys and skin, and it isn't fattening.

I eat one or two bottles of yogourt each day, and enjoy it best ice cold, with some granulated sugar in it. In Paris, where people used to know what to eat without being diet crazy, a million bottles of yogourt were sold a day! Here, in America, people know very little about it, unfortunately. However, Dr. Gaymont, (the only guy in America who manufactures the real stuff) tells me that he gets a lot of requests lately for Bacillus Bulgaricus culture from people who like to make their own yogourt. It's a simple thing to do. After the cream is removed—for fat is no good in preparing yogourt—the milk is boiled and cooled, impregnated with pure cultures of the lactic acid bacilli, and put in the refrigerator for a half a day or so.

And don't think that yogourt is a far cry from chicken Maryland or Breast of Chicken Brazilian style: yogourt is almost a "must" after a meal rich in meats, and a very pleasant one at that. Try it and see if you don't share my enthusiasm.#

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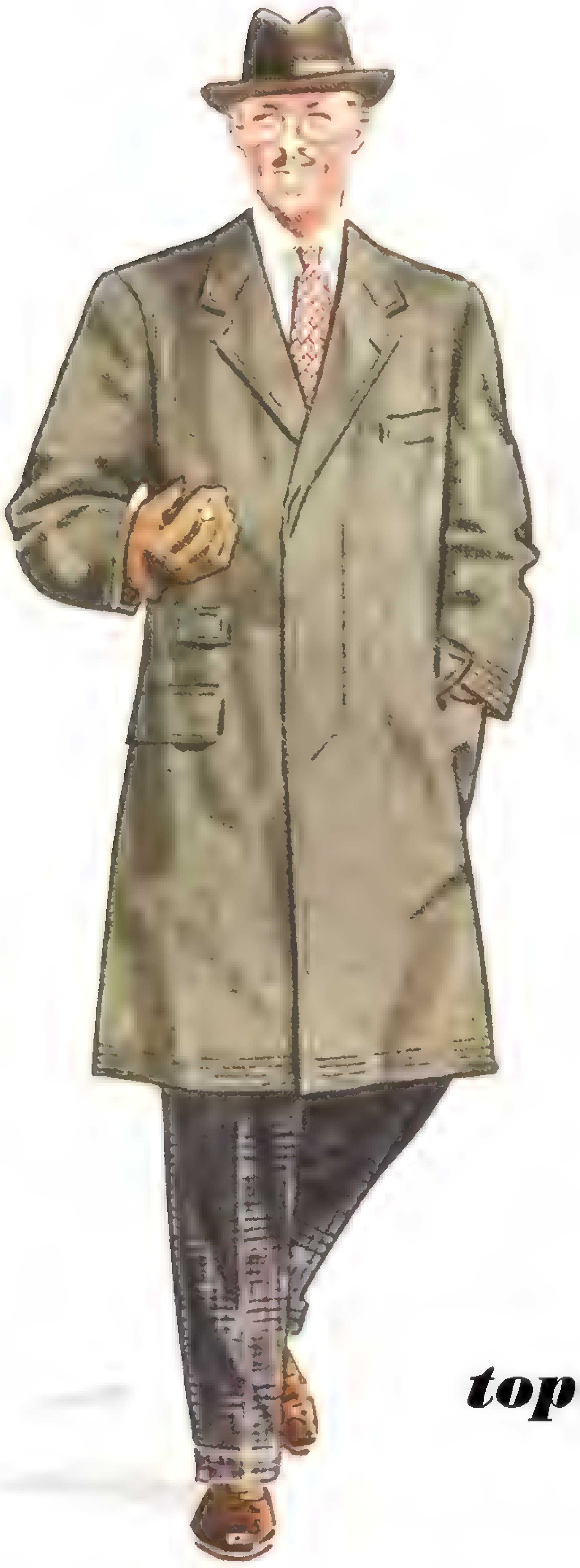
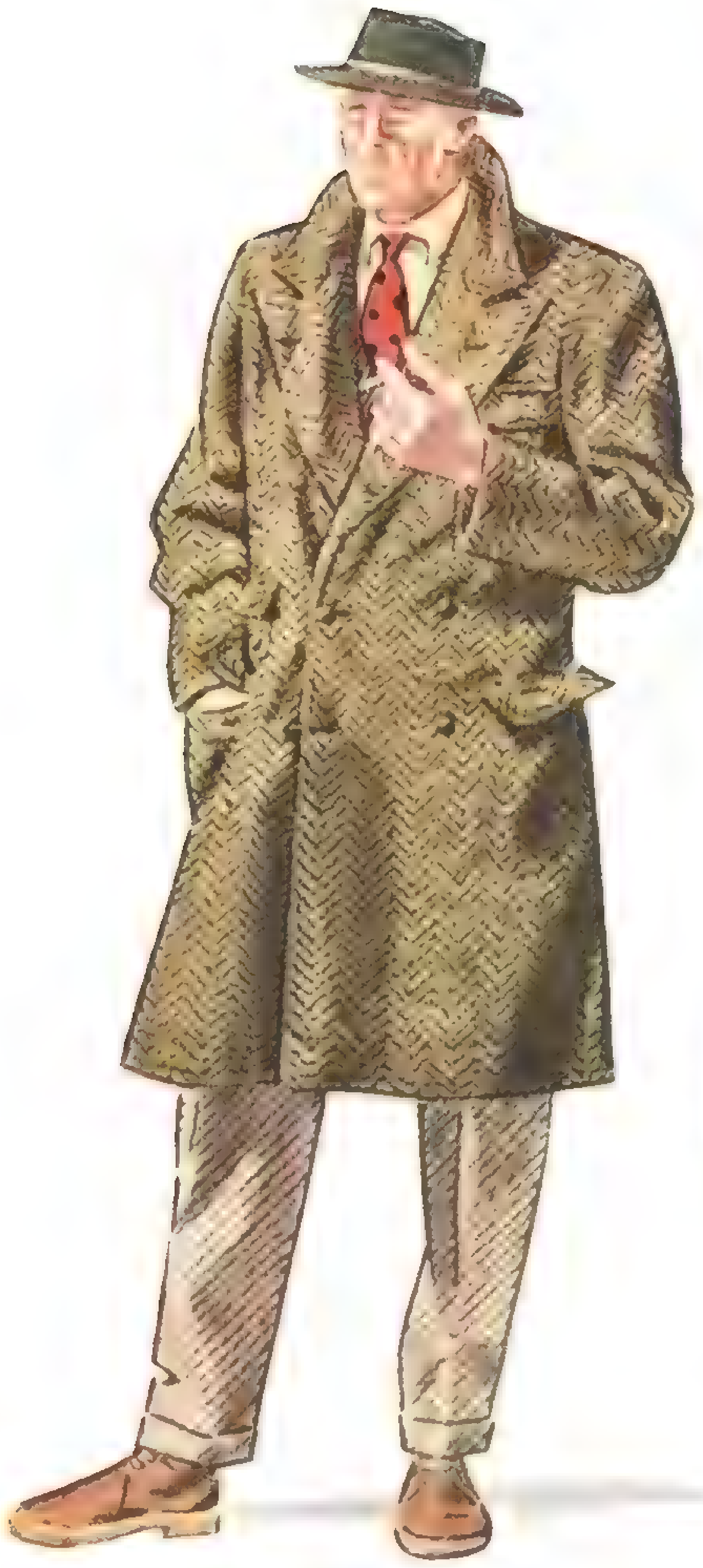
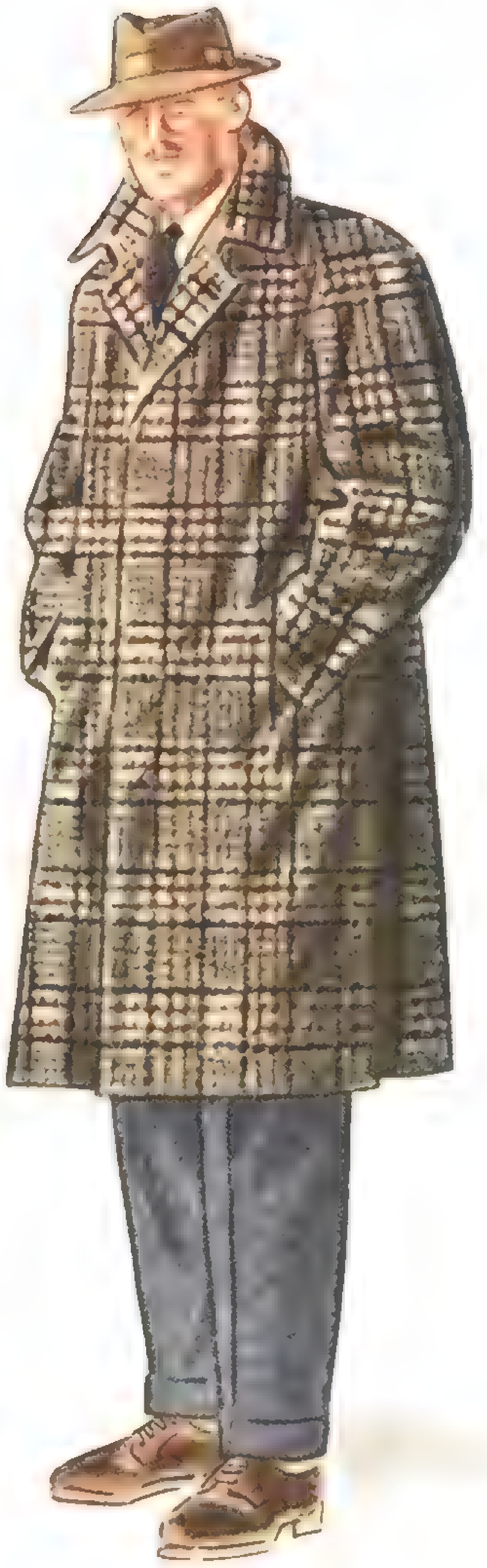


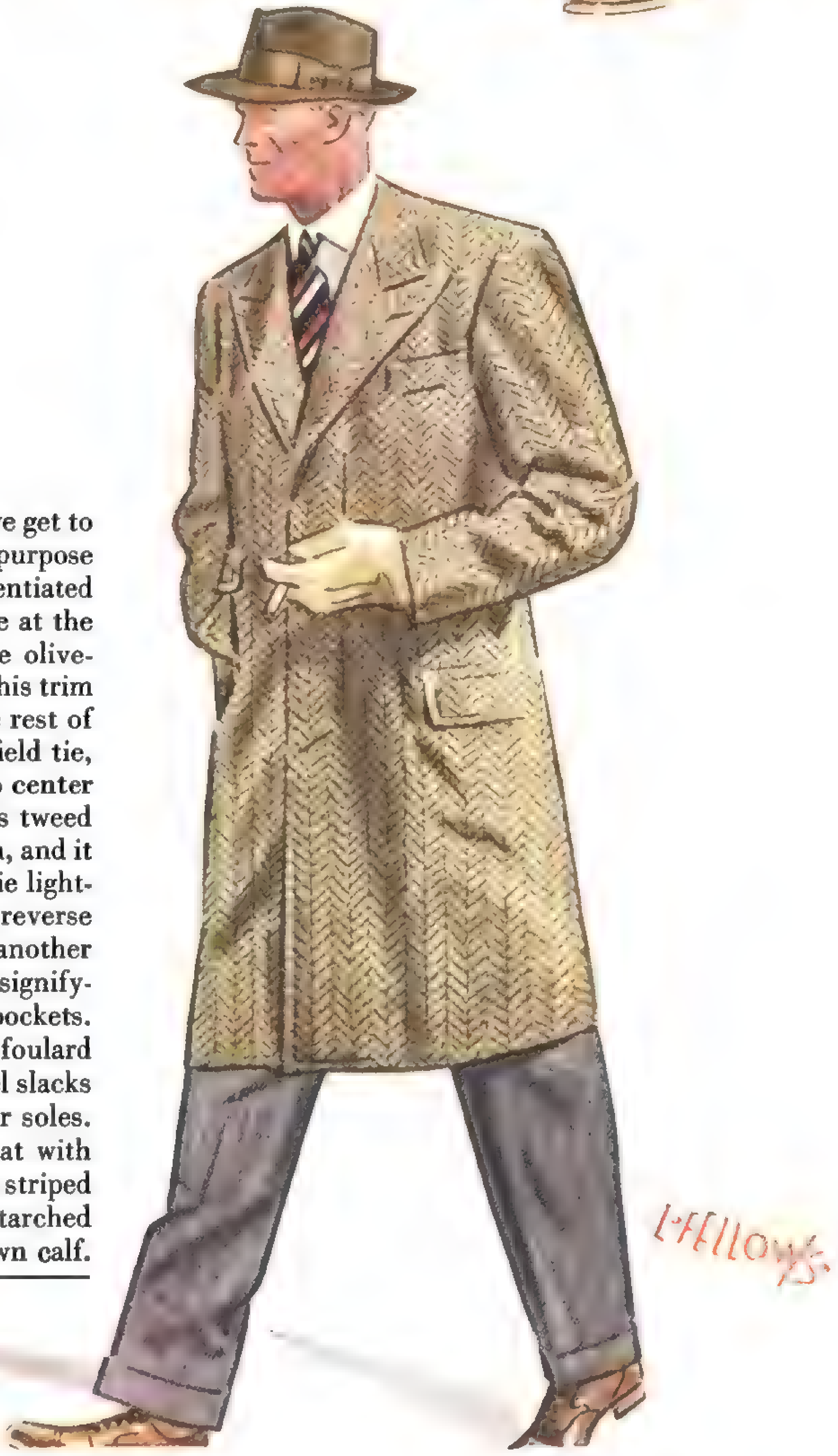




types of topcoats

Here we have not only four topcoats, but four complete outfits to describe, so we get to the business at hand without delay. Fabrics, colors, and designs determine the purpose for which topcoats are most appropriate. Specific types for town may be differentiated easily from those for country. The covert cloth topcoat worn by the executive at the **top left** has all of the ingredients of correct fashion for wear to business. The olive-tan shade goes well with most suits and has become a favorite. Closely allied is this trim fly-front model with rows of stitching around the bottom and at the cuffs. The rest of his outfit consists of a brown turned-up brim hat, maroon and white Macclesfield tie, white broadcloth shirt, starched collar, glen plaid suit, brown shoes. At the **top center** is the ardent sportsman rigged out for country in the green and brown Harris tweed coat patterned after the British Warm. Its shortness guarantees free leg action, and it carries stitching around the bottom and the sleeves. With it he wears a pork-pie lightweight green felt hat, foulard tie, oxford shirt, diagonal weave tweed suit, brown reverse calf sandan boots with crepe rubber soles. The man at the **top right** is wearing another type of topcoat commendable for sportswear. It's a blue-on-brown plaid tweed, signifying a basic color trend. This raglan model coat with military collar has slash pockets. His brown felt hat, a slope-crown model, is gaining in popularity. The printed foulard tie is backed up by a Sandune shirt with attached collar, and the sky-grey flannel slacks blend with the rest of the outfit. The plain toe shoes of reverse calf have rubber soles. The fellow at the **bottom** brings us back to town in a brown Shetland topcoat with peaked lapels, fly-front, and change pocket. It's tops for fashion. The Americana striped silk tie is in good company with the porcelain-blue broadcloth shirt and white starched collar. His suit is chalk-striped grey unfinished worsted and the shoes are brown calf.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



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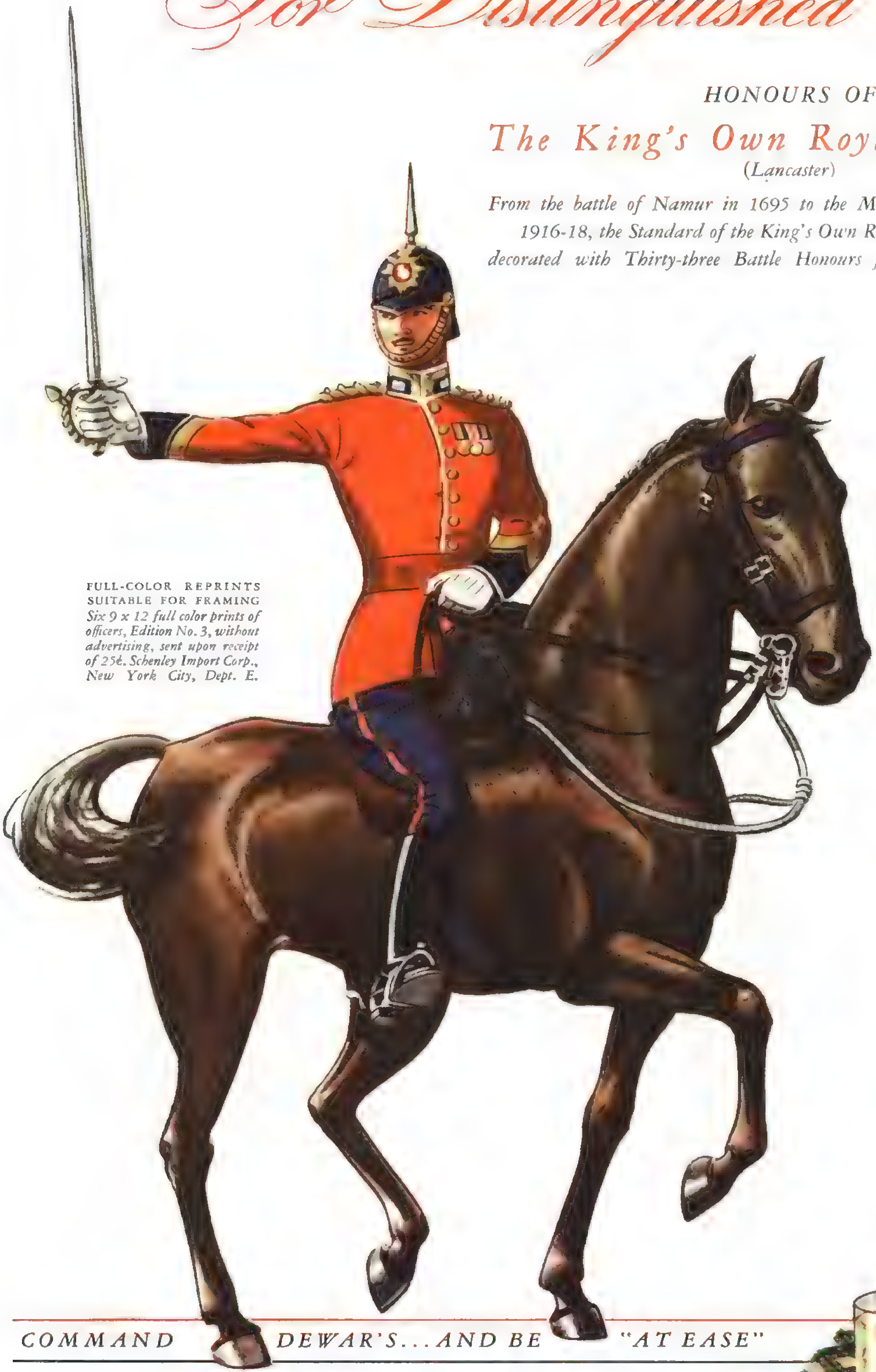

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MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

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The first time you ever saw a talking picture—and you remember it if you're of voting age—you didn't see half of the new careers that came into being on waves of sound. The sensation for moviegoers was confined largely to the descendancy of old favorites whose voices were unphonogenic, and the sudden rise of triple-threat personalities who not only possessed looks and ability, but mellifluous voices as well.

But there were other stars in the ascendancy, too, when sound came in. The career of Ilya Lopert is a match in dramatic situation for that of anyone in Hollywood who earns his living before a camera. In fact, where members in good standing of the Screen Actor's Guild like to be pictured as home-loving provincials at heart, Lopert couldn't be provincial if he tried.

Lopert (pronounced *Lo-pair*) was a cosmopolitan right from scratch. He was born thirty-five years ago in Russia of French parentage, named after Russia's first airplane (appropriate for a man who gets around), and educated in Belgium and France. This might easily explain an ability to speak three or four languages, but Lopert is today the master of a dozen. Almost a one-man Tower of Babel—without, however, the confusion that characterized that edifice. Lopert is a practical man.

Instead of letting his gift for languages lead him into a scholarly life of translating Sanskrit, Lopert studied electrical engineering. This, it developed, was all his potential career needed to give it impetus. For when talking pictures arrived in 1929, and he joined Paramount's studio in France as a sound man, it was his combined technical and linguistic abilities that led to a hand-tailored niche as head engineer, dubbing Hollywood's productions into fourteen different languages.

The unwelcome sound effect of cannons put an end to this phase of Lopert's career. One of the friendliest ties that bound America to Europe melted away when the war made foreign versions of American movies an impossibility. And so, a few years ago, Lopert came to New York, and with a slight shift of purpose, adapted himself to the business of making American newsreels understood by our South American neighbors.

It isn't always easy to make oneself understood by a South American, particularly when aided and abetted by Mexico and Cuba, because of the number of dialects spoken, but Lopert's versions of "News of the Day" handle the situation very satisfactorily. There are two of them made weekly—one in Portugese, for the Brazilian trade, and one in Castilian Spanish.

Just a few days after you hear John B. Kennedy describing what goes on as it unwinds before you on the screen, Cuba is hearing the voice of Llopes Olivares, but seeing the same newsreel. Then Mexico gets it, and after that, Venezuela.

Each version takes only forty-five minutes out of Lopert's and his staff's working day. The eight-minute newsreel as you see and hear it is run off four times in the projection room—once with English-speaking Kennedy's voice, and twice with only the sound effects and music, while the South American announcer rehearses. Timing is carefully planned to coincide with changes of scene and musical effectiveness.

The fourth run-off of the reel is the "take," and that's about all there is to the vocal switch that helps strengthen the bond between the Americas.

Superintending newsreel translations is pie for Ilya Lopert after some of the experiences he had in Paramount's Paris studios. He had to take away Marlene Dietrich's hard-earned English and make her appear to be speaking French instead. This he did with the aid of his own ingenuity and two French actresses who alternated as Dietrich's voice—so successfully that Americans abroad used to think she had been putting in a lot of overtime. Garbo also had two voice doubles, and almost every prominent American actor or actress had a vocal stand-in—actors from fourteen countries, in constant attendance to translate American pictures into the languages of their respective nationalities.

Making an actor in full close-up speak convincingly in French when his face was cooperating only with English was a tortuous job, but Lopert tackled it realistically and came out on top every time, though he could occasionally be discovered talking to himself after seeing the same picture fifteen times in succession. The job was to match face, speech, and meaning as euphoniously as possible. But making consonants meet was all in the day's work. Once, just to liven things up, Lopert—who knows a few languages, but not Arabic—translated an entire Arabian-made movie by nothing more erudite than guesswork.

Most of the time, however, Lopert doesn't have to rely on guesswork—and thanks to him, neither do South American moviegoers.

Ranger

Two Old-Timers

Continued from page 53

and the right actor?" he asked.

"Am I!" said Pat grimly, "I can see you right now. Only you didn't have much time to complain about the uniform because that wasn't Corker's plan. He always thought you were the toughest ham in Hollywood to get anything natural out of—and he had a scheme. He was going to get the heart of the picture shot by noon—before you even knew you were acting. He turned you around and shoved you down into that shell hole on your fanny, and yelled 'Camera.' "

"That's a lie," said Phil Macedon, "I *got* down."

"Then why did you start yelling?" demanded Pat. "I can still hear you: 'Hey, what's the idea! Is this some .... gag? You get me out of here or I'll walk out on you!'

"—and all the time you were trying to claw your way up the side of that pit, so damn mad you couldn't see. You'd almost get up and then you'd slide back and lie there with your face working—till finally you began to bawl and all this time Bill had four cameras on you. After about twenty minutes you gave up and just lay there, heaving. Bill took a hundred feet of that and then he had a couple of prop men pull you out."

The police Captain had arrived in the squad car. He stood in the doorway against the first grey of dawn.

"What you got here, Sergeant? A drunk?"

Sergeant Gaspar walked over to the cell, unlocked it and beckoned Pat to come out. Pat blinked a moment—then his eyes fell on Phil Macedon and he shook his finger at him.

"So you see I *do* know you," he said. "Bill Corker cut that piece of film and titled it so you were supposed to be a doughboy whose pal had just been killed. You wanted to climb out and get at the Germans in revenge, but the shells bursting all around and the concussions kept knocking you back in."

"What's it about?" demanded the Captain.

"I want to prove I know this guy," said Pat, "Bill said the best moment in the picture was when Phil was yelling 'I've al*ready* broken my first finger nail!' Bill titled it 'Ten Huns will go to hell to shine your shoes!' "

"You've got here 'collision with alcohol,' " said the Captain looking at the blotter, "Let's take these guys down to the hospital and give them the test."

"Look here now," said the actor, with his flashing smile, "My name's Phil Macedon."

The Captain was a political appointee and very young. He remembered the name and the face but he was not especially impressed because Hollywood was full of has-beens.

They all got into the squad car at the door.

After the test Macedon was held at the station house until friends could arrange bail. Pat Hobby was discharged but his car would not run, so Sergeant Gaspar offered to drive him home.

"Where do you live?" he asked as they started off.

"I don't live anywhere tonight," said Pat. "That's why I was driving around. When a friend of mine wakes up I'll touch him for a couple of bucks and go to a hotel."

"Well now," said Sergeant Gaspar, "I got a couple of bucks that ain't working."

The great mansions of Beverly Hills slid by and Pat waved his hand at them in salute.

"In the good old days," he said, "I used to be able to drop into some of those houses day or night. And Sunday mornings—"

"Is that all true you said in the station," Gaspar asked, "—about how they put him in the hole?"

"Sure, it is," said Pat. "That guy needn't have been so upstage. He's just an old timer like me."

"The Gentle Rain"

Continued from page 50

a case of Greek meeting Greek. Good night and thank you."

"Ha, ha. Good night, Sir John. Ha, ha, and thank *you*!"

True to Butterclip's word and his own—for it was he, of course, who had fixed the time, Sir John dined lightly and well at his club at seven-thirty-six exactly. In making these rather oddly precise appointments through life he flattered himself he had overcome, gracefully enough, one of the minor human weaknesses.

It was quite usual he found for a man—a busy man—to say to himself, "Now what time did Old Joe (or Lady Trefusis, as the case might be) say we were to dine tonight? Was it eight or half-past? Dashed if I can remember!"

But no male however busy, or any female however fluffy-minded, opined Sir John, could forget anything like eight-thirty-six, for instance. And he opined correctly, for having spent the interval between dinner and supper slipping it sharply across a Bishop in the billiards room and delivering himself on the mat at the Savoy promptly at eleven-eighteen of the clock he was confronted by Captain Hugo Ducky in person.

Sir John was overjoyed at this meeting with his offspring. ("Dashed good-looking feller," he thought.) His son was tickled pink at seeing the governor again. ("Never saw the old boy lookin' better," he thought.) But naturally, being English, they could not afford to make a vulgar display of these gratifying emotions.

"Hello, my boy," said Sir John. "Got back safely, I see. You're looking pretty fit."

"So are you, sir."

"Have a good time?"

"Pretty fair."

"How about a spot of supper?"

"Lead on, MacDuff."

On Sir John's favorite table champagne cocktails awaited them, together with a specially engraved menu. He did not rely upon the improvisations of even the finest head waiters but always telephoned his order down to the last detail the day before he expected to play host in a restaurant.

"Good health, my boy."

"Chin chin, governor."

"Don't want to bother you with shop, but how are things going over there?"

"Pretty good show. I think we've got the Huns really guessing this time. Ought to be over by Christmas."

"Good."

"Oh, by the way—talking of shop—came across one of your latest in the *Daily Mail* comin' up in the train."

"Oh, really?"

"Yes, quite in the proper vein, too—gave me quite a kick."

"I'm glad."

"It was the one y' know where you'd sentenced some poor blighter to ten years of the juiciest — blighter was an old blighter—remember? So he yelled out, 'I'll never live to do it,' and you said, 'Do as much of it as you can.' Ha, ha, ha. Fellers in the carriage with me simply roared!"

Sir John smiled affectionately.

"Glad it went so well," he said. "Of course—well—between ourselves, Hugo—I could wish those reporters would stop quoting me."

"You don't mean it?"

"But I do. Really, my boy, I've never told anyone this but I'm acutely aware that many of my little jests look pretty cheap in print—divorced from their context, as one might say. They even seem callous at times."

"Oh, would you say that?"

"I would, but you see, I don't want to get stuffy," he explained.

"Go ahead, governor."

"Well, my job involves the continual contemplation of the most sordid human behaviorism—just as your job of the moment compels you to do much the same thing."

"Well, of course, I wouldn't put it quite like that."

"Of course you wouldn't, but what I mean is—you like Bairnsfather, don't you—? Old Bill and all that?"

"Rather. Ripping good stuff. Bucks you up no end."

"Well, that's the kind of thing I'm after when I crack wheezes in court—try to lighten the atmosphere—as it were. But I do assure you those little efforts sound much better than they read. I've always held that the quality of humor is not strained; it droppeth like the gentle rain—pass the bread, will you, old chap—"

"Bread—er—there doesn't seem to be any—"

"No bread? I distinctly remember ordering toasted rolls—er—waiter—waiter—"

But it was one of those odd moments when there are no waiters in a restaurant.

Physically they are abundant—but spiritually they remain beyond the reach of even so highly esteemed a guest as Sir John Ducky.

And at precisely the same moment the air raid warning sounded; and suddenly there actually were no waiters—no guests—no one left in the Savoy Grill but Captain Hugo Ducky and his sire.

The Captain raised his voice above the sound of the anti-aircraft barrage.

"I'm pretty well used to this sort of rot," he said. "How does it affect you, governor?"

"You will absolve me from any bravado when I tell you I find it rather exhilarating!"

"Oh, quite!" he assured him.

"So I see no reason for our not going on with this admirable soufflé—soufflés, like time and tide—wait for no man."

"Quite."

Bang! Thud! The first one fell on the Thames Embankment a few hundred yards away—nicking the base of Cleopatra's Needle.

The Savoy Hotel shuddered slightly—like a sleepy old gentleman with a fly on his nose.

"I consider it a sign of these topsy turvy times," said Sir John, "that a head waiter of Schneider's standing could be so remiss as to forget an essential like bread—"

Bang! Thud! Much nearer this time. That one cut the Little Theatre in half like a cheese—without harming so much as a cat, the night watchman having observed his usual custom of "nipping out and having one" before closing time.

Bang! Thud! In The Strand this time—mercifully missing Charing Cross Hospital by a hair. The hotel shuddered again—like a liner battered by giant waves.

From where they sat the two men could see the Savoy courtyard—befrosted and sparkling with splintered glass—like a winter road. Then suddenly the Boy Scouts were out on their bicycles, sounding the All Clear!

The shortest raid of the war was over. Once again the Grill became populated with humans chattering and laughing on a noticeably high pitch—and wine waiters perspired freely at their work.

That excellent Swiss, Schneider, hurried to Sir John's table.

"Oh, Sir John," he cried, "they have gone! They have dropped three bombs! But they have gone!"

"Have they dropped any bread, Schneider?" said Sir John softly. "We don't seem to be able to get any."

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 90

Mansoul had been retaken and reclaimed by Prince Emmanuel, the Son of God:

> When the town of Mansoul had thus far rid themselves of their enemies, and of the troublers of their peace, a strict commandment was given out, that yet my Lord Willbewill, should search for, and do his best, to apprehend what Diabolonians were yet alive in Mansoul . . . He also apprehended Carnal-Sense, and put him in hold; but how it came about I cannot tell, but he brake prison and made his escape; yea, and the bold villain will not yet quit the town, but lurks in the Diabolonian Dens at days, and haunts like a Ghost, honest men's houses at nights.

Fifth Columnists in a free city. Fifth Columnists in a good man's heart

Miss Cather adds, "In this book he found consolation. An honest man, who had suffered much, was speaking to him of things about which he could not unbosom himself to anyone."

Willa Cather has had the honor of a limited and beautiful edition of her works, printed in 1938; of which nine hundred and fifty copies have been autographed and numbered for sale. These are splendid specimens of the art of publishing; tall volumes on thick paper in large type. No one of our living novelists has, I think, a surer chance for the future. This sumptuous edition is, therefore, a good thing to own.

One of many things which interest me in her writing is the change that took place in it in the year 1926.

Before that date Miss Cather's stories (always well written) were characterized by keen irony: *A Lost Lady*, *The Professor's House*, *My Mortal Enemy*. Her worst novel, *One of Ours*, received the Pulitzer Prize in 1922.

But in 1927 she produced *Death Comes for the Archbishop* of which she said she meant to write a story without single exciting incidents, without climaxes, where one page would be no more thrilling than another—this was, of course, exactly opposite in style and construction to the typical American magazine short story. It was perhaps more like the stories of Chekhov, where we have instead of character in action, action in character; where the events are changes from one mood to another. *Death Comes for the Archbishop* is a masterpiece; we do not remember "moments," we remember the calm beauty of the whole work, like a sunset. Although in her next book the climate changed from our Southwest to Canada, the same effect was produced. *Shadows on the Rock* deals with lives of representative "little" people, not with typical heroes.

Besides the transfer in emphasis from *A Lost Lady* to these two books, there is a deeper change *from irony to sympathy*. Another novelist could and probably would have made the people of *Shadows on the Rock* morbid, abnormal, contemptible, degenerate. She made them lovable. This attitude was also evident in *Obscure Destinies*, three stories in one volume, of people in rather remote places in the West. Then came a poignant novel *Lucy Gayheart*, which had more significance than many reviewers seemed to think; I can never forget such frustration mingled with such beauty. And the imprint of the little girl's foot on the concrete walk before it had hardened made (years later) permanent impression on her lover's heart (and on mine).

In *Sapphira and the Slave Girl*, Miss Cather has gone back to the place in Virginia where she was born and where she spent her childhood. Very few writers could have told a story that clutches the reader's attention on the first page and holds it so firmly, with such simplicity and restraint. It is an accurate picture of people who believed in slavery in the fifties in Virginia, and yet were so often in contact with Pennsylvania Quakers and others opposed to the "institution." Every one of her characters—white and black—is real. While I was reading this story I resented telephone and other interruptions; I felt as if I must know what was to happen next. And yet the style is the opposite of sensational. She obtains her effects by artistic mastery of her material.

If I had time, I should like to make a list of novels that open with *breakfast;* Thackeray's *Pendennis* is a classic from this point of view. Willa Cather's new book opens with "Henry Colbert, the miller, always breakfasted with his wife"; the story begins with a powerful man and a crippled wife with a will of iron, who do not raise their voices at this breakfast-debate, but whose individual intentions are as firmly joined in opposition as the bodies of two equally well matched professional wrestlers.

Incidentally, I never ask in the morning of a guest in my house, if he has slept well. Think it over.

Advertisements of new books have exactly the opposite significance to the advertisements of new plays. When a new book becomes a best-seller, the publishers increase their advertisements, taking up larger space, and making the advertisements more aggressive, more sensational. But when a new piece makes a hit in the theatre, after the advertisements on the following day, no mention is made in the newspapers except the half-inch notice in the column of plays. But, if a few days or two weeks later, a larger advertisement appears, quoting favorable remarks or single sentences from the critics, it is almost a sure sign that the play is not doing well at the box office. The best-seller book advertisements run on the principle that a snowball loses nothing by rolling; whereas to increase the size of the play advertisement is like giving a saline solution to the moribund.

Another matter concerned with the hope of increasing the sale of a book. Many publishers seem to think that warm praise from the critics is a good thing to splash on the book-jacket. My belief is that it is the worst possible thing on the review copies that are sent out ahead to periodicals and to critics. The average book-reviewer, when he gets a new book highly-praised on the jacket, is impressed the wrong way. He does not want to be told what he must say; he is inclined to slate it. *After* the book is published, and is on sale in the bookshops and department stores, praise on the jacket probably does no harm. But review copies should contain on the jacket, if anything except names of author, book, and publisher, only a few words simply descriptive of contents or purpose.

An English journalist wrote me he was distressed by the published list of the "ten greatest classics in American literature" given by Mr. Edwin F. Edgett as the Heritage Press's poll, in his excellent autobiography, *I Speak for Myself*, which book I praised in the November issue of this magazine. Here is the list:

Longfellow's *Evangeline*.
Hawthorne's *The House of the Seven Gables*.
Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*.
Selections from Emerson's *Essays*.
Mark Twain's *Tom Sawyer*.
Irving's *The Sketch Book*.
Cooper's *Leatherstocking Tales*.
Selections from Daniel Webster's *Speeches*.
Edith Wharton's *The House of Mirth*.
Franklin's *Autobiography*.

It is easy enough to shoot at this list and make some hits. As a rule, I think a list made by one person is usually more interesting than a list made by a committee; the latter is likely to contain some compromises.

One of the best (and very brief) books with lists made by one man, Somerset Maugham, of both English and American works, is in his *Books and You*, which I commented on in a previous issue. But the review of his book in an English journal showed such an appalling ignorance of American literature that it is worth quoting as surely not worse than the list cited by Mr. Edgett. I ought to add that the writer is young.

"Melville is undoubtedly a great and original writer, but Twain and Poe were surely not the equals of many European writers whom Mr. Maugham has left unmentioned. The uncouth and strident Whitman I personally find unreadable with pleasure, though it is obvious that he has historical importance as the trunk from which—to adopt Mr. Maugham's metaphor—the branches of twentieth-century American literature have sprung. I am sure I should stick to the view that Melville is the only great imaginative writer that America has yet produced."

Well, well. I wish this gentleman, who is Irish, I believe, would not call our great imaginative writer *Twain*. Incidentally, Mark said, "All you need for success in life is ignorance and confidence."

I think I am doing a favor to my readers when I recommend some books whose chief merit is continuous thrilling excitement. Murder stories are read chiefly by intelligent men and women whose minds need occasional rest and diversion. Unintelligent people either do not read at all or read slush. Let me introduce to you Dornford Yates (not his real but his pen name). He is the nearest in style and plot to the author of *The Prisoner of Zenda*. He mixes the same ingredients, a romantic castle in an imaginary part of Europe, a girl so beautiful that her eyes "mislead the morn," and a young athletic Englishman who loves danger. He is usually accompanied by another young Englishman equally anxious for a fight but who is not in love with the girl. Then there is a damnable black-hearted villain, as resourceful as he is unscrupulous, etc., etc. It is good stuff. I admire Dornford Yates and am grateful to him for many happy hours. His latest work is called *Shoal Water* and is filled with excitement and a happy, joyous high-heartedness.

P. C. Wren, who wrote *Beau Geste* and its two sequels, now appears as the author of a murder-mystery whose scenes are laid in England. The book is called *Two Feet from Heaven* and will reward any reader in search of excitement.

Ngaio Marsh's murder story, *Death of a Peer*, is not only continuously exciting, it is subtle and clever and filled with humor. She comes from New Zealand, and must be one of the best living conversationalists; for her appraisals of men and affairs, her portrayals of persons who are entirely unpredictable, irresponsible, and lovable, indicate a fertile mind and a most interesting one.

To turn from murder mysteries to a great novelist whose works are perhaps not so widely read as they were forty years ago, George Eliot, a book of intense interest and high value has just appeared, called *George Eliot and John Chapman, With Chapman's Diaries*, written by Gordon S. Haight. These pages consist of previously unpublished material and will surprise readers who thought they really knew George Eliot because they had read her novels and her *Life* written by her husband, J. W. Cross. Even as little people who seem shy are in their hearts not shy at all, even as persons who seem devoid of passion are usually boiling with it, even as persons who seem indifferent to friendship would appreciate it more than most others, so it is only when we get close to great ones that we obtain a view of them quite unlike the statue erected by their professional biographers. Thus George Eliot, who seemed cold and intellectual, appears in this book as she really was. When she was young, Charles Bray, who had the

Continued on page 146

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Continued from pages 90-145

misfortune to be a phrenologist but who knew her intimately, wrote of her: "She was of a most affectionate disposition, always requiring some one to lean upon, preferring what has hitherto been considered the stronger sex, to the other and more impressible. She was not fitted to stand alone."

Now this is a different George Eliot from the one most readers have in mind. When she came up to London from the country, one of her most intimate friends was Herbert Spencer, born the same year. One day he told her that as neither of them intended to marry, their friendship should be without any embarrassment; yet I think it is certain that she received that announcement with some reservations. Mr. Haight however, is wholly accurate in saying that if she had married Spencer, she never would have written a novel. Spencer himself, a confirmed bachelor, once told friends who remonstrated with him that he was entirely willing to marry any suitable woman. Accordingly they discovered a candidate who they thought would meet his requirements, informed him that she had a great mind, and left the two alone for about three hours. After which, Spencer said she wouldn't do at all; instead of having a great mind, she had a small mind in constant activity.

There is, I think, no masculine conceit in saying that George Eliot, in preferring male friends to female friends, was normal.

She was not so bad-looking in her youth; but she got over it. I heard Professor Boyesen, who knew her well, say that she not only had a face like a horse, but if you could imagine a very sad horse, you would then know exactly how she looked.

Dr. Haight, in these letters and diaries, has introduced me to one of the most extraordinary men of the 19th century, John Chapman. Those who think the mid-Victorian period was conventional and even prudish, ought to read this book and consider his menage. Susanna was his wife, but as Dr. Haight says, he had an "utter contempt for monogamy." Even apart from his editorial relations with George Eliot, he was such a figure of romance in the business world of London that he can stand on his own feet; yet in these pages appear many of the chief literary figures of that age. In 1847, in London, Emerson became acquainted with him, and in his letters home called him "my London friend, John Chapman the bookseller."

Emerson himself was far more "human" and had much more humor than many readers suppose. His shrewdness in giving advice to those who wished to persuade multitudes: "Never argue; repeat the assertion." I might add that if this method was followed by political orators and other advocates, it might be profitable; for if they kept repeating the assertion, they might finally come to believe it themselves.

There is, I think, this difference between reading books and observing nature, in youth and in maturity. When I was a child, I read Cooper and Scott with steady delight, getting up before dawn to read them. And I never skipped. I read every word of their long one minute descriptions; how often at the close of a chapter, which closed at an exciting moment, the next one would begin, "While these things were happening," or "Let us now return" or something like that. But I waded through those stagnant pools and struggled through that underbrush without skipping. And it was not because those were the only books to which I had access. There was God's plenty of books. Now I find those long-drawn-out descriptions impossible. On the other hand, how terribly bored in my early youth was I by nature, by scenery, or what you will. I would give a great deal now if the steamboats were only running on the Connecticut River; every moment would be a delight. But in those early days, the scenery was a terrible bore. It seemed ages before we got from Hartford to Middletown. And the day-boat from New York to Albany seemed like the precession of the equinoxes; I wonder if others have felt these differences in reading and in scenery between youth and maturity.

An informal new autobiography, all the more attractive because of its informality, is by the actor and dramatist, J. G. Nugent, called *It's a Great Life*, the title of which prepares the reader for the joyous excitement contained in its pages. And yet, like so many other men who have risen to success and affluence, he had a terribly hard time with absolute poverty in childhood and boyhood. If then he had been told he would eventually live three years in Hollywood—but I think his later successes and prosperity have an additional delight from the early hardships. It must be so; and now, with his own successes and those of his son, because Elliot's *The Male Animal* is surely one of the best comedies of 1939-40, he is a happy man.

Yet I believe that if he had not risen to success and prosperity, he would not have been unhappy, or sour, or misanthropic. He has the temperament that causes happiness in himself and in others.

Inasmuch as there is so much interest in South America, which, partly owing to the war in Europe, is steadily growing, many will find a slender book on Brazil both valuable and diverting. It is by Rudyard Kipling. This is called *Brazilian Sketches* and has not previously appeared in America in book form. Kipling the journalist; Kipling the reporter; seeing what was worth seeing and reporting everything that had "news value."

Although it is true that no crisis

has ever made a hero, but only revealed him, it is also true that during the terrible months since September 1939, Winston Churchill has steadily increased in stature. He is a world figure; and I hope I may live to see a book containing all his speeches collected; I think they belong to history.

Meanwhile a new book by René Kraus, called *Winston Churchill*, gives an admirable account of his life. I did not know of his reckless courage and daring as a soldier in remote parts of the British Empire.

This is an excellent biography, and brings not only his exploits, but the man himself clearly before us. He has never needed a tonic but always a sedative; I used to think that some of the recklessness which I find he always had on the field of battle was too characteristic of his statesmanship and political oratory. The fearful tragedy of the war chastened and sobered him, exactly what he personally needed. He is worth more to the British cause than many armies

I hope my readers are not annoyed by my list of titles of new books or plays that are quotations; with the suggestion that they see if they can "spot" them. Try them on family and friends.

1. How dear to my heart.
2. This is my own.
3. The Fire and the Wood.
4. Our vines have tender grapes.
5. For whom the bell tolls.
6. Sad cypress.
7. Fame is the spur.
8. My shadow in the sun.
9. Still small voice.
10. Home is the sailor.
11. Deed without a name.
12. Such sweet compulsion. ⁂

Growing Wilder in Tahiti

Continued from page 69

or the United States on one side, and from New Zealand and Australia on the other, but mostly from France and the United States.

Well, communication with France is cut off and Tahiti is a colony without any mother country.

New Zealand and Australia send us odds and ends, when they happen to remember it and there's room on one of the occasional hookers. But how, with the franc where it is, can we possibly buy anything from the United States? We have nothing to sell—nothing that anybody wants—so how can we buy?

And so it is that every day in every way we get a little primitiver.

Until you can't buy them, you'd be amazed at how many things you think you need. You'd be amazed too at how simple it is to improvise. This very letter, for example, is an extravagance, for paper of all sorts, whether for writing or other purposes, is very scarce in Tahiti. Unless a shipment comes soon we'll be using the leaves of the *maiore* tree, I don't mean for letters. What happened to orange sticks? There are slivers of *miro* wood you can cut. And toothpaste? Common ordinary bicarbonate of soda is swell, and much, much cheaper. Suppose you break the towel rack Mr. Crane made? Go out and hack off a *purau* limb, and damned if it doesn't hold up your towels the same way. There was consternation when wicks ran low and the Chinamen began to hold out for big prices. But not for long. You might not need the wicks anyway because you might not be able to finagle a permit for another tin of kerosene. Thousands of natives are ignoring their stoves and cooking over open fires of coconut husks or charcoal. Once again, after quite a spell with the lamp habit here—once again the Tahitians are getting used to light by *tiairi*. Candlenuts to you. They grow all over the place.

And so it goes. We're not complaining. Far from it! There is very little difference between the way we're living here now and the way chaps used to live here before "civilization" came. And it's a difference that is rapidly diminishing.

The native garment, in the illustration, is the *pareu*. Well, the *pareu*, or lap-lap or lava-lava or sarong, is a piece of calico with some guy's idea of a South Seas design on it, and the ones we got here were made either in France, or, in the case of most of them, in Manchester or Birmingham, England. Evidently we're going to have to do without these too. We won't look as picturesque as we used to, Steve, but I doubt that we'll catch cold.

While we're on the subject, let us talk about grass skirts. The only grass skirts I ever saw in the Hawaiian Islands (you may remember I lived there some nine months) were on entertainers at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. The only place in the world I've seen females wearing grass skirts and nothing else for regular everyday attire was in Papua. If you can get a kick out of a Papuan mary in any outfit at all, go ahead. I can't seem to join you. A breast is a breast—but my God!

Here there are grass skirts and they are used for dancing. When there's a party and a gal feels like dancing, she demands of the host an *ahu more* or *ahu opaero*, or, if he has one, an *ahu piripiri*, the best kind. Every householder keeps a few around the shack, just as he keeps a few spare guitars. For whenever two or three are gathered together in Tahiti *somebody's* going to start strumming a guitar and *somebody's* going to get up and dance. That's inevitable. If she's among friends, and especially if there are no *popaas* or very few present, the girl might or might not take off her upper garment. Just depending on how she happens to feel. Draped in flow-

Continued on page 148

PAJAMA DEPT
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You can't blame the gentleman. Pajamas with Gripper fasteners are just the thing for sleeping . . . anytime, anywhere!

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Because there are no buttons to pop open, fall off, or dig into a fellow's stomach while he's sleeping!

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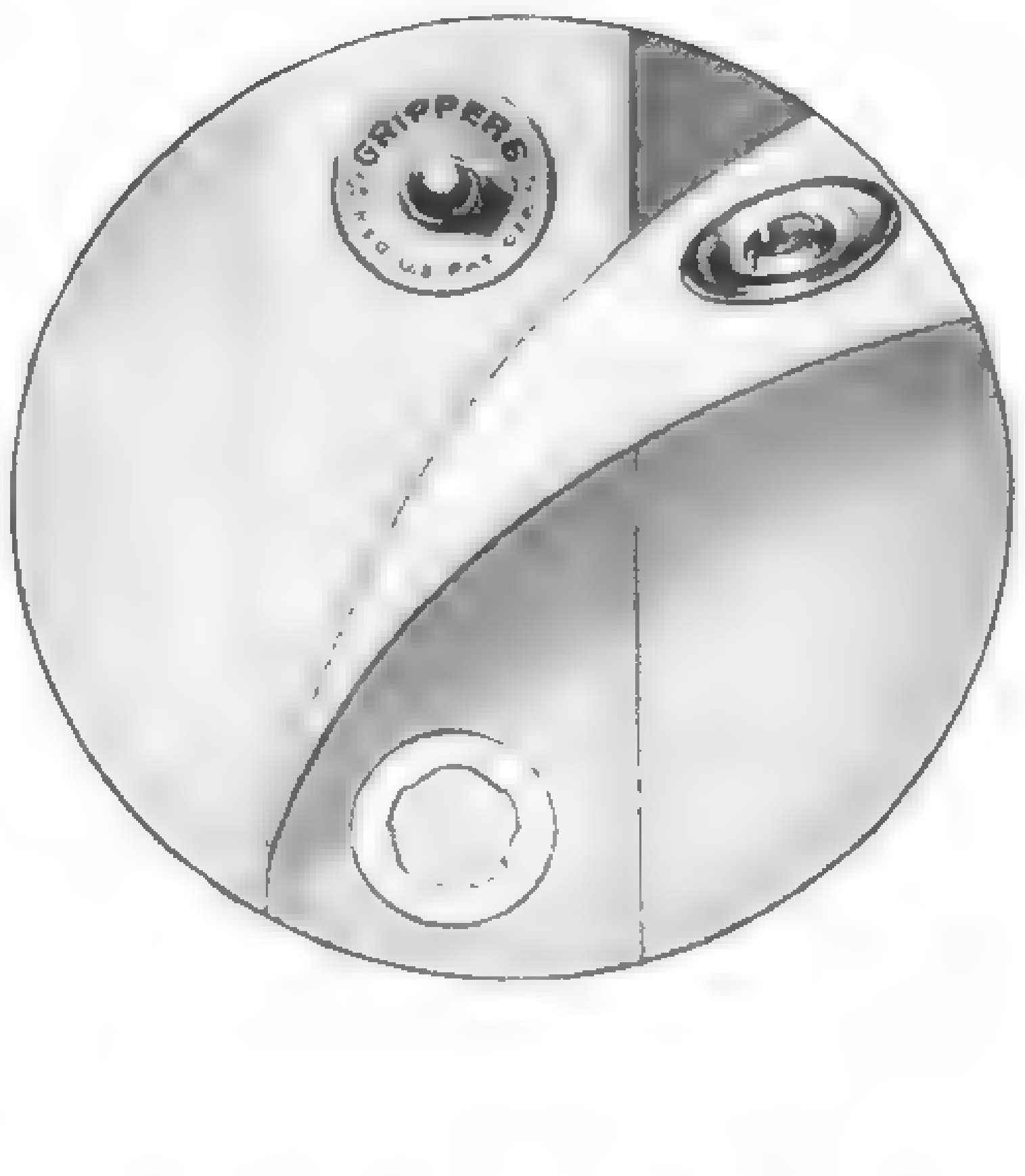

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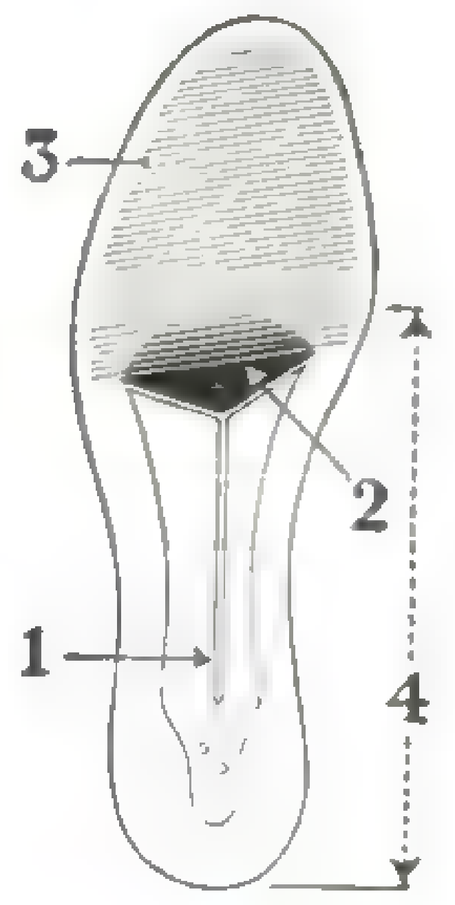
You'll find trained fitters in all stores carrying these shoes—space permits but a partial listing. If your city is not shown, write E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Dept. E-3, Rockland, Mass.



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	Raleigh Haberdasher
Wichita	John Braitsch
Wilmington	Storm's
Worcester	Shean's
York, Pa.	Newswanger's

Growing Wilder in Tahiti

Continued from pages 69-147

ers, as she will be of course, since everybody is buried in flowers at a Tahitian party, she will look very much like a Matson Line advertisement.

Tahitian gals have their faults, but sloppiness is not one of them. They are always neat and have naturally good taste in clothes, doing wonders with the materials on hand. Few, even in the country, wear the *pareu* today, except perhaps to sleep in or swim in. Sentimentalists deplore this fact. I don't. The *pareu* can be an impressive garment, on a man, and certainly it is handy. But traditional or not, it looks like hell on a woman, any woman, spoils her figure. The gals here very sensibly cut the patterned calico into shorts and uppers, which has come to be more or less standard garb. You seldom see a skirt or slacks. In town, like the men, they might or might not wear sandals or tennis sneaks. They are not so stupid as to flaunt French heels.

A few have bobbed their hair. Most of them cling to the old-fashioned notion that a woman's hair is or should be an essential part of her beauty, and that the matter of convenience should be secondary to that of appearance. Too many of the gals, however, are putting up their hair instead of letting it hang loose down their backs in the old Polynesian style. They rub it with *monoi*, or coconut oil, scented with tiare Tahiti or frangipani. They are never so depraved as to put it into nets, or, God forbid! snoods. It may be that the threatened shortage of combs and hairpins will soon result in all women's hair being worn down the back again. I hope so.

About the attire of the men folks, the less said the better. In a *pareu* and nothing else your Tahitian is a fine figure. But too often he decides to wear an undershirt with it. Or he decides to wear blue denim slacks that don't fit. Or if he wants to doll up, instead of a soft native sombrero he jams a hard and very dirty old straw hat on his head. You can't buy those hard straws here now, but I don't hold out hope that they will soon disappear from these shores. The natives treasure them for years.

The sort of people who read Frederick O'Brien and Pierre Loti and believe what they read, no doubt will get a kick out of the fact that Tahiti faces a shortage of made-in-England *pareus*. There are no sheep in these islands and no cotton grows here. If the War continues, we will either go naked, wear girdles of leaves (*that* might be fun! I hope somebody hangs on to some film, of which there is a shortage here at present), or else, what is most probable, the ancient art of making *tapa* cloth from the bark of certain trees, and of hammering it, and staining it, an art promptly ditched by the Polynesians when the first traders came along with calico—this may be revived. Indeed, the sentimentalists will thrill to hear that it is already being revived, on a small scale, on some of the outlying islands.

I mentioned flowers, which are actually an important part of the wearing apparel here. A Tahitian woman always has at least one flower behind each ear, three or four sticking in her hair, and a double handful of them scattered about her person. The men are likely to wear almost as many. It is not considered sissified for a man to wear a flower behind each ear and one or two in his hair. In fact you feel rather undressed if you go out-of-doors without them. This is for ordinary occasions. For parties (there is no shortage of parties here, Steve) you really *do* decorate yourself! The cheapest *lei* in Honolulu costs fifty cents. The most expensive one you can buy here costs a dime, and that is only in Papeete on boat days, and it's a sucker's price which can be beaten down if you speak the lingo. Usually you don't buy them anyway. You just tell your *vahine* to make you some. It is true that we can't get olive oil here any more, or nail polish remover, and the supplies of sun glasses, razor blades, aspirin, typewriter ribbons and canned peaches are very low. But we'll always have plenty of flowers.

"Do people really live in grass huts there?" Well, yes, most of them do. I'd divide the houses hereabouts into three classes: the small floorless hut made of *niau*, or coconut thatch, and *peue*, *aiho*, bamboo and *purau;* the American pine palaces with windows, with verandas drenched with gingerbread, with corrugated iron roofs; and the lovely large airy traditional Tahitian houses made of native hardwoods and pandanus thatch. The huts, by far the most numerous, are occupied by the commonality. The pine-and-tin monstrosities are occupied by richer natives who want to show off. The authentic Tahitian houses, of course, were built and are occupied by white people. Not as lovely as the oval houses of Samoa, they are nevertheless very easy to look upon.

Even before all supplies of building material ran out—you can't buy a nail now, and if you had a sack of cement you'd be rich!—the gingerbread mansions were on the decline, while more and more of the practical and often beautiful native houses were being put up.

The Tahitians speak Tahitian and think in Tahitian. The missionaries mix in Tahitian—and don't get very far, either. French is the official language, but all notices are published in the two tongues. French is spoken in the schools, but out in the schoolyards the kids talk their own Tahitian, as they do at home. Once I spent a whole day in Waikiki trying to find an Hawaiian friend who knew the original words of *Aloha Oe*, parts of which I needed to quote in a story. I finally had to go into Honolulu and get them at the Tourist Bureau! Now that is inconceivable here. Hawaiian is to all intents and purposes a dead language; Samoan and Cook Islandese are probably dying, thanks to the refusal of Americans and Britishers to learn any other tongue but their own; but the Polynesian spoken in French Oceania is very much alive.

A few crones squawk that it is being corrupted, but was there ever a language that didn't have a few crones finding evidences of corruption in it? The fact remains that Tahitian is not an academic study but a living reality, and even, since the population here is on the increase, a growing thing.

With music it is not thus. The Tahitian has not kept his ancient songs intact, as the Samoan has done; nor has he formalized them, like the Hawaiians, into a "civilized" but distinctive type of mainland music. Perhaps like the Cook Islanders and the Tongans, the Tahitian never had any music worth saving. This is possible. Just because a thing is old doesn't mean that it's good. Anyway the Tahitian sings hymns.

Not that he bleats like a churched Methodist. The hymns he sings would never be recognized by their composers. They were the hymns taught by missionaries long ago, the words entirely changed, now being in Tahitian and mostly obscene, the music strangely altered. To hear a Tahitian whamming out *The Son of God Goes Forth to War* on his guitar, while two others assist by beating the tops of petrol tins, and a couple of girls shake their breasts and other portions of themselves—that's sumpin, Steve! You have to listen very carefully. The Tahitians themselves have long since forgotten that these songs were once hymns, if indeed the present generation ever even knew it.

The old-time missionaries wouldn't permit the natives to sing anything else, so the natives, light-hearted always, simply changed those hymns to suit themselves. There is virtually no Tahitian music, and what there is does not include slow hulas and certainly not torch songs or sentimental ballads. The Tahitian sings because he's happy. He can't understand why anybody should sing for any other reason. His songs are all gay, and practically all of them are dirty. Whatever their origin, they have become undeniably Tahitian. Often he makes the words up as he goes along. As a people the Tahitians are not notably talented musicians, but practically everybody here can play some instrument and does a good part of the time, and they have so much fun when they sing and play that it's impossible not to get up and dance and stamp and wave a bottle—even though your astonished ears, in a sober moment, report that this melody was once *Jerusalem the Golden* or *Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem.*

They sing, too, their own versions of French ragtime and sometimes Tahitianized Tin Pan Alley ditties. They are not every up-to-date in this. *Tararra-boom-ti-aye* is immensely popular, has been for years. It has dozens of verses, none of them having anything to do with the original. *When I Get You Alone Tonight* and *Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland* are often heard, sometimes also *Too Much Mustard* with a tom-tom beat. At a party here in Punaauia some months ago, a two- or three-day party, I obliged with *John Brown's Body*, which was an instantaneous success. They called for it again and again. They couldn't understand the words, but they picked up the melody with guitars, ukuleles, mouth organs, kerosene tins. Each time they sing it they make up their own words to fit the circumstances. You hear it everywhere now. The kids sing it as they walk to school, the women sing it when they wash clothes in the Punaruu River, the men sing it with gusto when they gather 'round a wine jug. They will probably still be singing it twenty years from now, though I doubt whether any American at that time will recognize it as *John Brown's Body.*

Doing-without is the easier here by reason of the fact that most of the "civilized" stuff previously obtainable wasn't worth a damn anyway.

For years the South Sea Islander has been one of the prize suckers of the world. Like the old-time sailor, another, by the time he learned he'd been gypped it was too late to do anything about it. Nothing was too junky, too stale, or outmoded, to send here. Whatever couldn't be made to work, whatever had faded or was on the point of falling apart, whatever in other words, couldn't be sold anywhere else, even to South Americans, even to Chinese coolies, was shipped to the South Seas.

In throwing us on our own resources the War isn't throwing us far. Your real Tahitian still lives a life of almost unbelievable simplicity, and it is just this life which most of the white residents came here to seek. Nobody ever puts on any dog; nobody has any position to live up to. Articles from the Outside World, after all, are notable chiefly as time-savers. And we don't have to save time here: we've got so much of it.

It may be that in a little while we will be living as the natives did here one hundred or more years ago. But maybe that wasn't such a bad way to live. We won't have as great a change as most of the rest of the world, where, if things keep on the way they're going people will soon be living like cavemen.

Átira!

Don

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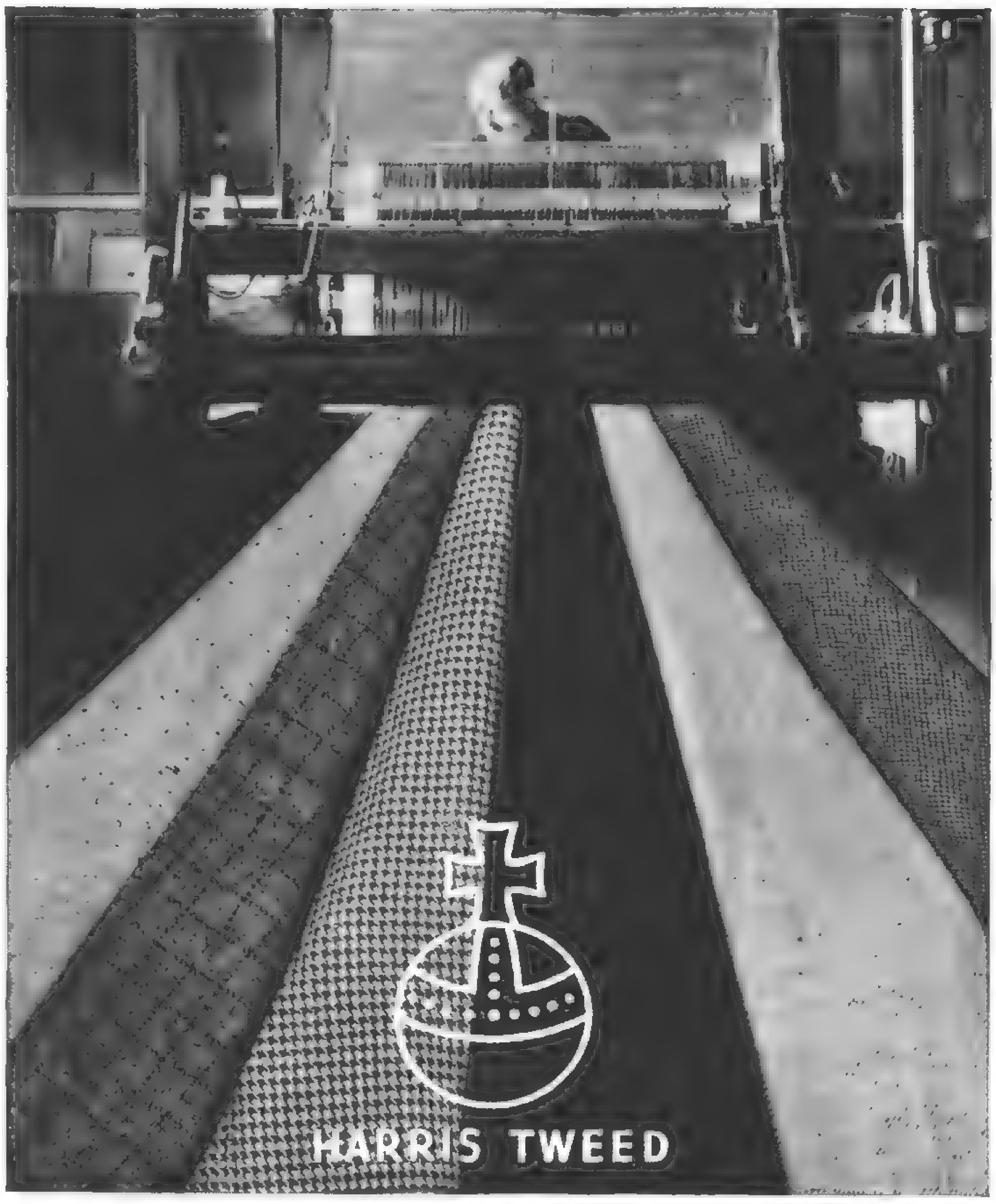

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LOOK FOR THE MARK ON THE CLOTH
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Issued by The Harris Tweed Association Ltd., 5 Coleman Street, London, E.C.2

Our Coast Is Guarded

Continued from page 47

of Liberty to the explosive anchorage at Gravesend Bay, visible from a roller coaster at Coney Island.

The lighter itself has already been inspected to see that it carries no oil lights or open galley fires and that its smokestack is screened to prevent soaring sparks. Upon climbing aboard the 8,000 ton rust-flecked ship with the red flag of danger flying from its masthead, the detail checks permits in the following order: the master's permit to carry explosives; the boss stevedore's permit to transfer explosives; and the individual permits of each stevedore for handling explosives.

If a foreign country wanted to blow up a shipload of munitions assigned to Great Britain or American soldiers south of the border, it might try to sneak a time-bomb or other nefarious device aboard, through a well-rewarded stevedore. That's why it's as hard to get a stevie's explosive permit as a home run off Bob Feller. Each applicant must be interviewed at the Barge Office. If passed he is photographed and finger-printed and a duplicate of his identity card is placed on file. (Actually, the original identity card is never in the stevedore's possession, being issued by the special stevedore company only when loading is in progress.)

Coast Guard inspectors tediously check the stevedore's past record, a procedure which may take weeks or even months. Illiterates and color blind applicants don't get to first base. (One stevie was recently rejected because he couldn't read the very important words: "Danger—Powder.") Color blind applicants are turned down because men working on munitions ships must be able to distinguish between explosives bearing significant red and yellow labels.

This Coast Guard explosive detail is especially trained in the use of "45's" and sub-machine guns but the use of any guns aboard a munitions ship is not to be recommended.

A stevedore's handiest tool on an ordinary job is a balehook. But on boarding a munitions ship each tyro who forgot to leave his "hook" at home must turn it over to the guards. For a stevie's natural instinct on coming across a bit of cargo that won't budge is to stab it with his balehook and yank.

Recently a stevedore carrying a hook got by the first inspection but was caught before he got to the magazines. If he had mechanically used his hook as accustomed, he might have jammed it into the primer of a three-inch shell with results that will have to be left to the imagination.

The loading of explosives is a ticklish business and is paid somewhat in proportion to its danger. Munitions stevedores get two dollars and eighty cents an hour and three dollars and thirty cents an hour for overtime. (They also get a dollar extra for eating if they have to stay for dinner!) Despite the good pay many a stevie wouldn't touch a draft of granulated T.N.T. or a stick of cordite for all the gold in Fort Knox.

Our detail has checked all permits. It now gives its close attention to the big magazines below deck where the stuff is to be stowed. These have to be "broom clean" and sheathed in wood to cover any metal that might come in electric contact with a shell.

In stowing this dangerous cargo it is thrice segregated: inflammables such as chemicals or coal tar are marked with a red label, ignition powder or celluloid scrap with a yellow label, and T.N.T., black powder, bombs and gun cotton marked plainly, "high explosive." Anything marked with a red or yellow label must be kept far away from "high explosive." Poison gas must be shipped in metal containers and stowed only as deck cargo. Corrosive acids must also take deck passage. Popular sellers such as percussion caps, detonators and electric primers cannot be stowed near high explosives for obvious reasons.

Everything is finally set for the loading. The boss stevedore is given permission to start and the slow, careful job begins, overseen by hawk-eyed guards. Everyone knows what can happen but there's no use worrying about it. Considering the safeguards, it's not surprising that our detail gets back to headquarters, intact.

When a good share of England's large stores of munitions goes up in flames, American nitrate plants will undoubtedly be called upon to replenish diminishing reserves. These can be converted into gun cotton plants within twenty-four hours. (One of the largest plants in the world is at Hopewell, Virginia. Many are in the Middle West, somewhat removed from the usual stamping grounds of saboteurs and as far as possible from long range bombers.) When and if the nitrate plants are converted—some in any case will be necessary for our own enlarged defenses—gun cotton earmarked for England will make its way to New York harbor. Both the munitions ships and the Coast Guard will be ready to handle it.

Keeping an eye on every movement of the vast, restless surface of New York harbor is a job that requires an intimate knowledge of its quays and kills and a constant patrol by trained squads of Coast Guard and Customs men.

The work of the Customs squads dovetails with the vigilance of the Coast Guard patrol. Every ship of belligerent status is searched from bilge to bridge. According to Federal law, an armed merchantman with offensive weapons is classed as a "man of war" and as such is not allowed to stay in a U. S. port for more than twenty-four hours. The duty of the Customs searching squads is to determine, among other things, whether the ship's armaments are for offense or defense.

The customary defensive maneuver of a merchant ship encountering a sub is to swing around and flee from the menacing periscope, thus cutting the sub's target down from the length of the ship, say 800 feet, to the breadth, perhaps 100 feet. She then brings her afterdeck guns into play. British merchantmen usually have a twelve-pounder mounted on the poop deck for anti-aircraft and anything from a pair of four to seven inchers forking out over the stern for submarine defense. French merchantmen used to have two "75's" mounted on reinforced plates on the afterdeck.

The advantages of the French anti-submarine units lay in the quick firing made possible by the use of fast-working guns with "fixed ammunition," powder, cartridge, and shell all of one piece. Gun crews on British merchantmen must handle three separate things: igniter, powder charge and the shell itself. During the last war American merchant ships were assigned complete gun crews out of the navy. Today, the British are taking one naval gunner and recruiting the rest of the crew from the ship's personnel. This procedure is bound to have its drawbacks. If a periscope suddenly pokes its head out of the waves, like a water moccasin and slithers into position to strike, the gunner has only to step out of his quarters in the after deckhouse, but the rest of the crew might be scattered all over the ship. One might be in the fire-room and the other in the galley. While the merchantman is turning and trimming the target, the gun crew is wasting precious seconds in its scramble aft.

The gun crews of the merchant fleets practice on the way across the Atlantic, dropping crates over the side and trying to pick them off as they bob out of sight. A British navy gunner in charge of an amateur crew told of one practice session his crew had experienced on the voyage to New York. Whenever the gun crew could get together, it would practice handling shells, using wooden dummies shaped like the real thing and adjusted to the correct weight with heavy brass rings. In the midst of a workout one day in mid-Atlantic, a naval gunner decided to see if his green crew were gun-shy and without warning called for a real shell. It went off with an ear-splitting bang amid peaceful shipboard sounds and the gunner turned to order another one. He found himself alone; the explosion had sent his civilian helpers scattering for cover.

The conduct of "belligerents" in a neutral harbor, even a neutral harbor favorably disposed to their side, is a matter that requires the most delicate handling. Take for instance, the business of transferring American ships to foreign registry.

The harbor patrol found that two of these transferred ships still had the home port "New York" painted on the stern and the lifeboats. This had to be painted out because it could give the impression that a "belligerent" was trying to pass itself off as a neutral American merchantman. The use of the American flag was once reported on a German "Trojan horse" ship in Norwegian waters and even what seems like an innocent offense, such as leaving an American home port on a transferred vessel, cannot be countenanced under present conditions.

To confuse the enemy, many merchant ships of belligerent status paint their names out when at sea. On entering an American port they are compelled by law to paint the name back on or hang an identifying sign over the taffrail. One "belligerent" recently anchored in the Hudson with an exposed twelve-pounder on its poop deck and no name at all visible on the stern. The harbor patrol boat, one of the nine boats on incessant day patrol, came alongside. The ensuing conversation was short and to the point: "What the hell are you doing out here with a twelve-pounder on the poop and no name on your ship?"

Before the officer on watch could answer, he was ordered to get the name on without delay and the patrol boat continued on its way. When it passed by an hour later a sign bearing the ship's name dangled from the taffrail.

Now all this may seem somewhat unnecessary. But in a world where an admittedly great French army falls apart in a few weeks, where a hard-pressed British navy turns its guns on a former ally, where one strong Fifth Column has proved more than once that it is stronger than four vacillating columns, a strict patrol of our greatest harbor becomes a routine affair.

Anything can happen in 1941. And if armed merchantmen wish to anchor in our seaports they must forgive our peremptory requests for identification.

Foreign merchantmen of belligerent countries are headaches even if most of their masters do co-operate. And the constant spread of war adds more headaches to an already long list checked by the Coast Guard patrol. On one day last April, twenty Norwegian vessels in New York harbor became "belligerents."

Certain excitable elements, usually the kind that march against consulates, can be expected to consider foreign merchantmen as good objects on which to vent their wrath. Soon after the *Panay* incident in the Far East, the Coast Guard harbor patrol in Seattle, found a mine floating down on a Japanese ship. Fortunately the mine foundered before it reached

Continued on page 152

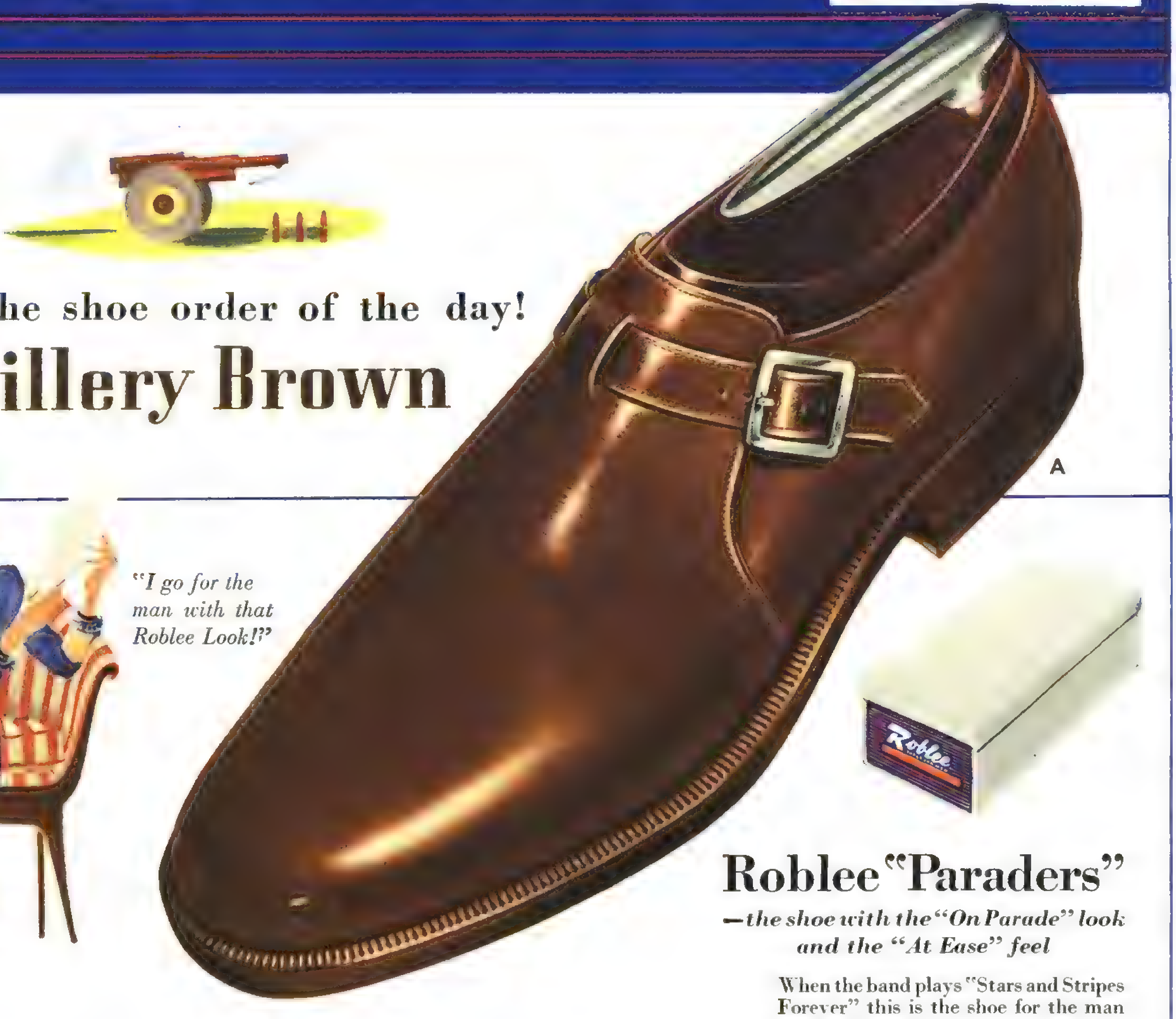
Roblee

SHOES FOR MEN

Smart heads say,
"Put your money on Roblee!"

Here's the shoe order of the day!

Artillery Brown



"I go for the man with that Roblee Look!"

Roblee "Paraders"

—the shoe with the "On Parade" look and the "At Ease" feel

When the band plays "Stars and Stripes Forever" this is the shoe for the man and the times.

Smart enough for a Major General—at a price a Buck Private can afford. It's a great shoe for the man in uniform—off duty; a great shoe for the man in "Civvies"—for business, for sports, for general wear.

Color: "Artillery Brown." **Toe:** Adapted from the smooth-tipped officer's boot that takes such a rich shine and looks so well in stirrup or on parade ground. **Workmanship:** Every stitch a beauty, every bit of leather full and plump, every bit of finishing up to Roblee snuff.

To get these other Roblee* styles, march in where you find the red-and-blue Roblee sign. United Men's Division, Brown Shoe Company, Manufacturers, St. Louis.

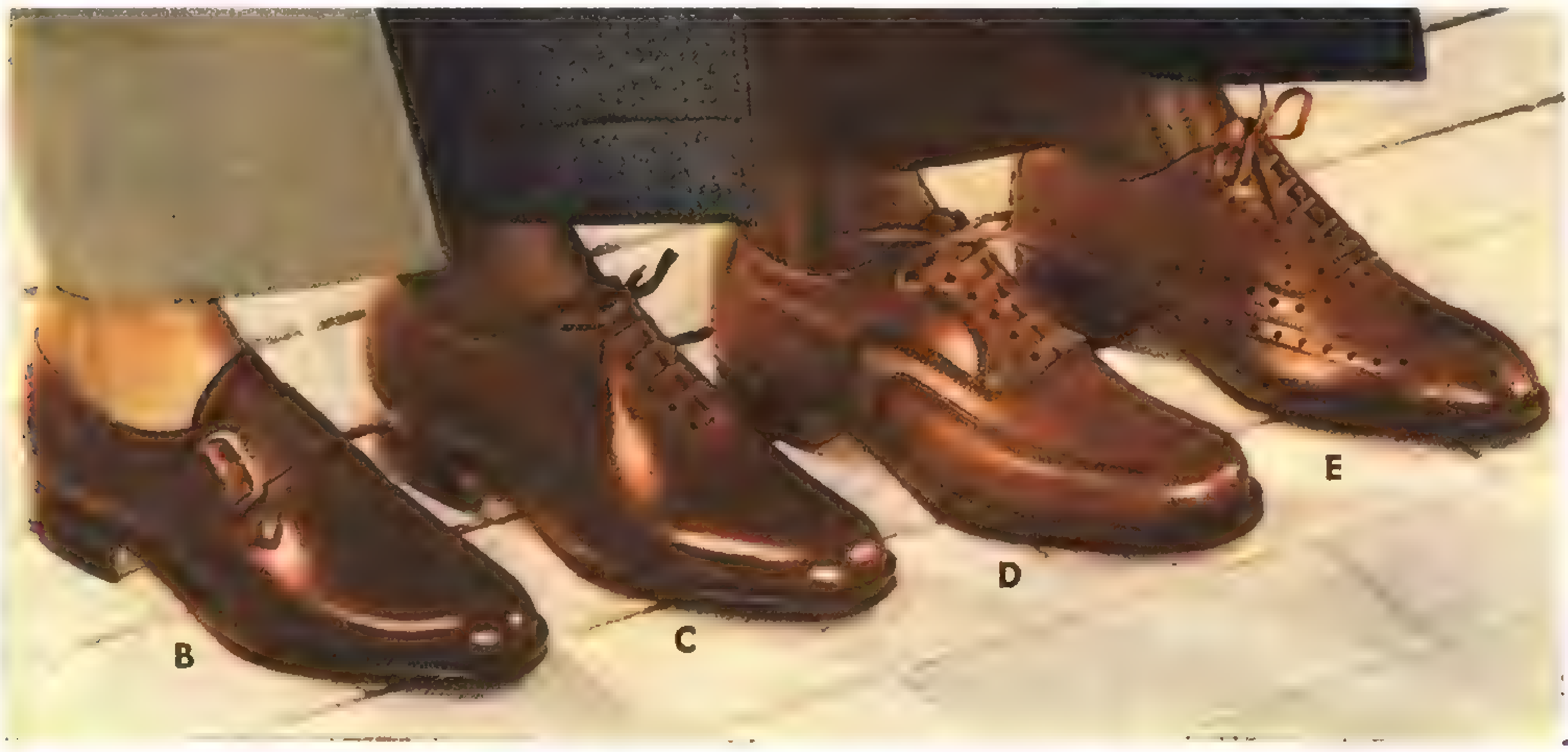
$\$5^{00}$ *to* $\$6^{85}$

Some special materials slightly higher

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A FEW OF THE SMART ROBLEE STYLES FOR SPRING

A. *Eyes right* for the Roblee Parader, military jodhpur oxford, Ace Last-B582. **B.** Popular military strap oxford, leather heel, Court Last-B873. **C.** Trim military boot pattern, full leather lined, combination leather and rubber heel, Ace Last-B586. **D.** Heavily stitched mudguard plateau, leather heel, Roamer Last-B871. **E.** Hand stained Forest Calf, full wing brogue, rubber heel, Barclay Last-B147.



Our Coast Is Guarded

Continued from pages 47-150

its destination and was eventually fished up from under a pier by the delicate maneuvering of grappling irons. Anonymous threats were made against the Polish motorship *Batory*, sister ship of the *Pilsudski*, as well as the *Queen Mary* and the *Normandie*. At the Hudson river docks, the patrol of the big ships was supplemented by a New York city police watch from the docks, the elevated highway and the roofs of surrounding piers. There were no incidents. The Customs searching squad had already gone over them with a fine-tooth comb and the Coast Guard patrol boats had been circling about day and night. The only chance of sabotage—and a remote one—was that some mad anarchist would elude the patrol in a small rowboat loaded with high explosive and blow both himself and the ship to kingdom come. Coast Guard men know that enemy agents are too fond of their own skins to try any such maniacal stunt.

The New York Foreign Trade Zone on Staten Island, a few miles down the harbor from Manhattan, is one of the most carefully guarded sections of the big seaport although there have been four mysterious fires on the docks so far this year.

In the first three months of 1940 this group of seven bustling piers handled merchandise valued at over $38,000,000. This was almost as much as the total for the entire year of 1939. Out of the Foreign Trade Zone are shipped tractors, trench-diggers and bombers for Great Britain. To guard this material a high steel fence patrolled by armed guards runs along the rear of the docks. Taking advantage of a slight indentation in the shore, Foreign Trade Zone officials have installed an electric eye on the harbor side that makes a straight barrier between the two outermost tips of the piers marking the extremes of the zone. This twelve-foot beam, rises and falls with the tide and any craft passing through it rings a warning bell in the guard's office.

The third division of this Coast Guard patrol covers a field that was in its infancy in the first world war—radio. The Coast Guard radio division seals the radios of every "belligerent" entering New York harbor. A foreign agent wishing to keep a submarine offshore posted on the movements of war supplies, could ask for no better post than the radio room of a ship in New York harbor.

Germany's mechanized legions have turned so many neutral merchant fleets into "belligerents" that the only course left to a "non-belligerent" patrol is to issue a blanket order sealing all "belligerent" radios. Seals can be broken but the radio division checks on a sealed instrument by constantly tuning in on the ship's frequency and sending inspectors aboard without warning. Radio repair men have been at a premium in Europe since the war began and many ships now wait to have repairs made on this side of the Atlantic. Repair work must be done in the presence of a Coast Guard engineer.

Every arrival and departure of a foreign merchant ship is reported by radio from three Coast Guard outposts, the Narrows, Frog's Neck and Prince's Bay. Since the outbreak of war these messages have been sent in code which is changed frequently. When the ship's master gets his clearance papers at the Customs House he also gets a code card with the ship's signal on it. This code signal can be given to the harbor patrol boats by a "hoist," running signal flags up the masthead, or using blinkers at night. On entering or leaving the harbor, foreign merchantmen are checked by two harbor patrol boats at the bottle-neck called the Narrows and subjected to a thorough search by the Customs squad.

Because of fear of submarine detection, "belligerents" are extremely reluctant to "open up" with their radios. One cold night toward the end of last winter, an American destroyer on Neutrality Patrol relayed an S.O.S. to the Coast Guard that it had picked up from an American ship recently transferred to French registry. She was about 700 miles offshore. Within ten minutes of its transmission this distress message was probably received by several big ships in the vicinity but the nearest one to acknowledge it was 500 miles away (a safe distance from a sub).

The Coast Guard was almost positive that other belligerents were much nearer but not one of them would "open up." Finally the Coast Guard signal of twelve long dashes hit the automatic tripper on the radio of a small American ship 100 miles from the scene. (The automatic alarm is for small ships with only one radio operator. It rings a bell in his quarters, a signal that he has two minutes to get to the radio and answer the message.) The stricken French ship was not heard from again. The captain of the small American ship, proceeding to the position given, found not a single trace on arriving at the scene although he circled the spot for fourteen hours. Questioned later, the New York representative of the mystery ship disclaimed any knowledge of the accident.

Exactly one hour after the harbor patrol boats cast off from the Barge Office dock, the roar of three great seaplanes shatters the morning air at Floyd Bennett Field, Long Island, a couple of minutes' flight from Manhattan.

The Coast Guard patrol planes are huge "Hall boats," with a flying range of 2,000 miles and a capacity of thirty men. These slick seaplanes patrol a pie-shaped area whose apex is Floyd Bennett Field with the other two corners at Delaware Bay and Block Island, just south of Rhode Island. Offshore they fly out to sea as far as the occasion demands, anywhere from 75 to 200 miles from the Coast. The duration of this flight is usually four hours, from 10 A.M. to 2 in the afternoon, but there have been times when the planes have stayed out as long as 15 hours.

Fifteen hours in a functional seaplane, stripped of everything but the essentials, and immersed in the deafening roar of three big engines, is something of an ordeal. This endurance flight took place when a British merchantman was reported torpedoed inside our Neutrality Zone. Again no trace of a ship was found. It might have been sunk without trace.

A more optimistic explanation of these mysterious S.O.S. calls is that the merchantmen are successful in eluding the sub and don't want to reveal their positions a second time.

These shiny new Hall boats that roll out of a glistening Coast Guard hangar are large enough to take off the entire crew of a small freighter without sacrificing much of their fuel load. They usually carry a crew of six, two pilots, two radiomen, two mechanics and a navigator. In the tail of the plane is a collapsible rubber boat, a box filled with provisions for a week's rubber-boat-ride and an escape hatch.

The war has added a new fillip to what were once mercy-mission flights when the big planes bounced down beside shabby tramps to take off seriously ailing seamen. If Germany feels that it must sever the American-British supply line its target will probably be the heavily loaded ships steaming out of New York harbor for the Halifax convoys.

Then submarines would be operating in the New York Coast Guard district as they were in the last war. Of course this would necessitate refueling on the part of the subs. Contact might be made through a German agent ashore and the captain of some freighter would be glad to agree to a refueling rendezvous off the coast for a good stiff profit. Just a few weeks ago a Coast Guard patrol plane spotted a tanker hove to about eighty miles off Sandy Hook. This is a strange place for loitering and the Coast Guard plane's powerful transmitter said as much in its radio report to Manhattan headquarters. A Coast Guard cutter was instantly dispatched to the scene and—(ten words censored here).

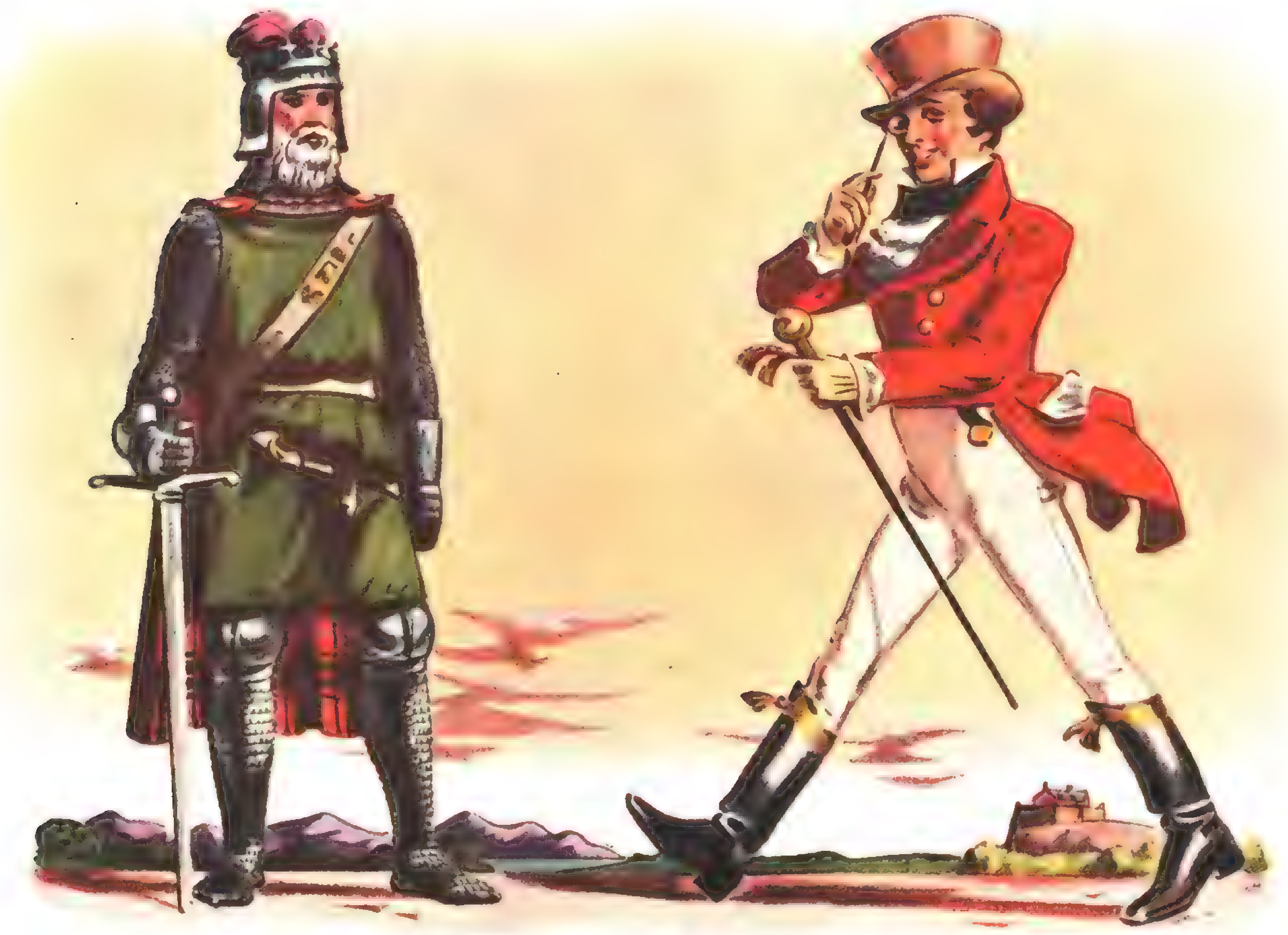
Not long ago a wisp of light smoke rising off the water near Nantucket Shoals caught a Coast Guard pilot's eye and he banked and zoomed in its direction. When he got there nothing was to be seen except grocery cases, garbage, oil and bubbles. It might have been Monstro the Whale.

Last fall President Roosevelt announced that a submarine had been sighted off the American coast. The story behind the announcement was that the Coast Guard patrol of Florida had spotted a sub on the surface not more than thirty miles off the coast. It was either waiting for a fuel ship or recharging its batteries. At the sound of the plane's motor, the sub plunged but the pilot arrived overhead in time to take down a complete description of the guns, position of hatches and so forth. Against which navy's blueprints it matched up, is confidential Coast Guard information.

In addition to the Hall boats the Coast Guard has two twin-motored Grumman amphibians (the Navy's fighter planes are also Grummans) for intermediate flights, and air patrol of the vicinity around the harbor itself, especially the explosive anchorages. A flight over the harbor in one of these Grummans gives an omnipotent feeling that must be part of every aviator's personality since the war has put air power in capital letters. With the author aboard a Grumman swooped down over New York's ancient forts. "What a bomber could do to those!" yelled the pilot over the roar of the motors. Even to a layman it was a tempting target: a screaming dive with the sun behind you, a quick release of bombs, a sharp "pull out" and what was once considered a stronghold becomes an ash-heap. The airman's rather cocky confidence is contagious. Looking down from the sleek Grumman everything below looked like a child's toys, to destroy them, child's play. In Gravesend Bay a stubby munitions ship, isolated from other harbor craft, was taking on deadly nitroglycerine. If a dive-bomber—see what war aviation does to your mind?

Judging from the course of the last war German subs can be expected to lie offshore just as soon as Berlin gives the word; it's simply a question of how far offshore. In the last war the U-boats were active around Cape Cod (one of them actually threw a few shells into the little town of Orleans) and the British tanker *Mirlo* was set afire by a torpedo about twelve miles off Cape Hatteras. A Coast Guard crew in its wooden surf-boat rowed through a sea of flaming oil to rescue the crew, a feat later rewarded by Congressional medals of honor. Whether the combined Coast Guard and Navy patrol will keep belligerent activity two or three hundred miles offshore this time, is something that will not be decided until (if and when) Germany decides that something should be done about the British-American supply artery. But no matter what happens, the efficient Coast Guard patrol has laid a strong base for the defense of our strategic and vital Atlantic Coast harbors. #

Can you name these Immortal Scotch Figures?



1. A warrior who hid in a cave after losing six campaigns. There he watched a spider finally spin its web after six failures. Taking courage, he gave battle the seventh time—and won. He succeeded to the Scottish throne at Ayr, 12 miles from Kilmarnock, home of Johnnie Walker. *(Answer below.)*

2. A distinctive personality . . . proud as The Black Douglas . . . rich in prestige as The Black Watch. Wearing the significant Black Label, he is often seen in the company of well-known persons. His choice qualities of taste, acquired in a 12 year preparation, are considered most rare. *(Answer below.)*

JOHNNIE WALKER
BLACK LABEL
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
12 YEARS OLD 86.8 PROOF

1. ROBERT THE BRUCE
2. JOHNNIE WALKER

Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., *Sole Importer*

C&K KNAPP-FELT

Smash Hit!
Blue on Brown

Look around! C&K Blue-on-Brown is *the* color combination better dressed men are favoring today! C&K has put together two of the most popular colors for men—in just the right shades to make one of the smartest looking felts you ever clapped on your head.

$5 · $7⁵⁰ · $10

C&K KNAPP-FELT HATS

CROFUT & KNAPP HATS
Fifth Avenue, New York

Sex Sells for the Musclemen

Continued from page 35

forced under another's will and another's opinion. In the evening, however, they succumb more easily to the dominating force of a stronger will."

With the high-pressure of American business cramming a normal twenty-four hours into a morning's business, the business executive softens as the day declines. He doesn't keep himself in battle trim by his posture. That's where the master physical culturist again gets in work that contents his customers with his prices. A trainer who contends with the physical problems of the fearfully and wonderfully made tycoons maintains that schools could well add to their faculties a teacher with a ballbat who'd go around reminding youngsters to sit, stand and walk in correct posture. Some who have come into his training quarters, haven't had proper posture for forty years or more.

Sag-belly, as this fellow privately refers to the contour defect that shoos trade in to him, is the result of chronically sloppy posture more than of liberal eating and drinking. Diet is easily corrected, he declares. The American businessman is a catch-as-catch-can eater and with a prescribed diet list, follows the routine in a docile and conscientious manner.

Sex and sleep, two of the pleasantest things to which mankind is heir, rate highest in getting the middle-aged male interested in his physical condition. But there's a third factor that also figures in showing that the primitive impulses shove the mortal more than the physician's recommendations. The third degree is the yen to develop a set of punching muscles that would affright the mighty smithy under the spreading chestnut tree.

More often than you'd think, aging gentlemen who couldn't lick their upper lips come in for treatment that (they hope) would qualify them as experts in assault and battery. All they need to punch around is the buttons on their desks, but they have secret ambitions, apparently, to be hauled before a desk sergeant on a charge of doing bodily harm to burly ruffians.

Physical conditioning for this purpose is merely a gesture. By the time the patient has been conditioned to carry his own weight around the block without panting, his hostile intentions diminish. Apparently the customer's glands then function more peaceably.

There used to be, in Chicago, a gymnasium operated by a gentleman then, and now, known as Kid Howard. It was primarily a workout sty for pugilists in which the punching bag rattled against the board as the busy clappers of the Bells of St. Mary's and the aroma of liniment from it hung in a cloud over Clark street. The kid used to get a few businessmen clients and marveled at their presence.

"I know these guys would like to take picks on somebody they don't like, but why don't they hire a fellow who specializes in such work, of which there are plenty around this town?" the Kid would say.

"If a guy is sore enough to fight, he fights right away. Otherwise no. But I don't do 'em any harm. I let 'em work out with the boys to tone up their bellies somewhat, and tell them to drink plenty of the pot liquor when their old ladies cook sauerkraut. That gives 'em a velvet lining where the liquor has eaten away stuff.

"Then, just to keep 'em kidded I let them get into the ring with Jack, and by the time they have held those big boxing gloves out for a few two-minute rounds, they are ready for the showers."

Jack graduated into the higher realms of his art. He later taught and trained a brown boy whose name, Joe Louis, you possibly have seen in print. The Kid's Jack was Jack Blackburn.

But, while the physical conditioner of the ultra-ultra gents deftly sidetracks pugnacious aspirations, the jiu jitsu institutes do a nice little business with those lesser known adults who harbor sweet notions of a treatment they'd like to administer to the man who comes around for overdue installment payments, and with frail young men who dream of being able to toss a piano mover flat on his fanny at the feet of an admiring damozel.

Thus, even in the coarser aspects of the physical training business, the impelling element is romance.

Considering all the ills to which flesh is heir, the insurance companies are on a live topic as they warn, through their printed publicity and their physicians, that the *corpore sano* gets short-changed after a man passes 35. However, their scare selling is not puncturing the bull's-eye as it would if they'd advertise health as they wouldn't dare.

The ad that would sell health would begin:

"He's 50 and worth a million dollars, but if he owed everybody in town the dames still would turn around to look at him, and murmur in admiration, 'wotta guy!' "

That's the way to make the aging buck body-conscious, so the higher-priced physical culture experts have observed, and they're making a solid financial clean-up with this knowledge. ##

Come, Follow Me!

Continued from page 67

give and take and the law allows exemptions."

"Exemptions!" cried the harried collector of taxes. "All day I hear the plea of exemptions. At night when I go to bed the word echoes in my ears. Listen, you are a rich woman. You have gold chains, earrings with stones, you have fields and cattle and you sell your produce far and wide. So what do you do? You have forty trees and you pay only for twenty-five."

"I pay plenty. Too much. Because I am a woman I must pay more than others."

"Very well. So why did you come here?"

"Because I saw the clerk count the trees and I came to claim an exemption."

"Very well. Go in peace. Today I do not want to haggle with you. I have more serious things on my mind. And as you claim an exemption for the fifteen trees, then I grant it to you. Go home in peace and never say again that a woman is treated unjustly."

"You are a good man, Levi. And I will go. But not in peace."

"Go how you like!" he shouted.

"Good afternoon," she said, and turning sharply about she left the collector's hut.

Jacob shook his head. "That is bad," he said. "She will tell the neighbors and they will all want the same exemption. You will see."

"Well, let's not worry about her neighbors. Tell me more about Him. That is what I want to hear most."

"Do you know about the man who had the withered hand?"

"No."

"He was in the temple and it was the Sabbath. The Teacher came in and He saw the man with the withered hand. And so He said to him: 'Rise up, and stand where all may see you.' And this man stood up. But the rabbis of the temple said it was unlawful to do any work, even healing, on the Sabbath."

"So what happened?"

"This Man Jesus looked at the rabbis squarely and firmly: 'I will ask you one thing. Is it lawful on the Sabbath days to do good, or to do evil? Is it lawful to save life or to destroy it?' These were His words."

"Could they reply to this?"

"No. They could not. And so the man with the withered hand stretched it forth and He touched it. And the moment He touched it, the hand was restored to full vigor."

"Oh!" exclaimed the revenue collector. "What would I not give if only I had seen it with my own eyes! Go on. Go on. Tell me more."

"Did you hear about the storm on the lake and how He made the winds and waves quiet?"

"He did that?"

"Yes. But wait. Here comes a cart filled with vegetables and they must pay a toll."

"Let the cart move along. Who cares? Go on with the tale."

"No, he is stopping at the gate."

A small cart with creaky wheels stopped before the hut.

"Hello, my friend," said the driver. "Once more I am bound for Jerusalem. And as you see I have this time only half a load."

"Half a load?" said Levi. "It looks filled to the top."

"No, no. Not the top. A full load is a heaping one. This is only what we would call half a load."

"Very well. Call it as you like. Pay what you think and go."

The driver seemed surprised at having his argument cut so short. He quickly paid and set his creaky wheels turning again.

"Well, as I was saying," resumed the clerk, "they were out in a boat. He was with the fishermen and a storm came up suddenly. Oh, a great storm; the waves grew high and the wind drove the water into the boat. 'Master, Master, we are lost!' some cried aloud. 'Save us or we perish!' Then He rose up in the boat and spoke to the winds and the sea. And promptly there was a great calm. And all marveled at this Man Who could command the elements. Some even asked: 'What manner of Man is This, that even the winds and the sea obey Him?' He answered them by saying: 'Why are you so afraid? How is it that you have so little faith?' And when He said this they were silent."

"Oh!" exclaimed the collector of taxes. "Though I hate the water and fear storms, I would have given a great deal to have been present and seen it with my eyes and heard Him speak. Tell me. If He came this way, would He ever speak with me?"

"No."

"Because I am—what I am?"

"Yes."

"And he despises money so?"

"Yes."

"Well, I too despise money. But no one would believe it. I am called a robber, murderer. Must not somebody act as tax guardian? I wish I might some day ask this question of the Master. He would be able to answer. Tell me more about the things He says and the things He does. I love everything about Him. Tell me why He rides in the boats with the fishermen."

"He rides in the boats with the fishermen for a good purpose. For He says that the world is greater than the Sea of Galilee and that the fishermen He will some day make fishers of men."

"Tell me more. What else does He say and do?"

"Well, there was once a cripple beside a pool who had dragged his legs for forty years and the Master looked at him and said: 'Do you wish to be made well?' The poor man looked up and . . . Wait, I will continue later. Here are the two merchant brothers approaching."

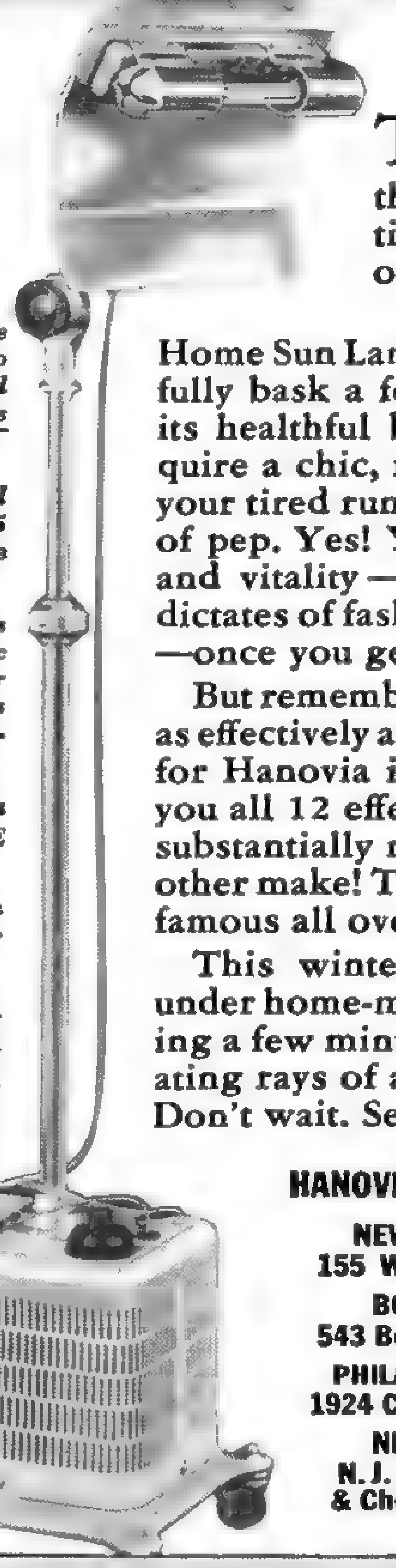
"Again!" cried Levi. "What is it they want now?"

"The day would not seem complete without a visit from them."

"Good-day, good-day," called the merchant brothers while still a

Continued on page 156

NOW... Bring the spell
of Southern skies
into your boudoir!



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3. *Hanovia's famous quartz mercury arc tube assures superior performance; produces more beneficial ultraviolet.*
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Gentlemen: Please send me further information about Hanovia Alpine Home Sun Lamps.

Name__________
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Come, Follow Me!

Continued from pages 67-155

dozen paces away. "Good-day, good-day," they repeated.

"Yes, again. What is it now?" asked the worried collector.

"Again, yes and always again," spoke one. "For so it is with you. You demand again and again. We pay again and again. And so if you see us now before you, it is truly again."

"Your words flow too easily. Tell me plainly, what is it now?"

"For ten years we have paid a tax for roads."

"True."

"Tell us, where are the roads?"

"Did you come here by boat?"

"No, on foot."

"Then you have been walking on the very thing you seek."

"You call these roads? Here is a piece and there a path and about our property it has been torn up and never repaired."

"That is how it is in Galilee. The roads are better in Judea. But it has nothing to do with me. The king builds the roads. He has commissioners. What do you want?"

"We pay for something we do not receive."

"You are no exception. All pay."

"We want to file a claim for the return of money."

"I won't allow it on the road tax."

"Then we will claim it on some other tax," insisted the brothers. "Listen, I am in no mood for your logic. Go away. As you see, I am occupied with my clerk."

"Others pay less than we do."

"No. The rates are alike for all."

"We demand to see the records so we may compare the rates."

The collector's patience seemed at an end. He sighed heavily. "Here, take the ledgers to the table and sit down and compare item with item until you are blue in the face. But do not disturb me. I am talking about a serious matter with my clerk."

"Now," continued the clerk, "where was I?"

"You were beside the pool with the cripple."

"Yes. That is it. And the Master chanced to pass. For forty years this man had dragged his legs behind him. For him to crawl to this pool was no simple matter, for besides dragging his body behind him, he also dragged his bed. Now he needed the bed because once he came to the pool he intended to remain for some days. The reason being . . ."

"The good Lord protect us!" called Levi, interrupting the clerk. "Here comes someone else."

"It's the farmer again."

"What does he want?"

"Two of his cows died and the cattle tax was paid until next autumn. He will make a claim."

"And there is someone else walking behind him."

"That is the rich salt merchant."

"What does he want?"

"That I do not know," replied the clerk.

"Then the devil take them all. Go on with the tale."

"Very well. Where was I?"

"At the pool. And the poor fellow dragged his bed there because . . ."

"Because he intended to remain some days. Now the reason for this was . . ."

"Good-afternoon," hailed the farmer. But the collector of taxes and his clerk paid no attention to his greeting.

"The reason for this," continued the clerk, 'was because it was said that this pool could sometimes produce magical cures. The cures were supposed to come in this way. On certain days—or perhaps it may occur at night—an angel . . ."

"Gentlemen, I greet you!" called the rich salt merchant's bold voice.

The farmer now was at the door and he called aloud: "They died! Not one, but two. Both are dead!"

"I greet you, gentlemen!" repeated the salt merchant. "I have come on important business."

Paying no attention to either of these, nor to those two merchants perusing the ledgers, the clerk in a loud steady voice continued:

"An angel is supposed to come down from heaven and with his wings beating hard stir up the water in the pool and splash it about furiously. And at this time all those who came to be cured would get close to the water and . . . and . . ." He stopped suddenly. "See!" he said, changing the subject. "A fisher boat is landing. And in the distance is another boat."

"Why does rock salt pay less tax than my brine salt?" demanded the rich salt merchant.

"Both are dead. I must file a claim," said the farmer.

Then the fisherman who had just landed filled his baskets and lost no time bringing them to the door of the collector of taxes.

"Hurry," he said. "The hot sun will dry out my fish. I must get them sold before they begin to stink."

"How many fish have you?" called the clerk.

"Sixty-six."

"Good. Pay sixty-six coppers and go."

"But these are little ones, not big ones."

"For all fish the tax is the same."

"But little ones sell cheaper."

"Throw these back and catch sixty-six big ones. The tax is the same."

The salt merchant insisted on an answer. He repeated the ques-

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tion: "Rock-salt; why should it pay less?"

In the meantime the two merchant brothers brought forward the ledger. They had discovered something and their faces were ready to explode. But just then the clerk threw up his arms and cried aloud: "Look out on the road. Here comes the rich widow with five of her neighbors. I told you. She promised not to go in peace and she is returning true to her word. There you have a fine kettle of fish."

"Fish," cried the fisherman. "They are only little ones. Here, see for yourself!"

He brought two out of the basket and laid them on the collector's counter.

While the rich widow marched down the road with five of her neighbors, a second boat beached near the collector's cabin and from this boat four men stepped out and came walking along the shore.

"It is He!" called the clerk.

"What, another one?"

"No. The Master. He is here!"

"Which one is the Master?" asked the collector of taxes.

"The one with the long robe. See, He is coming this way and He is looking straight at you."

"At me?"

"Yes."

The widow and her five neighbors reached the side of the hut. They all began talking at one time. The fisherman with his sixty-six fish kept calling for attention and the salt merchant also cried aloud, as well as the two brothers with the tax roll in their hands. All spoke together.

The Master paused for a brief moment to take in the scene before Him. He looked straight into the face of the harried collector of taxes.

"Come," He said. "Follow me."

"Gladly, gladly!" cried Levi, running forward.

"And what shall we call you?" asked the Teacher, starting along the shore of the Sea of Galilee with His companions.

"I want to forget I was ever Levi, a collector of taxes. Call me Matthew."

"Come, Matthew," spoke the Master.

"Gladly, gladly!" he replied. "And I will be with You wherever You go and never will I leave Your side." ⧻

World Revolution in Weather

Continued from page 29

spurts, with long pauses in-between.

Occasionally the glaciers even readvanced. Whenever this happened, the ocean level sank, in response to an increased deposit of snow and ice upon the glacial caps.

Glaciologists date the last of these major readvances at about 1600 B.C., and point to worldwide evidence of how it lowered the oceans. At most places where a rocky shoreline rises abruptly from the water, we can see a flat bench bitten back into the rock at from 16 to 20 feet above the present mean sea level—mute evidence of where the level stood before the glaciers recaptured some of the water.

This dating is highly suggestive. The change for the colder and for lower sea levels occurred about 2,500 years ago. Now, this time span of 2,500 years is just about the interval that elapsed between other major climate changes after the end of the Ice Age. This is well known from many studies, and particularly those made by the Norwegian, Axel Blytt. Blytt established the existence of four main climate periods in Europe during post-glacial time—the *Boreal*, or the last of the Ice Age climate, the warm, moist *Atlantic* period which followed, the *Sub-Boreal*, a change back toward glacial conditions, and the slightly milder *Sub-Atlantic* in which we live today.

Now, a time span of some 8,600 years since 6700 B.C. allows on the average 2,866 years for each period since the Boreal. Hence just about the right amount of time has run to bring us, on the basis of past experience, to another change. Also, since these changes seem to alternate in character, the glacial advance and lower ocean levels of 1600 B.C. might well be followed by warmer climate, more melting, and higher seas, when the next change comes.

All this is, of course, speculative, and not truly scientific. But since the topic is so important in view of possible consequences, even speculation becomes legitimate, especially if we accept at face value a thought offered by the late Joseph Baxendell, long associated with the Fernley Observatory in northern England.

Baxendell, like so many English meteorologists, was keenly interested in discovering periods, or cycles, of weather change. Shortly before he died, however, early in 1940, he pointed out that many encouraging successes in this work seem to be going haywire in recent years.

Some cycles of wind change, temperature and pressure change, and rainfall, had been traced back through the records with highly gratifying success for a century or more—only to begin functioning erratically in the 1920's and the 1930's. Hence he decided that the most probable conclusion to draw about the present situation is that whatever weather and climate cycles may have been in the recent past, we seem to be in for a definite change now.

Was he right—and will the change be of a sort which will imperil the seaboard cities of the world? Only the future can tell—unless, perchance, some of the studies described are pushed through to a degree of completeness which reveals the answer. ⧻

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Mayhem at the Box Office

Continued from page 72

after a five-minute overtime. Imagine 150 points in forty-five minutes.

Think that's something? In two widely separated towns on the same night in a recent Illinois state prep tournament, there were scores of 106 to 100 and 102 to 100. And 32-minute high school games, too. Perpetual motion? Whew!

"Call it a marathon or a test of endurance, but don't call it basketball," wrote Vance E. Geiger, coach at Hopkins, Missouri, high school, recently in *Scholastic Coach*, a magazine circulated among prep coaches. "Every change over the past few years has been intended to support the fan who thought the game was too slow. They forgot that the game is supposed to be a form of play and exercise in which thousands of boys participate each year."

Various surveys have been taken in recent years to discover what harmful effects, if any, are being shown by the players. The findings show wide variance.

One of the most comprehensive was made at Rockford, Illinois, two years ago. Players were tested over half a dozen games by a group of physicians for pulse, blood pressure and other reactions. Check-ups were made before, immediately after and twenty minutes after each game.

Pulse reading before a game ranged from 52 to 84. After its finish they were from 80 to 126. Twenty minutes later they ranged from 72 to 114—all for the same group of boys. The findings of the committee, briefly, were:

"1. The hearts of all the players were functioning well after each game and no excessive fatigue was noted.

"2. In no case was there a tendency to a heart rate in excess of the physiological norm after any of the games.

"3. No untoward symptoms were complained of by any of the players.

"4. The medical, insurance and physical education literature offers no *conclusive* evidence of cardiac or blood vascular damage to the individual that can be attributed to his athletic activity, providing his heart was normal before entering the training period."

Good enough. And we do not question the sincerity of the committee. But the medics thoughtfully added this recommendation:

"That the committee on rules increase the rest period of one minute between quarters to two or three minutes and would especially urge that captains, officials and coaches take full advantage of the time out privilege as now granted in the rules. This, we believe, would be an added safeguard against the possibility of over-fatigue."

Now you see it, now you don't!

Along about the same time two estimable gentlemen in Kenosha, Wisconsin, Fred V. Hein and Dr. A. J. Randall—were conducting similar experiments. They drew this conclusion, in contrast to the Rockford findings:

"There is an appreciable difference in physiological effect in the old and new games . . . Many may feel that the difference is not sufficiently great to seriously affect a player. However, when one considers that basketball has always been a strenuous activity, that a boy plays not one game, but many during the season, and may participate over a period of years, things appear in a different light."

Down at De Pauw University in Greencastle, Indiana, Paul J. Fay and Lloyd L. Messerschmidt rigged up an apparatus which compared old and new basketball from a ground-covering standpoint. Their gadget revealed that collegians now run from 3.87 to 3.97 miles in a game, as compared to 2.25 to 2.50 under the previous rules, while the mileage of prep basketeers also has been increased from fifty to sixty per cent.

And finally comes a clincher from Dr. Forrest C. "Phog" Allen, coach of the 1936 Olympic basketball team, director of physical education and basketball coach at the University of Kansas. Phog is regarded as about the final authority on basketball in all its ramifications. Says he:

"There is grave danger to the health of junior high and younger high school boys—especially to their growth—by continued strain of the shuttle, hockey type of basketball.

"As chairman of the National Basketball Research Committee, we are constantly doing research work on the effect of the game. And it has shown the new game is injurious to growing youth!"

Dr. Allen offers a plan to restore the center jump, but in a modified fashion. The principal objection was that it put too much emphasis on height (although bean-pole construction is still considered a valuable asset).

"Why not," asks Dr. Allen, "rotate the center jump among the players on each team? Each club would use a 'jumping order' and after a successful field goal or free throw, the players would rotate the center jump exactly as a baseball team follows its batting order. This would eliminate most of the inequalities of the past."

What do other coaches think about the modern game? Viewpoints, perhaps, may be shaded

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slightly by the fact that it's bread and butter to them, but we feel that they're giving their sincerely honest opinions.

"No normal boy is going to be hurt playing basketball any more than in any other strenuous sport," declares Harold E. Olsen of Ohio State University. "To my knowledge there is no medical evidence to support the assertion that basketball is too fast and is hurting the boys. The game should not be played by anyone with a heart defect."

Frank Keaney of Rhode Island State, whose teams average better than sixty points a game, has similar ideas. "This so-called 'race-horse' type of basketball is not detrimental to the health of the player," he says. "By actual tests, players at the end of the season are in better shape than boys who do not participate. If a player gets himself into good shape, his heart will not be injured.

"After thirty years of coaching I have come to the conclusion that basketball as played today is excellent. The crowd loves the new game. Give them what they want and they'll come back to see you again. Put the boy into shape and he'll enjoy the fast tempo."

Coach Keaney also declares that among other things, a coach should see that his boys get plenty of rest, good food and lots of sleep. "We found that a boy who dances the night before a game is not at his best the last ten minutes of a game," he observes.

Sam Barry at the University of Southern California is another who insists there is no harm in the present style.

"With the elimination of the center jump there was a tendency to race-horse the game," says the Trojan coach. "But after a year's experience, teams have adjusted their pace. The new type of game is more pleasing to the spectator and has increased scoring. It has many other favorable advantages."

Wesley Fesler, Harvard's basketball coach, doesn't think the game is detrimental if proper conditioning work has been done. "Our kids don't feel that they are being overworked—and we don't have very many," he opines.

This also is the viewpoint held by Ward Lambert of Purdue—one of the best known coaches in the business. "In twenty-five years of coaching I know of no ill-effects from basketball," he adds. "We use a fast break and invariably our players have gained weight by the end of the season. They are given thorough physical examinations before the season and also 'cold shots.'"

But hold—here comes the rebuttal, the dissenting voices among the coaches who uphold Phog Allen's views!

One is from Clair Bee of Long Island University, whose quintets have made basketball history in the past few years. Two seasons ago his Blackbirds set an all-time college record of 44 straight wins.

"I can't say whether basketball as played today is detrimental to health," he asserts, "but I do know it is extremely strenuous—mentally and physically. There should be a break in the game after a basket is scored so players, coaches and spectators can relax."

And another—from Dr. H. C. Carlson of the U. of Pittsburgh.

"Elimination of the center jump makes for a game which is exhausting to spectator and player alike," he says. "The average fan likes a few seconds to reflect and possibly comment to his companion on a successful shot. Under the new rules we certainly have action, but possibly we have too much action—for both spectators and players."

This continuous, unrelieved tension perhaps was responsible for many startling incidents last winter, such as the one at Fulton, Missouri, where teams from Tarkio and Westminster Colleges were battling in a heated game. As the bitterly-fought first half came to a close, the timer raised his gun. The shot rang out. And down from the rafters floated a dead guinea hen. That crowd, at least, relaxed.

It will be noted that coaches and others who favor the modern game assert it is not harmful to a boy in good physical condition.

And there's the rub. What is good physical condition? Even doctors are puzzled at times. C. Paul White, President of the Kewanee, Illinois, Board of Health, wrote a letter recently to the *Illinois Medical Journal*, asking physicians of the state to arise in protest against the dangers of basketball. In it, he declared:

"The game has been speeded up to such an extent that in my opinion it is actually dangerous . . . Recently, a boy in a nearby town collapsed at the close of a game and died an hour later . . . No matter how well checked these boys are, there are bound to be some whose hearts cannot and will not stand the strain."

And then there's the scholarly dissertation written by Dr. J. A. Walce of Columbus, Ohio, and published in the *Journal Lancet* of Minneapolis.

"Inadequate recognition is given the condition known as potential heart disease in cases involving participation in athletics," he states. "The question of what constitutes . . . a degree dangerous in athletic competition is not settled."

In other words, heart trouble is something that doesn't make itself known the next afternoon. A check-up over a period of weeks on pulse, blood pressure, etc., may show no immediate ill effects—but one doesn't need a volume of medical books to realize that a little strain here and a little strain there sooner or later becomes a big doctor bill.

Coaches and surveys to the contrary notwithstanding, these are the facts. Heart ailments still constitute a vast medical mystery—and race-horse basketball is sowing a crop of ailing tickers that many of today's young players will reap regretfully in later life.

But the turnstiles click merrily on! ⌗

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The Cowboy Is a Gentle Guy

Continued from page 43

strument. Singing is mighty far down on his list of pleasures.

He is itinerant by nature, and although many cowboys work for long terms, especially on the larger ranches or when on the home acres, there always is a small army of them on the move: toward the roundup areas in the fall, toward the southern deserts in winter, toward the hay fields—a distinct loss of social class but sometimes necessary—or following the rodeos and the dude ranches. They are a happy-go-lucky crew: walking, hitch-hiking, banding together in old Fords.

His bedroll is his most precious possession, not only because with it he is independent of formal shelter for the night, but because in many cases he can't get a job unless he has one of his own. Many lug their saddles around with them, parking them between jobs, in the backroom of a bar—or gambling them, or raffling them off when pinched.

So the cowboy stands today as the only existing, and still romanticised, symbol of an earlier day in the history of our country: a hangover, in one sense from the most intriguing era of American settlement, still accepted as representing the most distinctive phase of American life. But in another sense, he is no mere symbol of anything. More beef is raised in this country than ever before. Behind each chop and steak and roast there is a cowboy. There are perhaps ten times as many now as during the most colorful, more colorful days of the past, and since there is no machine which ever could replace him, the cowboy is an established and permanent part of the national organization.

He is the incarnation of the spirit of the West: a spirit, by the way, which dominates a very large slice of the American continent. #

Soldier of the Realm

Continued from page 36

pinched faces and his own, broad and ruddy with health. And he compared the miserable, poverty-ridden grubbing of their lives with the adventure and power and vision that animated his own.

The young officer rode through the plains and villages of his homeland with head held high; for he was a soldier of the realm.

And then one evening, a prisoner was brought into his tent and stood looking at him, instead of dropping his eyes, as did all the others, and suddenly said, "Yanos, is it really you?"

"Quiet, swine!" ordered the trooper who had brought him. He turned to his superior. "This one swears he has neither horses nor cattle."

But the officer had arisen and was studying the prisoner in the flickering light of the dung fire. After a moment he signaled for the trooper to go. "Miklai," he said. "After all these years, Miklai." For a long while he stood silently looking at his brother.

It was the latter who spoke first. "We had thought you long since dead," he murmured.

"Dead? Scarcely." The young officer could not wholly restrain a smile. "No, Miklai, on the contrary, I flatter myself that I have come a little way in the world."

"You have always been a raider?"

"A soldier, brother."

"A soldier. And now an officer?"

"Commissioned personally by the King-Protector, all homage to his name."

The other was silent.

"Brother?"

"All homage to his name."

They sat by the dung fire, and Yanos told briefly of his adventures and achievements during the years since he had run away. He spoke of campaigns and conquest, of the sacking of cities and the great marches across the plains.

"You have had an active life," said Miklai when he was done.

Yanos nodded. "Yes, brother, it has been active enough; but that is not the important thing. What is important is that it has been a life with a purpose." He paused, searching for words. How could he explain to this ignorant herdsman (for he was only that, brother or no brother) the great things that were happening in the world and of which he had become a part? "There is a new spirit in the land, Miklai—a new fire and faith. For centuries our people have been scattered across the great plains, and because they have been scattered they have been miserable and weak. But now that is no longer so. The King-Protector is making a nation of us. He has taught us oneness of mind and will and revealed to us the strength and high destiny of our race. Already we have conquered every enemy who has appeared before us. For a thousand miles to the south and east every city and tribe acknowledges our overlordship. And now, at last, the greatest venture is at hand." He paused again and his dark eyes glistened in the firelight. "Now we go to the west!"

"The west?"

"Three days' ride to the north of here is the encampment of the Grand Army. There are gathered a hundred thousand horsemen, led by the King-Protector himself. When the foraging has been done and all food and supplies assembled, we will march westward."

"What will you seek there?"

Yanos looked at his brother curiously. "What will we seek there? Why, room to live, to be sure. A place in the sun." He brought his clenched fist down heavily on his knee. "We have lived too long on the leavings of the earth. Now that we are strong and united we will take what rightfully belongs to us."

Miklai shook his head. "There will be bloodshed such as the world has never seen."

Yanos shrugged. "It is in bloodshed that the strength of great nations is forged. Besides, it is common knowledge that these western people are soft and degenerate. We will sweep over them as over the grass of the plains."

"And when you have conquered them—then what?"

"Then what?" Yanos stared for an instant; then he smiled. "I have done fairly well in the army, brother, but I am not the King-Protector yet. Suppose we let him worry about that. I daresay, though," he added as an afterthought, "we shall put them in their place right enough."

Miklai did not speak further, but sat gazing into the fire, and Yanos realized that all he had been saying and endeavoring to explain was far beyond the range of his brother's experience and comprehension. He was a herdsman, an oaf—nothing more. The concepts of civilization—discipline and duty, nation and race—were mere hollow words to his sluggish, untutored mind.

"And you, Miklai," he said, abruptly changing the subject, "you have been here all these years?"

The other nodded.

"Still following the herds, eh?"

Miklai hesitated a moment before answering. "Well, no—not exactly. You see—" He leaned forward suddenly and grasped his brother's arm. "I, too, Yanos, have been doing exciting things."

"Have you, now?" said Yanos. Again he could scarcely hide a smile. "I'll bet you've gone and got yourself a woman, you rascal."

"I have had a wife for many years. Two sons as well. But that is not what I mean." He hesitated again, then spoke with an eagerness that was almost pleading. "Brother, come to my place and I will show you."

Yanos looked dubious. "I am a busy man, Miklai."

"Please, brother! You will not regret it. Only for tonight and a bit of tomorrow."

"Well—" A miserable herdsman's tent was scarcely a fitting night's lodging for an officer of the Grand Army, but, after all, this man was his next of kin. "All right," he said. "I'll come."

He called the trooper from outside and gave him his instructions. Then he led the way from the tent.

"Where is your horse?"

"I have none," replied Miklai.

Yanos looked at him sharply, but said nothing. He ordered two ponies saddled, and in a few moments they were riding swiftly over the plain. For a while they traveled in silence. Then, suddenly, Miklai looked back and pointed.

"Two troopers are following us."

Yanos nodded. "An officer of the Grand Army does not travel alone," he explained.

Thereafter they again rode without speaking and the endless carpet of grass unrolled before them under the fading evening light. After perhaps fifteen minutes a smudge of smoke appeared on the horizon and a few moments later, beneath it, the low outlines of a shelter. Miklai gestured and nodded.

When they had come within a couple of hundred yards of the habitation Yanos suddenly pulled up his horse. He sat upright and motionless in the saddle, staring. Then he turned wonderingly to his brother.

"But it is not a tent," he said.

Miklai smiled, a little proudly. "No, it is a house."

"A house? On the plains?" Yanos could scarcely believe either eyes or ears. For upward of ten years he had roamed the length and breadth of the land, but never had he seen, or thought to see, such a sight as this. In the towns and cities, to be sure, he had known dwellings built of clay or stone. Many a time, indeed, he had feasted in the great banquet hall of the King-Protector, which was said to be the noblest edifice on earth. But a house in the open land . . . He stared back at Miklai, uncomprehendingly.

"The walls are of packed earth," explained the latter. "The roof is woven grass."

"But—but how does one move it?"

"It cannot be moved."

"But when the grazing land gives out? When the herds go to winter pastures? Surely you cannot build such a thing three or four times a year?"

"No, brother," said Miklai. "There is where we dwell the year round."

The words fell clearly enough on Yanos' ears, but left him only in utter confusion. A man must have meat to live. The herd, which gives the meat, must unendingly move on in search of fresh pasture. Therefore, a man must move on too. Anyone in his senses understood that. A quick shock passed through him and he looked sharply at Miklai. No, that could not be it. Even the mad ones had to eat, and his brother, while only a wretched lump of a herdsman, was obviously not starving. Could it be that he was a practitioner of the Black Arts . . .

The ponies had advanced slowly, and he saw suddenly that they were before the entrance of the house.

"You will understand everything before you leave." Miklai was saying. "Shall we go in now?"

The room into which they came was circular and low-ceilinged, not unlike the interior of a tent. A young woman with a brown, placid face was bent over the hearth, busy with cooking. Near her, two small boys were playing with a pile of pebbles on the floor, and against the wall a man squatted, mashing something in a bowl. The boys saw the stranger first, and soundlessly, but with the speed of rabbits, darted behind the woman's skirts. The woman straight-

Continued on page 162

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Soldier of the Realm

Continued from pages 36-161

ened, and the man against the wall rose to his feet, still holding the bowl. They stared at the newcomers, motionless and silent.

"Do not be afraid," said Miklai, advancing. "This is my brother, Yanos. Brother, this is Domita, my wife and my two little ones."

The woman came forward and greeted the guest with grave courtesy. Yanos replied in kind, and smiled and pinched the cheeks of the two boys. "And this?" he inquired, turning to the man.

"This is Havrik," said Miklai. "My—er—helper."

"Helper?" Yanos looked him slowly up and down. The man stood before him awkwardly, with eyes cast down, and he suddenly noticed that he was very tall. His skin and hair were much lighter than was usual among herdsmen. "What do you do, fellow?"

The man raised his eyes, but said nothing.

"He is a mute, brother," said Miklai. "He performs odd jobs for me about the place."

"Havrik, eh? That's a new sort of name." Yanos turned away as the two troopers who had followed him entered the room. Instantly the woman and the tall, pale helper stiffened, and the atmosphere again became tight with fear.

"It's all right. They are Yanos's men," Miklai assured them. Presently they resumed their work, while the troopers stood silently by the entrance.

There was little talk during the preparation of the meal. Yanos sat in the place of honor, cross-legged on a thick bearskin rug, and watched the others moving about. Already he wished he had not come. He should have known there was no common ground between himself and this loutish barbarian family, even though it was his brother's. What did they understand of his life and ways, or of what interest was theirs to him? But that was not all. If it were, he would have arisen forthwith, made some excuse or other and departed with his troopers into the night. He was conscious of a strangeness, an air of mystery, that hung over the place. The house in which they dwelt, instead of in a tent, like every other herdsman's clan; his brother's protestations that he possessed no horses or cattle; this tall, pale helper who squatted against the wall and did not speak: these things were queer and disturbing, and he must get to the bottom of them before he left. His eyes traveled slowly over the objects and people in the room and again came to rest on the man Havrik. They studied him intently from under half-closed lids.

After a while the food was ready, and the woman, Domita, set it before him in a great earthen bowl.

"I think you will find it an interesting meal," said Miklai, seating himself beside his brother.

Instead of eating, Yanos merely stared at the contents of the bowl. Then he leaned forward and sniffed.

"What meat is this?" he demanded.

"It is not meat," replied Miklai. "Come, try some, and tell me how you like it."

For another moment Yanos studied the strange things in the bowl; then his gaze moved slowly to Miklai. "It could not be you are trying to poison me, brother?"

He spoke softly, but in the same instant the two troopers stepped forward, swords drawn.

"Poison you?" repeated Miklai aghast. "How could you dream such a thing? No, Yanos, look, it is good; it is nourishing!" He ate quickly from the bowl. "See, I am not poisoned."

Yanos gestured to his men and they retired again to the entrance. He looked closely at his brother, then back at the bowl. "If it is not meat, what is it?"

"This," said Miklai, pointing, "is called bread. These small black things are beans. The leaves here are cabbage."

"Where do they come from?"

"From the ground."

"I have never seen such things growing in the ground."

"They do not grow of themselves, brother. One must plant them and cultivate them."

"Cultivate? What is that?" But even as he spoke the shocking realization flashed into his mind that his earlier surmise had been correct. His brother was a practitioner of the Black Arts.

"It is difficult to explain," Miklai was saying. "In the morning I shall show you my fields and you will understand." He leaned forward, excitement shining in his face. "This is why I begged you to come, Yanos. Wait until you see it—what I have been doing. It will open your eyes."

Open his eyes, eh? That was one way of putting it.

"And now eat," Miklai urged. "See if the food is not good."

Yanos shook his head slowly. "Thank you, brother, but I prefer to leave things that sprout in the dirt to horses and oxen. With your pardon, I shall eat a man's food."

He signaled to one of his men, who went quickly outside and returned a moment later with a saddlebag. From it Yanos took a hindquarter of dried boar's meat and cut it into three pieces for himself and the troopers. They gnawed it in silence, while the others ate from the bowl.

When he had finished and wiped his mouth on the rug Yanos spoke suddenly in a quiet voice. "I have heard tell in the encampment that the barbarians of the west eat unclean weeds plucked from the earth." His dark eyes moved to the man called Havrik. "Have you heard that, brother?"

Miklai did not answer.

"It would be unfortunate if one of our herdsmen should so far forget his allegiance to the realm as to harbor one of these barbarians, would it not, brother?" He stretched his arms and yawned. "Ah, well, it is time for rest."

He lay back, wrapped in the fur rug, and soon the fire went out and the room was dark and silent. The only movements were the stirring of the two children, sleeping beside their mother against the farther wall, and the occasional shifting of the trooper on guard.

But it was a long while before Yanos slept. Painstakingly, one by one, he reviewed the things he had seen and heard in the few hours since he had met his brother, and, as he did this, his brow knotted and his lips became a hard, thin line. It was not always easy to be a soldier of the realm, for he bore his brother no ill will.

In the early morning Miklai led him through the fields. A short distance from the house they came to a patch of ground where the green-brown grassland sprouted suddenly into tall, yellow stalks.

"Look, brother, this is wheat," said Miklai. He bent down among the stalks. "See, it grows from seed—these tiny grains."

But Yanos was not looking at the wheat. His eyes were on the distant horizon and his mind was busy with the things that he must say. He sighed a little and squared his shoulders.

"This is doubtless all very interesting," he said, "but time is pressing, and my men and I must be getting on. Shall we go now to the pasture?"

Miklai straightened. "The pasture?"

"This little matter of the horses and cattle."

"But I have already told you I have neither."

Yanos bit his lip. "I am afraid you do not understand, brother. The King-Protector has decreed that each and every herdsman must contribute one horse and three head of cattle to the Grand Army. There can be no exceptions."

"A man cannot contribute what he does not possess."

"I wonder if you are being a liar or a fool."

"Neither, Yanos, I swear to you. This grain—these crops—are all I have. For years I have spent my life with them, planting, harvesting, experimenting—"

"Experimenting, eh?" Yanos's face was somber. "So my suspicions were right. You admit you have been dabbling in the Black Arts."

"No, no! There is nothing of the Black Arts in this. It is as simple and natural as herding or hunting." Yanos grunted incredulously and turned away, but Miklai seized him by the arm. "Brother, you must believe me. You must listen to me. For so long I have worked on this thing, had faith in it; now at last I have seen the living proof before my eyes. All that remains is that others should learn of it too. But I am a poor man, a nobody—who would pay attention to me? They will pay attention to you though, Yanos. The first moment I saw you last night, when your troopers brought me in to you, I said to myself, 'Here is the chance!' You live in the great world and have the ear of the mighty. It is within your power to make these things known, even to the King-Protector himself."

"Imbecile! Why should the King-Protector or anyone else be interested in these weeds of yours?"

"Don't you see, brother? If I can grow crops, others can. The soil of these plains is black and rich. It could yield enough to feed a nation."

"A nation fed on grass, eh?" Yanos smiled. "A nation of cows and asses."

"No—a nation of planters, of settled farmers instead of wandering herdsmen." Miklai's eyes kindled and his voice grew tense and urgent. "I swear it to you, Yanos; what you see here—these little growing things—can transform our country and our people. There will no longer be the need for pillage and conquest to secure food. We will not have to roam the world in search of new pastures for the herds. We can live from the land and learn the ways of peace."

Yanos did not answer at once and, when at last he did, the smile was quite gone from his face. "So you wish to transform the realm, brother? You fancy you have better plans than the King-Protector for the future of our people?"

"I wish only that we might live in peace instead of unending war."

"The words are unimportant," Yanos shook his head. "I had guessed you were a fool, but I did not know you were a traitor."

"But I have said nothing—"

"You have said too much."

He turned abruptly on his heel and strode across the fields to the house. Behind him he heard Miklai's voice arguing and protesting, but he did not pause to listen.

Entering the house, he looked quickly about him. The woman, Domita, was again at the hearth, preparing the morning meal, with the two boys playing near her on the floor. Havrik, the helper, squatted against the wall. The two troopers lounged near the entrance.

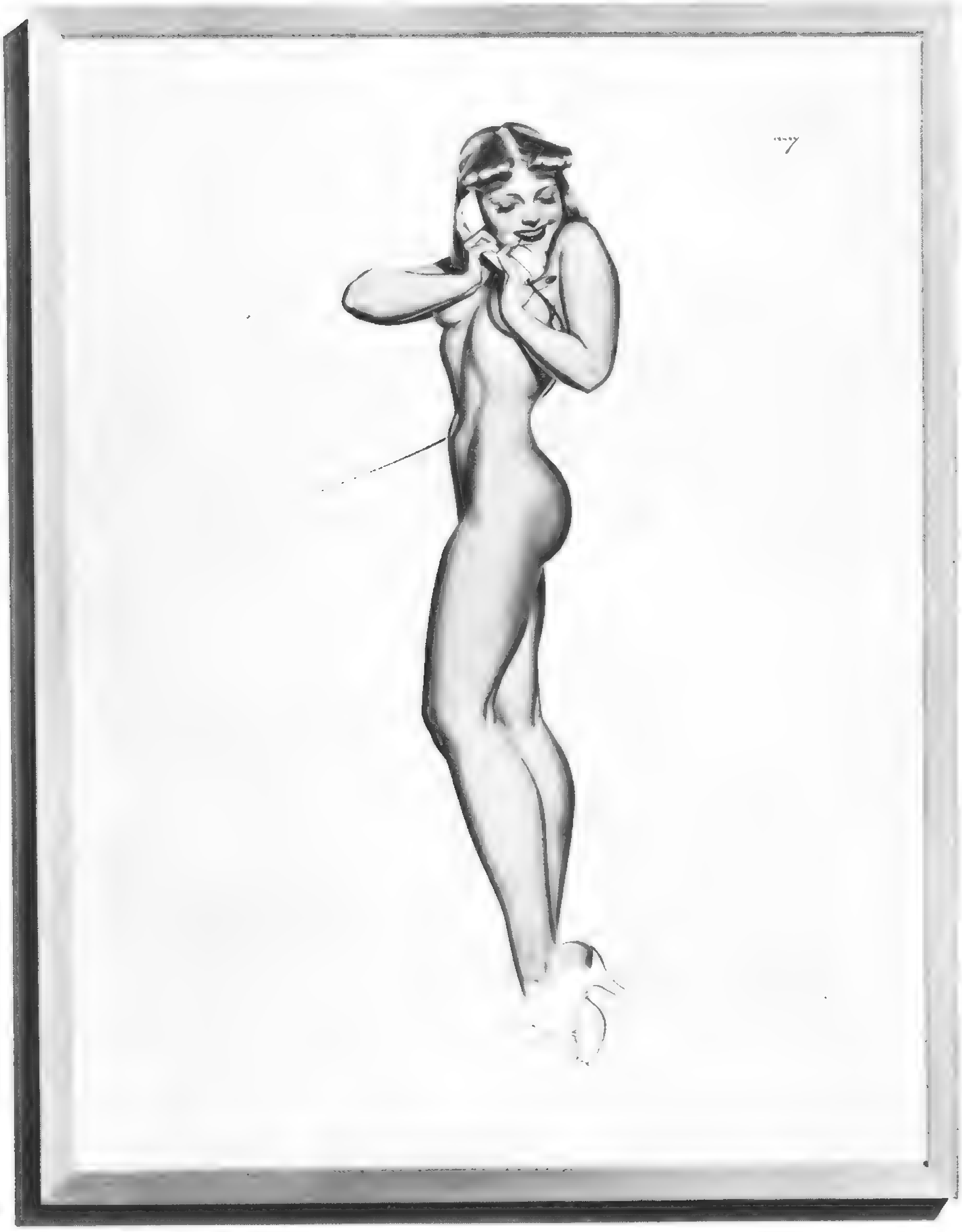
Without preliminaries Yanos pointed at Havrik. "Seize him," he commanded the troopers. The two men sprang across the room and jerked the helper to his feet. "This swine and dog is a barbarian and an enemy of the realm. Take him outside and dispose of him."

In a twinkling the troopers had dragged their prisoner across the room and out through the entrance. The woman, the two boys and Miklai, who had followed his brother into the house, stared after them in petrified silence. A moment later there was a shuddering cry from outside.

Yanos looked grimly at his brother. "I see your mute friend has been cured of his affliction," he said.

Still Miklai did not move. His

Continued on page 164



Collecting, Sweet and Hot

Some men collect revolvers. Others collect first editions, elephant tusks, lion skins, Chinese jade, or butterflies.

Wiser men have collected Circassian slaves, Venetian blondes, Eurasian spies, Kashmiri maidens, Polynesian princesses, and players on the *koto*.

But the wisest among mortals have collected those pictures and cantraps which through the ages have conjured dreams of fragile beauty, of women whose unearthly contriving and strange magics have made valiant men stagger dizzily along high parapets and the edges of enchanted moats.

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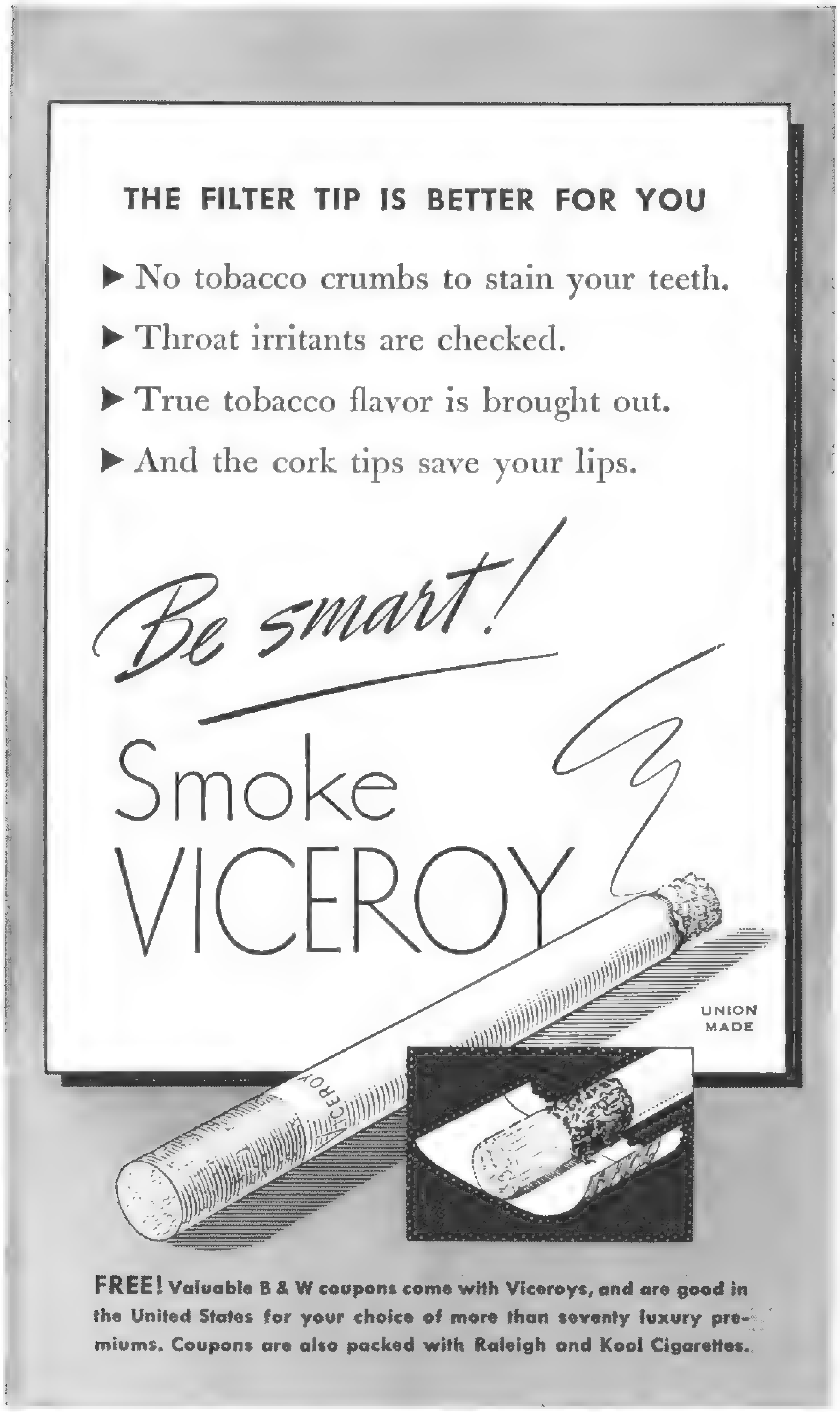

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38 features, including Geneviève Tabouis on Mussolini, Eve Curie on France, H. G. Wells on Winston Churchill, and René Kraus on Hitler.

Soldier of the Realm

Continued from pages 36-161-162

eyes went to the entrance as the two troopers came in, wiping the long, curved blades of their swords; then his gaze returned slowly to Yanos.

"What have you done?" he murmured. His voice was scarcely audible and his lips did not seem to move.

"I have fulfilled the laws of the King-Protector by eliminating an enemy of the realm," said Yanos simply.

"An enemy? Poor Havrik was no man's enemy. He was gentle and wise—"

"Do you take me for a fool?" Yanos cut him short. "Do you think I did not know that he was one of the Accursed Race from the west? Or that it was from him you have learned these black abominations you have been practicing? It is lucky for you it was I and not another foraging party that came here, for your crimes are as dark as his."

"*You* dare to speak of crimes?" breathed Miklai.

Yanos ignored his words. "And now enough of this babble," he said sharply. "It is time I returned to my men and the herds." He passed his hand slowly over his chin, considering the situation. "What you have done merits the severest penalties, but blood, they say, is thicker than water, and I shall be generous with you. I shall return here this evening before we ride off to the north. By that time you are to have destroyed these so-called crops of yours and to have on hand one horse and one ox as contributions to the Grand Army. If these things are done, I shall—well—overlook certain other things I have seen and heard today."

"Destroy my crops?" Miklai's eyes burned and his hands were trembling. "I refuse."

"Be careful what you are saying, brother."

"You are not my brother," cried Miklai wildly. "Nor a soldier either. You are a raider, a plunderer, a murderer! All you know on earth is to take orders and to destroy. Well, I don't know how to take orders—not from such as you. I say to hell with you, and your bloody realm and your great King-Protector—"

Yanos did not remember drawing his sword. All he knew was that it was suddenly falling and rising and falling and rising, and that in place of his brother's straining voice there was all at once the screaming of a woman, or perhaps a child. Then Miklai was lying on the floor, his face upward, his eyes open and staring. Yanos closed his own and stumbled blindly outside.

Outside, the two troopers were standing beside the body of the barbarian. He steadied himself, gave them their orders in a sharp, curt phrase and mounted his pony. In another moment he was careening over the empty grassland.

It was not until he had almost reached his own camp that he slowed his mount and looked back. He saw that his men had done their work speedily; already there was a red glow in the sky above the brown line of the horizon. Yanos watched for a short while, then turned slowly away. There was still a faintness in his body and a flickering blackness behind his eyes. But he rode into camp with head up and sword at salute, as a soldier should.

Three nights later the young officer Yanos sat astride his war pony on the parade ground of the great encampment. Behind him, in close formation, was his troop; to either side, as far as the eye could see, stretched the endless ranks of the Grand Army. The roaring flames of surrounding bonfires threw a glow across the dark sky and danced on the weapons and armor of a hundred thousand warriors. On a dais, before the greatest of the fires, stood the King-Protector addressing his host.

"Tomorrow at daybreak" he cried, "we march west! Tomorrow we set forth on the greatest of our campaigns—a campaign which, after long centuries, will at last win for our people the place in the sun which is rightfully theirs. We have already conquered in the east, the north, the south. Now we move against the greatest of our enemies: the barbarians of the west. The powers of darkness and evil will be aligned against us, but we will thunder over them as the mighty wind thunders over the grass of the plains. They are weak, degenerate, divided. We are strong, resolved, united, a great nation conscious of our destiny—"

Yanos face was stern. A great nation. Yes, that was it! That was everything! His eyes moved along the serried files of motionless men, and a fierce strength and pride surged within him. A hundred thousand faces raised to the leader; a hundred thousand warriors and comrades, shoulder to shoulder; a hundred thousand human lives miraculously welded into one great beating heart. If only Miklai were there beside him. If only he could have made him understand—

The King-Protector's voice reverberated over the host:

"Above all, my men, remember this: in ourselves, alone, we are nothing; together we can conquer the earth. It is for the realm that we fight and live and, if need be, die. The realm is everything. Its destiny is our destiny and its glory our glory. Whatever you must do, whatever sacrifice you must make, let it be for the realm alone. I send you forth upon your great, your noble mission. On to victory!"

A hundred thousand arms leapt upward against the fires, and a mighty roar broke from a hundred thousand throats:

"Attila! Attila!"

Yanos' head was high and his blood sang as it pounded through his body. The world would soon learn and long remember what it meant to be a Hun! #

Golf's Finishing School

Continued from page 60

the winter tournament player has been getting a most unusual amount of cold rain, biting wind, and even snow, during the past few years.

Ben Hogan and Jimmy Demaret were the outstanding graduates of the 1939-40 school. Horton Smith probably ranks as the oldest grad who still figures as a competitive ace.

Don't forget that Horton, who burst into golf as the sensation of the 1929-30 winter circuit, only missed by one stroke tying for the 1940 National Open.

Guldahl, Nelson, the Mangrum brothers, Metz, McSpaden, Picard, Snead, Runyan, Penna, Laffoon, Oliver, Bulla, Revolta, Harrison and Heafner are among the others whose mastery has been developed in the winter school.

I know that when I turned pro in 1936 I had a suspicion that I knew most of what there was to know about playing golf. I'd won the U. S. and British national amateur championships of 1934 and 1935, and in working myself up to those conquests had sought and received instruction from professional authorities to the extent that I couldn't imagine what else there was to learn about the game.

I got hotter than a blast furnace in the Canadian Open of 1936 and my winning 271 in that event took the sting out of other disappointing performances during that year. I still had a hunch I knew from A at least to X about golf.

But it wasn't until I made my maiden flight on the winter circuit of 1936-37 that I realized how much there was to learn about hitting a golf ball.

For instance, I always regarded myself as one of the best of putters. And I was—in amateur competition. After I turned pro I became aware of the subtle difference between making a putt when you're playing a match with some fellow who may miss his, and making a putt in stroke competition when the race may be between yourself and some fellow who's away off on the other nine of the course.

I'm not one to let a missed shot prey on me. If I miss one, that's that. I wasn't long in pro play before I learned misses meant money.

In match play I banged away at the hole, and if I laid an opponent a stymie it generally was because my ball had gone past the hole.

When I got into the big league of the winter circuit I soon noticed that when the stars missed holing their putts the remaining putt seldom was one that had any tricky sidehill or downhill feature.

Time after time I'd see pros who had just finished going around in some score under 70 proceed out to the practice tee and hammer at balls for an hour or more trying to determine just what little thing was responsible for them getting the great shots that had been frequent in the round recently completed.

Amateurs don't do that. When an amateur gets a round he considers phenomenal his natural inclination is to celebrate. But the pros who are attending the finishing school of the winter circuit are there for money, study and practice; nothing else. Seldom will you see more than two or three of the better-known winter circuit hot shots in the hotel lobbies after 11 P.M. They get themselves at least a nine-hour stretch of sleep each night.

If you should eavesdrop on any of the groups of professionals in the winter circuit hotel lobbies, you'll rarely hear any other topic than golf under discussion. Now and then there's a bridge game, table tennis, or the movies. Once in a while some of the fellows will discuss hunting or fishing. But 80 per cent of the evenings are devoted to post mortems or clinical confabs concerning golf.

One time Horton Smith happened to make the remark that when he was putting particularly well he was conscious of a peculiar feeling of pressure on the tip of the little finger of his right hand. When Smith is putting better than usual, you may be sure that his putting is marvelous. It's natural, then, that such a remark as he made would interest the rest of the boys. The talk that followed that one brief comment by Horton carried over three evening sessions in which I'd say at least forty pros took part.

Night after night, if you're in one of the hotels where the winter-circuit golfers stay, you'll hear glasses ringing. It won't be one of the boys rattling the ice in a highball. What you'll be hearing is the sound of a golf ball being putted into a glass some earnest pro has laid on the floor.

It's uncanny the patience that some of these fellows have. They'll get up in the morning and hit shots off the practice tee until you'd think their hands would be raw and bleeding. They'll stay in a trap for an hour, knocking out balls from every conceivable kind of a lie. You are not around when that part of the work is being done.

What you see is the star blasting out of the sand so close to the flag he has only a "gimme" putt left, and you probably think the fellow simply is gifted with skill rather than being one who has practiced the shot so long it has become as natural to him as lifting a fork to his face.

An amateur cannot apply himself with this intensity and persistency to his golf. Usually the amateur has a job or school work that has the first call on his time and attention. He gets most of his practice in competition, and competition as practice hasn't the habit-forming power of those long

Continued on page 166

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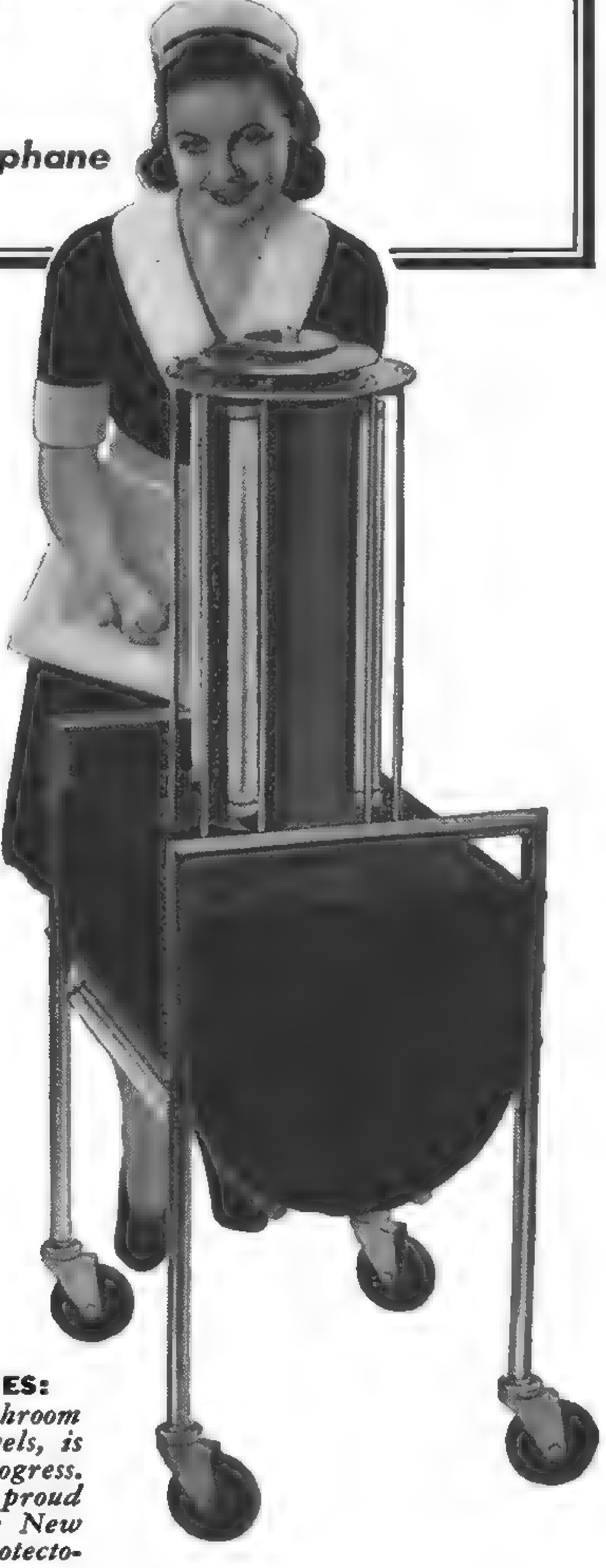

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IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE OF

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Golf's Finishing School

Continued from pages 60-165

sessions of concentration on the practice tee.

It used to be that the professionals got most of their development from stiff competition, but the high-pressure curiosity and ambition of the winter-circuit youngsters added the practice tee and practice green to the tutoring of competition.

The winter circuit isn't like home where a pro has to be out on the lesson tee by 9 A.M. trying to solve the problems of a pupil who aspires to break 100. The pro is his own boss of his own time after the season ends in the north and central states, so he takes himself as his pupil.

To further account for the pros steam-rollering amateur competition don't lose sight of the caliber of instruction that's readily available to a pro on the winter circuit. I can't imagine how leaders in any other sport or business could be more generous than the veteran tournament circuit pros when it comes to helping the climbers with expert advice and conscientious supervision.

Although the competition is rigorous after the first shot is fired off the tee and it's every man for himself, I don't know of a star of the tournament circuit who has refused some younger player's plea to "watch me hit some shots, and get me straightened out." I have heard some unfavorable comment about certain tournament stars being on the close side financially, but really there isn't justification for the charge. Every one of them gives freely of his time and knowledge to others who may be cutting deeply into the prize money of a professional sport in which the financial rewards are always precarious.

I know that if I'd figure at lesson time rates the teaching that professionals gave to me when I was a potential and actual amateur champion, and when I was competing with them for prize money as a professional, the sum would run into thousands of dollars.

It became my responsibility to maintain that policy when I got established as a professional who had at least some knowledge of what it was all about. During the 1939-40 winter circuit schedule I had the opportunity of carrying on the work by means of which others had helped me. There was a pleasant, chunky young fellow who seemed to me—and to other professionals far more experienced than I—to be a real comer. I worked with him to get a few minor kinks out of his swing, and was very proud to have him say that he thought I'd done him some good.

The lad was Ed Oliver. You won't have any trouble believing that I felt very sorry for Ed when he missed tying with Gene Sarazen and me for the 1940 National Open championship because of an unwitting infraction of a rule. I felt that, to some degree, I'd helped him come along and was getting the thrill that comes to a pro when he sees one of the fellows he's helped do well.

I imagine that Harry Cooper was quite pleased to see Ben Hogan come out of the 1939-40 winter circuit as one of the outstanding stars of the game because it was some expert advice from Harry that enabled Ben to overcome a puzzling fault in his pivot that had been handicapping his performance. The boys all get a kick out of finding the answer to some swing problem that has one of their group baffled. Harry and Horton Smith and Jimmy Thomson gave me a vast measure of help when we were trouping together.

There's a funny thing about this pro golf. There is Jimmy Thomson who drives as long (if not longer) as any other fellow who ever hit a golf ball, going out of his way trying to show me how to hit a golf ball as far as he does. There is Tommy Armour, the master of irons, doing everything he can to show me how to hit irons like he does. It's the same way all down the line. Maybe it doesn't make sound, selfish, commercial sense, but it sure does make a warming kind of sportsmanship.

The fellow I displaced as National Open champion, Byron Nelson, was partially responsible for my victory. Last winter, on the coast, Byron and Cam Pugit discovered that I had been taking my putter back inside the line to the hole and had to compensate with an uncertain and variable yip when I hit the putt. Byron kept pounding it into my head that I should keep the blade of the putter square without getting cramped or floppy, and to hit down on my putts. That one lesson of the winter circuit paid me off at Cleveland.

When anybody is able to putt in a pinch with Sarazen that fellow can rate himself a putter without being rapped for bragging out of turn, and I was able to get into that class.

You'll probably again hear people wondering this winter why there are so many of the pros making the Grand Tour as they read that only a few of the pros have collected enough prize money to pay their way around. They wouldn't wonder about it if they were in golf to make a living. They'd mighty soon find out that a golf ball is so dumb that a fellow needs all the education he can get to be able to hammer some scoring sense into it.

And while the pros are taking this course in the winter circuit's finishing school to learn how to treat a ball smartly, they're widening the scoring gap between themselves and the amateurs. An amateur can't spend the time for this higher education in the game. If he can, and does, he turns pro. ⌗

Mob Rules In Sport

Continued from page 33

Day crowd and, to be mild about it, Cleveland somehow houses the most rabid bevy of frightening Amazons in the country. On the average they are a gross mockery of womanhood, and have all the sporting instincts of the she-boar. On this fateful September 27th they came to the ball park armed to the teeth with vintage eggs, over-ripe vegetables and mildewed fruit of all species. What they couldn't lug past the lax Cleveland gatekeepers, was carried in by their male counterparts.

The Detroit players were smart. Before the game they went out to that part of the field facing the stands in which most of the Amazons had been segregated and deliberately lured the rotten barrage. A blizzard of garbage was flung at them, and when at last the groundskeepers mopped up, the Detroit players came back to their dugout, hopeful that they had tricked the bristling babes into using up all their ammunition before the critical game began.

But this was a foolish hope. In the first inning, with a Cleveland runner on base, another Indian hit a fly ball to Hank Greenberg in left field. As Greenberg raced over to spear at the ball the stands took aim and let him have it. He was simply bombarded. Miraculously, he reached up into a meteor shower of decayed produce and plucked out the ball—and held on to it.

Umpire Bill Summers pleaded over the public address system for sportsmanship, which was as hopeless as your yelling into a cannibal compound to see if John Kieran were present. Like Summers, Ossie Vitt, the beleaguered Cleveland manager, also pleaded. They were booed off the air. Only a threat by Summers to forfeit the game stayed the fire from the stands. But late in the day, when it was apparent that Cleveland would lose, the hooligans in the bleacher sections turned on the marauding matrons in the left field stands and splattered them with sewage. And, with what produce was left, they took aim at their own Cleveland players.

To cap a disgraceful scene, a maniac in the upper left field stands dropped a basket of tomatoes and empty beer bottles sixty feet on to the head of Birdie Tebbetts, Detroit catcher, who was sitting on the bull-pen bench. The missile was meant for Schoolboy Rowe, who was destined to pitch the next day. It took four cops to overcome the mad man, who was dragged down to the locker room where Tebbetts, still dazed, let him have a beaut on the jaw.

Brooklyn baseball fans are rabid, but there is a certain whimsy about them. One of them did climb down out of the stands this year and rassle Umpire George Magerkurth to the ground, an audacious act which prompted that famed arbiter-Malaprop to thunder, "If I ever catch up with that bum I'll AMELIORATE him." But the other Brooklyn customers kept to their chairs and contented themselves with a few tossed bottles and fruit, and alternating cries of "Ya bum ya," and "Yez bums yez," depending on whether the curse was being flung at a singular player or players in the plural. Brooklyn's deportment was practically commendable when one considers that Leo Durocher, the Dodger manager, was hysterically baiting umpires most of the season, and inciting trouble.

If you can overlook carousing Old Football Grads, with their pennants and feathers stuck in hatbands, baseball attracts the most crackpots. A daily communicant at Crosley Field in Cincinnati is a nut who dresses in a crumpled white suit, battered straw hat, red tie, and carries a child's pink umbrella and a megaphone. He shouts incoherent drivel by the hour. A Pittsburgh fan starts squealing like a thousand stuck pigs from the moment he enters Forbes Field until he leaves—whether there is any reason to squeal or not. A Washington fan boos every player in baseball, except Joe Cronin. He told us with evident pride, not long ago, that he believes he reached his booing peak one day in 1934 when he booed Joe Kuhel while Kuhel was being carried off the field with a broken leg. An itinerant Detroit fan has the distinction of having made so great a pest of himself, with his ear-splitting idiocy at the 1933 World Series, that President Roosevelt ordered him moved to another section—out of earshot.

As for hockey, it is the sizzling majesty of French-Canuck profanity that makes its fans such masters of picturesque imprecations. The paint-peeling language that flows out of a gallery crowd at Toronto, Montreal, and, to some extent, Detroit and Boston, should be recorded for posterity. There is something so rich, vibrant and fecund about a Canuck curse that it would make a bottle-throwing baseball fan's face go ashen with awe and respect.

The gory, gusty vehemence of a boxing crowd is tinged with a curious flavor of nicety and sense of fair play, though the latter aspect may also spill blood. Up to a certain point a fight mob will revel sadistically in the sight of A performing fistic surgery on B. If A doesn't get along with the slaughter the mob is apt to grow restive and clap in unison, while a few old timers at the game glare up at the galleries and mutter, "What do you want for your four bits, a moider?" Then, and almost without warning, the mob sickens of the one-sided battle. Let B, groping about drunkenly, swing one from the floor in a daze and hit the favored A, and the crowd promptly swings over to B. But then let B start skulling A for any length of time, and the mob, which egged him on to doing just that, will pledge its allegiance to A

Continued on page 168

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Mob Rules In Sport

Continued from pages 33-167

again—and cry for more of B's blood.

Except the people at the Brooklyn baseball yard, the fight mob is the drollest of all sports congregations. It was at the old Garden, on a night when the late Joe Humphreys was reading off some mismated poetry that a galleryite rudely yelled to him to stop the yammering and start the blood-letting. Stung to the core of his sensitive soul, Joe stepped back, peered up at the dark section whence had come the taunt, and coined the immortal, "The more I hear from tramps like you the more I believe in boith control." Hundreds of other quotable yells have originated in the fertile minds of fight fans, but no sharper or more brilliantly conceived criticism of a weak puncher was ever coined than the one which recently assailed the ears of a third rater who was curdling a New York fight card with his anemic performance. The fighter didn't have enough punch to knock off his mother's hat. He was reluctant to throw what little punch he had, too. He kept circling his foe, with his right fist cocked. There was a wintry silence in the house. Then, like a foghorn speaking out over a quiet, foggy sea, a guy in the back boomed, "Hit him now, y'bum, y'got the wind witcha."

Basketball crowds are the noisiest because the game is a series of crises from start to finish, because the acoustics in gyms and arenas are always overpoweringly good, and because the game attracts a younger and more hotly partisan crowd. But it is strictly all-bark, no-bite. There is about as little booing or audible criticism in basketball as in chess. The sounds that billow out of the maw of a basketball crowd are all varying shades of the same adolescent enthusiasm.

For all the venom that takes place on the field below, football draws the politest jury. Probably this is true because a majority of the customers have been exposed to certain civilizing practices at college. Then, too, it is an older crowd, settled, and often come to see sons play. It can be keenly enthusiastic, but it has a curious decorum. When it is moved mightily enough for one of its members to climb over the railing and get out on the field, the adventuresome fan never wants to slug the officials. He usually wants to try to tackle the swivel-hipped star of the other club, who has driven him batty by evading the tacklers from the fan's school all afternoon. A staunch California rooter tried to tackle Tommy Harmon during Michigan's rout of the Golden Bears this past Fall. A couple of years ago a fan reeled down from upstairs, took his place in the Dartmouth line and pleaded to remain—to do his bit to help the Dartmouths hold the other team.

A fine record for restraint on the part of an excited football mob was set in the breathless game between the New York Giants and Washington Redskins at the Polo Grounds in 1939. A great and exciting tussle had come down to its last forty-five seconds. The Giants were leading 9-7, but Washington had the ball on the 20-yard line. The winner of the game would be the winner of the Eastern section of the National Football League, and eligible to play the Green Bay Packers for the league title. The Giants held the Redskins on the 20, so Washington decided to try a field goal. Amidst an unbearable tension, Frank Filchock, Washington back, took a brisk snap from center and touched the nose of the ball in the frozen dirt. The big leg of Bo Russell, Washington kicking artist, swung like a fat pendulum. The ball rose above the yearning paws of the Giants—and 120,000 eyes swung around and riveted on Referee Bill Holloran. For five unbearable seconds after the kick the official stood there peering through the murk. Then he made the gesture that meant "No good."

Ray Flaherty, the Washington coach, catapulted off the bench and ran wildly on the field, threatening Holloran. The action so ignited the Washington players that four of them followed the officials off the field at the end of the game, apparently bent on slugging them. But the fuse that should have set the 60,000 fans to rioting never lighted. There was grumbling, but none of the massed action that might have resulted in view of these inflaming acts on the field. Yet there were 8,000 rabid Redskin rooters in the stands, all rabid enough to have made the trip up from Washington and to have marched up Broadway. A similar scene in baseball would have seen Holloran buried up to his armpits in bottles.

Our patience long since has been strained by the abject spinelessness of tennis and golf audiences. They're so damned nice they're painful. They live and die in mortal fear of a badge, stuck on the chest, or stuffed shirt, of some club snob. These fans can be intimidated with a stare, put to rout by a thin bamboo pole held by a Boy Scout, or hushed by the wave of a small pinkie.

Let a tennis fan at Forest Hills or one of the other big net foundries give vent to an honest yell, when a fellow on the court below him makes a great shot in the middle of a rally, and the boor is publicly insulted. People near him edge away, as if from a leper. He is "shooshed" and the man in the high chair stops the match at the end of the point, turns with heavy indignation, and demands of the audible one that he keep a civil clam's tongue in his head, or get out. There's nothing much left for him to do except leave and commit hara-kiri, for he knows that sooner or later, in his abysmal weakness of character, he will

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make the horrible faux pas of shouting "Fine shot" when somebody makes a fine shot.

Golf audiences are afraid to breathe. Their respectful awe for some of those imaginationless tramps who stand out in the game is paralleled only by the rapt attention an interne shows when he sits in on a great and intricate operation. Last year Fred Corcoran, of the P.G.A., just for the Hell of it, staged a golf match with musicians blowing their brains out, or beating drums to pieces, while Gene Sarazen, Babe Ruth, Gene Tunney and another player were touring a New England course. None of their scores suffered.

Tennis audiences should realize, too, that it takes considerably less concentration to get a ball back over the net, during a rally, than it does for a DiMaggio to stand up there at the plate facing, we'll say, Bobby Feller, amidst onrushing waves of noise.

Detroit takes the Considine Memorial Plaque as the best sports town because it comes up with more and better-natured fans than any city in the country. And great attractions. In 1934 it possessed the Tigers, champions of the American League, the Lions, champions of the National Football League, the Red Wings, hockey champions, Joe Louis, Azucar, winner of the $100,000 Santa Anita Handicap, and a few scattered title teams and individuals. Last October 5, the Tigers-Reds series game drew 55,000, the horse races that afternoon drew 20,000, the nearby Michigan vs. Michigan State football game drew 65,000 and a professional game that night between the Lions and Cardinals, 22,000. That is what is called getting out the sports vote.

Any questions? #

Dieterle Among the Lilliputians

Continued from page 70

linger on. But enough time has passed since the debut of *Pasteur* and the first hysterical acclaim which greeted it, and the aftertaste is still a good one. Judge it not only by its entertainment value but by the effect it has had on motion pictures ever since and it emerges for what it really was—a landmark.

Pasteur was an orphan child. Consider, for a moment, its antecedents. It broke a dozen established rules for the game. When some experimental fool in the motion picture business wants to break the rules and mess around with new ideas, new ideas are usually born. But the studios rarely encourage such carbonation of the pioneer spirit; they are content to pour their gold reserves into the successful formulas; even conceding that they, too, were once crackbrain schemes. More money is spent on the "oomph" girl than on Paul Muni. Cecil B. De Mille gets an infinitely bigger budget than William Dieterle. Boy Meets Girl is a better bet than Scientist Meets Antitoxin.

In the face of such barriers *Pasteur* emerged, a mutation in Hollywood's Mendelian law. Its hero was a scrubby little man with a beard. Its villains were named Anthrax and Rabies. Its love interest was a passion between the bearded man and his test tubes. When Dieterle lifted the megaphone on *Pasteur* the rule books fell like Jericho. And Dieterle, working on a limited budget, finished the entire picture in the spectacular time of 29 days. This would have been impossible under any system other than the meticulous Dieterle method.

Pasteur appeared in 1936. Now, four years after the event, the serious screen biography seems like old stuff. We have become hardened to flickering reincarnations of the great and near-great. But in 1935, when the Warner Brothers announced their plans for recording the life of the man who was known to Americans mainly because his name appears on the tops of milk bottles, it sounded to the industry like an impractical joke. And now, four years after the event, nothing yet has come along to surpass *Pasteur*. The difference between it and its successors is the difference between Paul Muni and Tyrone Power. It is the difference between Dieterle's conception of screen biography and the conceptions of his imitators.

Dieterle's whole approach stems mainly from his German training. He came originally from the Rheinpfalz, a section where Tiberius once left a Roman army of occupation, with results that still show in the physical characteristics of the people. Certain residents of the Rheinpfalz look more Roman than Rhine, more Latinate than Palatinate. Certainly Dieterle's height, and dark complexion would be more at home in a tunic than in the knee breeches of his birthplace. When he was a young man he joined the theatre of Max Rheinhardt, not the showy spectacle theatre that made the name of Rheinhardt ring round the world, but the intimate theatre which toured through the country and showed the people the plays of Shakespeare, Galsworthy, Shaw, among others. Dieterle's rise in the troupe was phenomenal. In a few years he was its leading actor. He was to the German stage what John Barrymore might have been to the American stage.

Rheinhardt made a deal with his star actor—Dieterle was never to leave Rheinhardt for the movies. But the movies—the great pre-Nazi German cinema—came to Dieterle with an irresistible offer. He would direct and act in his own pictures. The German movie concerns of pre-Hitler times had a system which appealed instinctively to the actor who wanted to be a director. They gave their directors full charge. The director kept the books, picked the

Continued on page 170

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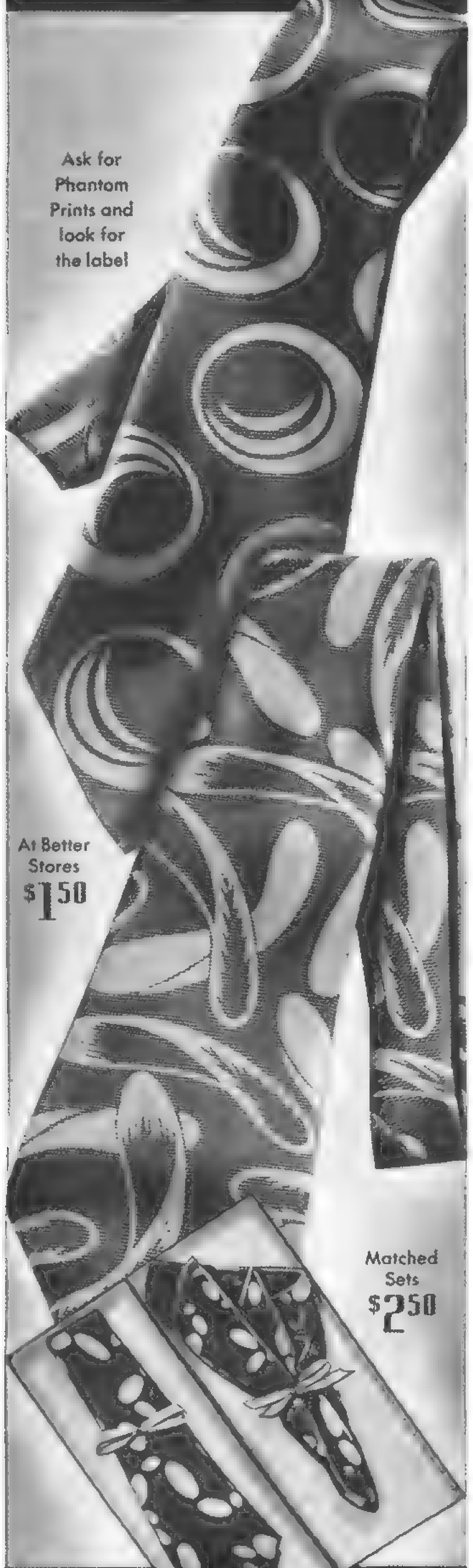

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Dieterle Among the Lilliputians

Continued from pages 70-169

casts, directed, did everything. The shining star among German directors in those days was E. A. Dupont, the man who made *Variety*. It was Dupont who convinced Dieterle that his real destiny lay in moving pictures. Dieterle left Rheinhardt.

Shortly after that, about 7,000 miles away, the talkies came to Hollywood. Almost immediately it became the practice to make foreign versions of the talkies along with the English versions, and the call went out for trained Europeans who could make movies in Hollywood for the foreign market. Into this picture Dieterle fitted perfectly. The Warners imported him to do German versions, as actor-director, of their big pictures. He went far beyond their expectations. The Warners first realized what a valuable piece of property they had in their German director when they saw his German film of *Kismet*. It was so much better than the English version (which had Otis Skinner for its star) that the Warners knew it was time to invite Dieterle out from under his bushel.

His first pictures in English (he gave up acting completely when he changed languages) lacked any real distinction. It would take a clairvoyant to detect the hand of the director of *Zola* in some of those earliest efforts. The early transition from German to English was not a compatible one for Dieterle.

But in 1935 the Warner Brothers made *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. It was a gala event. Shakespeare was finally going to get his just reward and the Warners decided that the only man in the world who could shake the hand of the bard of Avon was Max Rheinhardt. The great man was brought to Hollywood, given millions of dollars and *carte blanche* He was also given, as his co-director, William Dieterle. Whether the Warners were deliberately playing Cupid in the case is not known. At any rate, the differences between the former actor and his old director were patched up and the two worked in comparative harmony. Rheinhardt knew little English and less movie technique. Dieterle knew technique, English, and Rheinhardt. The combination of the two worked out well, even if the picture they labored and brought forth was one of the great bores of its time.

Dieterle's contribution to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* consisted mainly of supplying special effects, and they were some of the most astonishing the movies have ever achieved. Mickey Rooney, as Puck, blowing fog out of his mouth; Oberon's fairies leaping across the screen in giant, slow-motion strides; the dance by the fairy ballerina in which, as she is carried off into the night, she fades from sight until only her white hands are visible, and then they too are blotted out on a black screen.

A Midsummer Night's Dream did one big thing for the movies in general. It made Dieterle feel his oats. It was the prelude to his big scene. The Warners assigned him to direct Paul Muni in a gangster picture, and this was the first collaboration between the two. They liked each other, though neither was satisfied with the picture they made, called *Dr. Socrates*. Dieterle, with the greatest actor in Hollywood on his hands, with a burning ambition to do something different on the screen, thought up the *Pasteur* idea.

Muni, of course, was part of the idea, Muni himself was desperate for a good story for *Dr. Socrates* had done him no good. When he listened to the big German's idea of a biography of the French chemist he knew that here was an experiment worth any sort of gamble. Together, Muni and Dieterle took it to the front office.

Another name fits here into the picture—that of Henry Blanke, producer. Blanke, a volatile, witty little German, had confidence in Dieterle from the start. He had been instrumental in bringing Dieterle over from Germany and he has been Dieterle's producer on every one of his big pictures at Warner Brothers. This triumvirate, Muni, Blanke, Dieterle, made *Pasteur*, *Zola*, *Juarez*.

If he were interested in encomiums alone, Dieterle could lean back on a bed of laurels right now. In his time he has made *Pasteur*, *Zola*, *Juarez*, *Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet*, *Blockade*, *Dispatch from Reuters*. A restless wind, like incidental music, blows through all of them; the stamp of a probing social conscience is on every big thing Dieterle has done.

Not all of these have been on the credit side of the ledger. In Hollywood a good idea eventually gets overdone. The good idea of *Pasteur* and then *Zola* grew into the overlong and unwieldy *Jaurez*. Dieterle may have reasoned that inasmuch as one screen biography is a good thing, two screen biographies is a better, and that is where *Juarez* fell down. It was two pictures in one. It remains an epic thought that bogged down, although certain portions of it were unforgettable. Carlotta's mad scene, for one, was one of the director's best.

When the script of *Juarez* was brought to Dieterle the scene in which the Empress Carlotta goes mad was written to be played in simple fashion. Carlotta, played by Bette Davis, is in the chamber of Louis Napoleon and his Empress Eugenie. She hears that there has been a new insurrection in Mexico and that her husband, Maximilian, has been dethroned. The script, at this point, gave the following instructions: "Eugenie, seeing a collapse is near, insistently attempts to force water upon Carlotta. But something unnatural has come

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into the eyes of the Empress of Mexico. For a long time she stands in silence, gazing at the glass. Then her lips part slowly in the awed words: 'You are trying to poison me . . . poison me . . . poison . . .' DISSOLVE."

Dieterle changed not only this script; he changed the concept. As he finally filmed it, after mapping each move beforehand, Carlotta faints after she hears about Maximilian. The Empress Eugenie presses a glass of water to her lips. Carlotta opens her eyes; madness is already in them. She rejects the water, repeating the "poison" speech. Then, picking herself up, she finds her way to the glass doors that lead to the garden, opens them, runs panic-stricken into the night. The camera points at her, follows the one white patch on her clothing until she is swallowed up by the black.

Dieterle may have been thinking, consciously or subconsciously, of the dance of the white fairy in *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

His method here is indicative of the director's power to make or break a scene as it comes from the script writer's typewriter. Some directors stick to the letter of the script—Dieterle is more partial to the spirit. He is often the script-writer's despair for the changes he wreaks upon their literary efforts. The change in Carlotta's mad scene is part of his inheritance from UFA; he assumes the right to make changes in everything. His co-workers ordinarily indulge him in this sometimes exasperating practice because he usually knows what he is doing. He is constantly picking random scenes from the script and remaking them into moments that haunt the memory. There was, for a single other instance, the trick he used in *Zola.*

The episode in which Alfred Dreyfus is released from prison is, next to Muni's courtroom speech, the best part of the picture. In its original script form it might have been just another piece of business, almost superfluous to the straight telling of the tale. It was originally designed to go like this (the directions are directly from the script):

"Interior Dreyfus hut on Devil's Island. There are pools of water on the floor. The sentries pace up and down. Dreyfus is standing in the middle of the room facing a prison captain, who is reading from an official paper. Captain (reading in cold, official tone): 'You are informed that the Criminal Court of Cessation has admitted a request for revision of your court-martial. You hereby cease to be subject to penal regime.' He ceases, hands the paper to Dreyfus. Dreyfus stares with tear-brimming eyes at the paper. DISSOLVE."

That was all.

In the strict sense of the term, Dieterle did not rewrite the scene; he merely added to it, a thing that is even more exasperating to the script-writer, and his addition made the scene a masterpiece. He saw further than the "tear-brimming eyes." In his version the sentry reads the order of release and then stands by to let Dreyfus pass out of his cell. Dreyfus, a grey old man with tear-brimming eyes as ordered, comes slowly through the open door of his cell and walks toward the door that leads to the open sunlight. Then, the unexpected, the Dieterle touch. Dreyfus turns around and walks back through his cell door.

He walks in and out of the cell. He walks back to the sunlight. He walks back to the cell, back to the sun. All the time he mumbles like an idiot child. He is walking, reflex fashion, faster and faster, back and forth from the sunlight to the cell door. The strange new ecstasy of freedom is something he must prove to himself, over and over.

The intelligent director can impose his intelligence upon the actors and the scripts that are assigned to him, but it takes a good deal of in-fighting and general ring savvy. In Hollywood everyone with a high salary is entitled to play the prima donna; and the actor and the writer can raise loud voices of protest if they feel they have been wronged. Thus the director who wants to run the works must play a role himself—that of diplomat. In all of Hollywood, there are about three directors whose word is law, profound and unbreakable; for mere actors or authors to question their judgment is sacrilege. Dieterle is not among the holy three, but he has been fighting a long time to establish the same sort of despotic rule for the director he learned at UFA. He could not find it at Warner Brothers so he left after he finished *Dispatch from Reuters,* and he signed a deal with RKO. There he is to have his own production unit, which is every director's dream.

It is, after all, an intellectual presumption for a man to ask full charge of everything. Mere self-confidence is not enough. The position of benevolent-despot-director requires a great deal more of the man who assumes it.

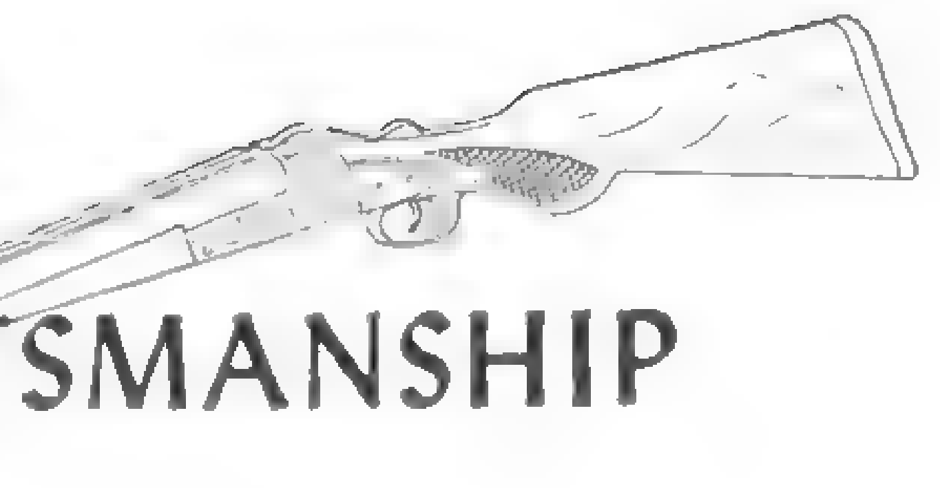
It requires a thorough knowledge of the business. Dieterle has that.

It requires motive power. Dieterle has that. There must be a sociological drive to all his pictures; he is obsessed by social cause and effect. When he makes a biographical picture he must deal with a man who improved the world he lived in, whether he triumphed over Rabies, Syphilis, or anti-Semitism. If he deals with current problems, as he did in *Blockade,* his sentiments are on the democratic side, fervently so. Recently, he donated an ambulance to the British army, with the statement that he could not consider the Germany of today the same he once lived in and loved.

It requires erudition. Dieterle is at home in English, French, and German. He is a student of Chinese. His library is one of the most famous in the Athens of the West. He knows more about his adopted country than most native-born directors; every year he and his

Continued at top of page 172

If you cherish



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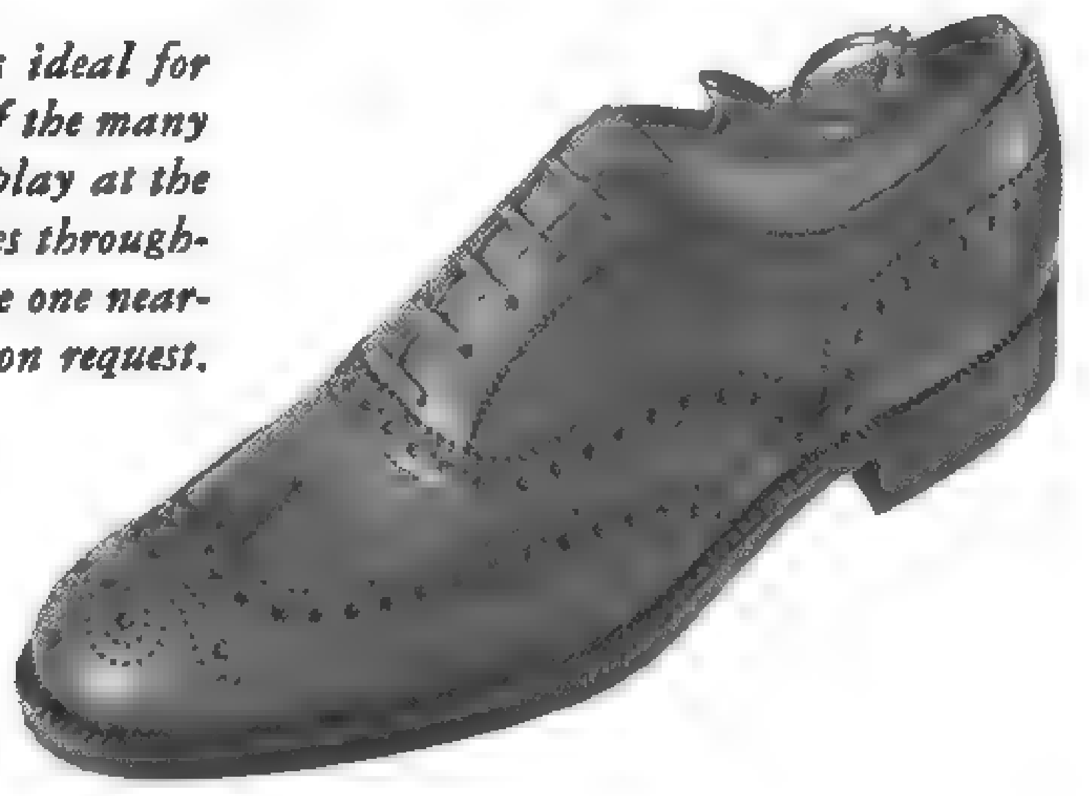

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Eugene Voit, Manager

Dieterle Among the Lilliputians

Continued from pages 70-169-171

wife, who is also his business manager, make it a practice to visit some different part of the United States. His tastes in modern art are indicative of the manner in which he would like to handle a camera. The walls of his hillside home are covered with paintings by Klee, Marc and the others of the *Blaue Reiter*. He is fascinated by the microscope and has a collection of thousands of slides.

So take a man who has all these faculties and you have a director who is potentially capable of performing revolutions in the industry. Credit him with the ability to handle people. Then, for the salt in this stew, make allowances for one great big eccentricity (Dieterle, the man who made *Pasteur* and *Ehrlich*, the man who pores over microscope slides in his study, is a devout believer in astrology) and you have a potential artist.

Dieterle is now in the position he has long waited for. With his own production unit where he holds full power he is ready to prove his theories to a Hollywood which has always shackled its directors with all sorts of red tape. In more ways than one, the fate of this scientifically-minded astrologist may be written in the stars over Hollywood. #

Nobody Home?

Continued from page 65

utes, then smiles at me reassuringly and puts her tray down and goes away and comes back with a larger tray. "We could put everything on this," she says, still smiling. So we put everything on this, and sit down.

She picks up the teapot and begins to pour my cup. The top falls off the teapot. A lot of tea leaves get into my cup, which is full of tea to the brim. She puts the top back, and looks at me charmingly.

"Sugar or lemon?" she asks, elegantly.

"Lemon," I tell her.

She picks up a quarter of lemon, daintily, little finger rampant, holds it over my cup, and squeezes it. It shoots out of her fingers and comes to rest on the rug. I pick it up. She squeezes another piece, this time using both hands. She tries to pass the tea to me, but the cup is too full and slops over. I have to bend down and sip some from it.

She then pours her own. The top falls off the pot.

"Damn—" She catches herself, and smiles at me. "I'll be so pleased," she says, spilling some of her tea, "to meet the readers of *Vogue*."

"*Esquire*," I remind her. I take a deep breath. "Darling," I tell her, using the professional term, "I want the readers of *Esquire* to meet you. To—know you."

All right, here she is. Miss Marie Wilson, a dumb blonde. Take her away. No, don't take her away. Wait a minute.

I think I ought to explain about Miss Wilson being known, from coast to coast, including the Mississippi Valley, as a dumb blonde. Maybe she is a smart blonde; maybe all the rest of us are dumb blondes. She's pretty, isn't she? Pretty blondes almost always turn out to be not so dumb blondes. Especially when they are built like Miss Wilson is built.

When it comes to minds, I think I am correct in saying that Miss Wilson has a mind which is—well, more than adequate to the occasion. The only trouble with her, if there is any trouble with her, is that she is, as the expression goes in the cinema, out of synchronization, or "out of synch," as the roughnecks put it.

That is to say, her face does not always reflect her thoughts at the precise moment when she is having them, and vice versa. It takes quite a while to discover this. It accounts, by and large, for the blank expressions which photograph so well and which accompany lines which seem to make sense, and also for the brilliant facial expressions which occasionally pop up, but without sound.

When you are talking with Miss Wilson, every now and then she looks at you in a way that is startling, considering what she is saying, and this throws you for a loss until you realize that her beautiful map is illustrating, not what she is saying at the moment, but either what she said a few minutes ago or is going to say later in the day. Sometimes her mind is running far ahead of the rest of the works, and other times her face has to—well, it has to pause, rest a while, until her mind catches up. I don't think I've made this very clear. Take her away.

No, don't take her away.

When she gets everything hitting at once, she's a wonder. Maybe she's a wonder anyway. Dear me, I like her.

One time when she was hitting on all cylinders—all sixteen, she's a twin eight—was when she came to Hollywood. I'll try to explain.

She was born, and lived part of her youth—the first part—in a small town known as Anaheim, California, not far from Hollywood. When she was still an infant her father died and left her $11,000. This was turned over to her mother, to be given to her when she was of age. So Marie, at sixteen, talked her mother into parting with it, the idea being that right now was the time for her to realize her ambition about pictures, and she needed the dough. As soon as she got her mitts on the money, she packed her mother, stepfather, grandfather, two stepbrothers and two stepsisters into a bus and assured them all would be well.

Upon arrival in Hollywood she paid a year's rent on an apartment

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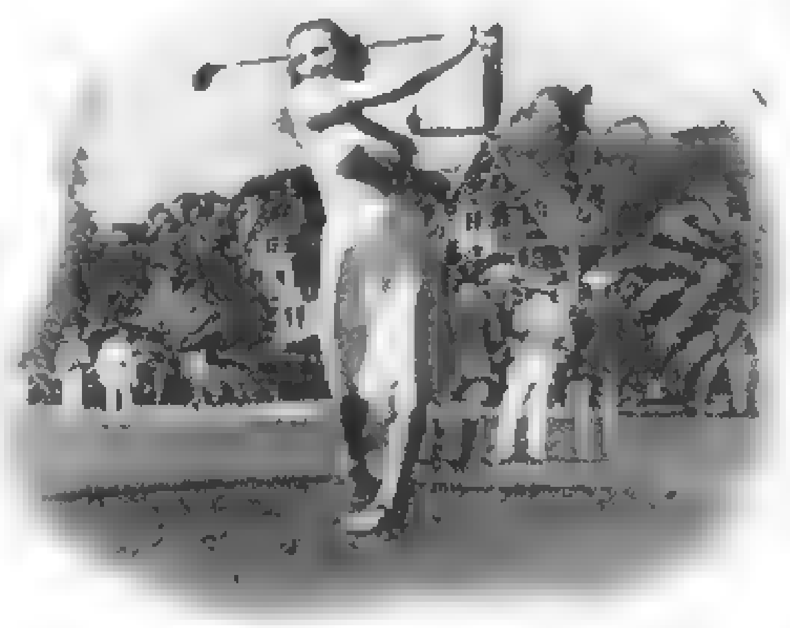

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in advance, bought a Packard convertible car and a mink coat, then went into a panic. This threw her out of synch again.

How about eating? The $11,000 was shot. She acted simply, and in accordance with her peculiar sense of timing. She bought $400 worth of canned goods.

All right, Hollywood. She put on the coat, got into the car—after a hearty meal of canned peas—and started driving around at random, looking for Mr. Clark Gable. It didn't work.

She is telling me this story, and her hands are fluttering. "I always wanted a mink coat anyway," she says. "It wasn't cold enough for it at the time, but it got cold later. And I had the coat. You can't get away from that, can you?"

"No."

She looks pleased. "I thought you'd agree with me. And I got into the movies. That's another thing you got to admit."

"Did the coat and car have anything to do with it?"

She looks around wildly. "No," she says. She's out of synch again.

She got into the movies, near as I can figure out, by going to one of the studios and demanding a screen test. The screen test was practically a blank, so they gave her some kind of contract.

"The parts I played," she says, "they would cut to me, to show me standing there, or sitting there, with a kind of—well, with an expression on my face, then they'd switch back to the movie again. So I got sore. I said, 'Look, I'm an actress. What the hell is going on around here anyway?'"

She got the lead in *Boy Meets Girl*. The waitress.

Then, after four years of it all, she quit Hollywood.

"Why?" I ask her.

She puts her hand across her eyes. "Two reasons," she says. "Let me see . . ."

"One at a time," I suggest gently.

"Nobody ever made a pass at me."

I can't stand it.

"What was that?" I ask, sparring for time.

She looks at me appealingly. "Nobody ever made a pass at me," she repeats. "I couldn't imagine what was wrong." Her hands flutter again. If they flutter once more I'm going to handcuff her. "I was so—ashamed. I've never been so, you know, embarrassed. Do you know what I mean?"

No.

"So," she goes on, "after I had tried everything, I told my agent to get me out of my contract, and I went to New York. That was a year and a half ago. I'll never forget New York."

"Things different there?"

She looks at the ceiling. "Boy! Boy, oh boy! I met everybody. I spent half my time jumping over furniture."

"What kind?"

She clapped her hands. "Oh, every old kind! It was simply wonderful. You know, trying to get away. The people in New York are—well, like you said. Different. When I was in New York—Anyway, the second reason I went—"

"Wait a min—"

"The second reason I went, I wanted to act on the stage. Summer stock, and then personal appearances in the various cities. I thought I could bring the newspaper notices back here, and get better parts."

"Did it work?"

"In a way. I mean, the notices said I had a wonderful chassis. At first I wore the wrong kind of clothes. My first appearance was a personal, and I think my dress was too tight. When I came out everybody whistled, and of course I'm supposed to be a humorist, and I had learned a lot of funny lines, and every time I tried to speak some of them, they would whistle some more. This spoiled some of my best lines."

I didn't see how this was possible, but I kept my big mouth shut.

She says: "Of course I thought this was wonderful. I thought that was the way they did it in the East. I was very excited and I thought I was a really big star at last, but my manager didn't think it was excellent, and the papers next day—well, that's where the part comes in about my chassis.

"But I changed my dress so they would listen to what I had to say, and I played in stock, and I was in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, and before I got through I played twenty weeks of personal appearances. That's a record. I found out how to do it. You can learn to do things if you're willing to learn, and the way it is with me, I'm always willing to learn, so they told me what to do, I kept asking them because I wanted to learn, and when I came back to Hollywood a year after I left here, I was—all right. I brought the notices with me."

She looks at me. "Some day," she says, in a loud voice, "I'm going to paper the bathroom with them."

I drink some more tea.

She says, "I'm playing in *Virginia*, now, for Paramount. It's a dandy part. I'm a northern girl who goes south and buys this mansion, and pretends to be somebody. She's dumb, you understand but—" Miss Wilson transfixes me with wonderful synchronization, acute synchronization—"she knows it."

Well, I guess it's time to go.

I rise, jostling the table and spilling some more tea.

"If you want to know any more about me, just call me up," she says, kissing me.

"What's your phone number?" I ask, policing my face against my return home.

"Gladstone, 1480," she says.

All right, boys, there you have it. Take her away.

No, don't take her away. Please don't. I have all of Hollywood back of me when I say that this is one babe we want right here with us, for always. ⌗

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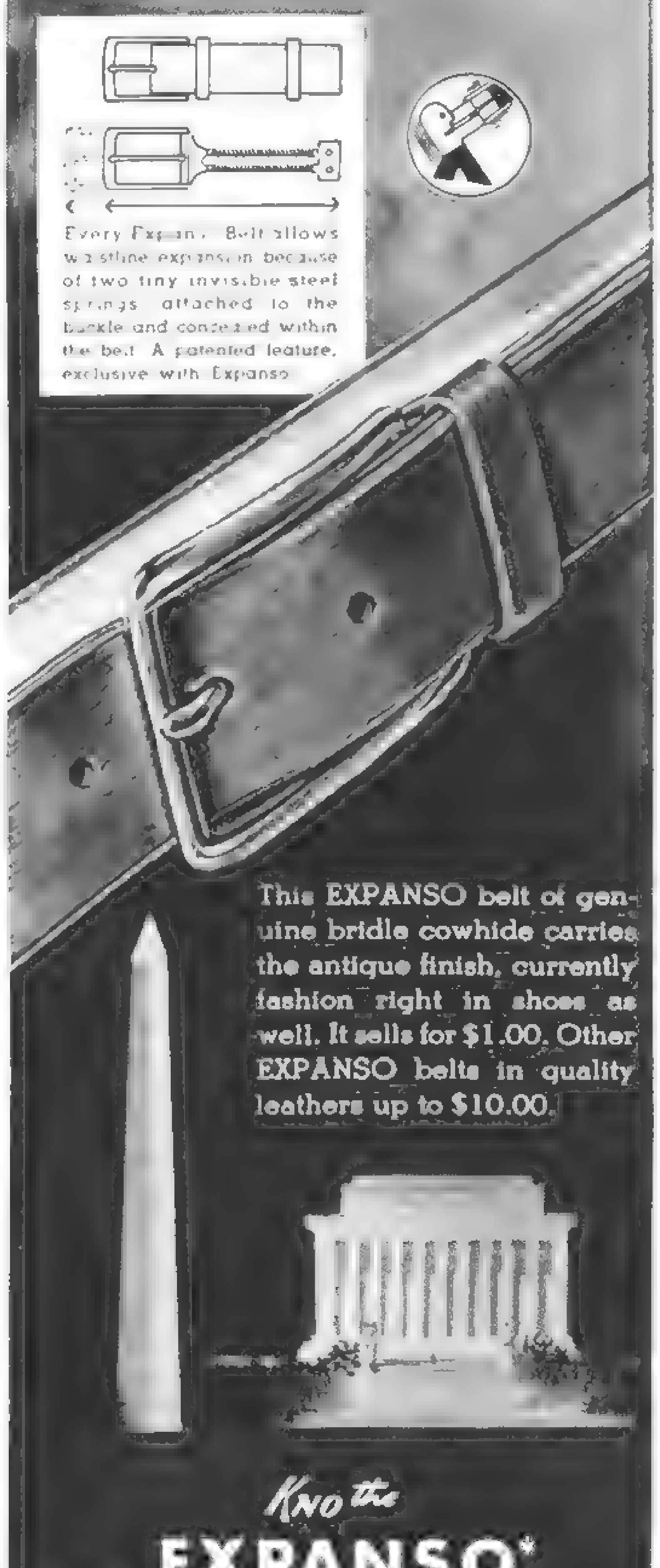

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 8-10

SHEIK SHUSHED

I have just finished reading the criticisms on the Varga Girl. I think they are uncalled for. I believe Varga has something new and refreshing. So let's have more of Varga and Petty both.

Why don't you send Venus to the Sheik of Ann Harbor and tell him to lay off Varga?

Sincerely,
Watertown, N. Y. G. L.

ADVENTURE IN CONTENTMENT

I have for a long time wished to utter a word of thanks to one of your regular staff whose name of course, I do not know. But I have no desire to add my feeble chirp to the *Sound and Fury* department. Please, then, submit to the proper one, my heartfelt appreciation of his regular section, *Painting the Town with Esquire.*

In other and earlier days, I did a little modest painting myself, in many lands. I once lived for months in a little Paris hotel on the Rue Duphot, right opposite the most famous seafood restaurant in the world; and learned what remarkable things a real chef can do with mussels, among other edibles. I have tried out the noble fare of the Scandinavian countries, and the native cookery of Morocco. I spent one entire day wandering about the ancient bodega of Pedro Domecq, in Jerez, Spain, from time to time sipping little thimblefuls of sherry aged all the way up to a century and a half in wood. I know what the genuine bouillabaisse of Marseilles is, and have nibbled crisp octopi feelers fresh from the bubbling kettles on the streets of Venice.

I knew a good many of the New York places in the era of good old Martin's, and Delmonico's, and have eaten in Dick Canfield's casino in the old-time Saratoga. But in this day of vanishing, or at least shrinking incomes, my gustatory wanderings have been hampered, and I have enjoyed none of the delectable spots so admirably described by your commentator each month. Have never been inside a night club in New York, and am familiar only with the occasional landmark mentioned; places like Keene's Chop House, Billy the Oysterman and the Brevoort.

Chill penury having, so to speak, repressed my noble appetite, I am therefore deeply indebted to the author of *Painting the Town.* He doesn't know it, but when he fares forth to analyze some new restaurant, and to describe the specialties of the house, I am tagging along behind his coat-tails, and vicariously smacking my lips. I do not have to worry over such questions as "white tie, or black?" And no checks are laid face down beside my cleaned platter, nor are there any tips demanded. I get all these grand rides through New York's gustatory belt, and along the shores of Long Island and Westchester County, for exactly fifty cents a month, everything included! And if that isn't a bargain, then I do not know one. I have wished your writer to know what harmless pleasure he is giving at least one reader; and no doubt there are hundreds of others like myself. To describe an artistically composed salad or entree as he does, accompanying them with the right beverages, and in such a way as to deceive our taste-buds into believing that they are sampling the wares, is sheer genius, given to few who write about foods and their preparation.

I am solemnly dedicating my next check from Esquire if, and when I get one (have sold you half a dozen fiction and non-fiction bits at intervals) to a brief visit to New York, and some of the spots made immortal by your commentator. If I should chance to meet him however, I should stipulate that I be allowed to go home fairly early in the evening, as I doubt my ability to keep step with him in his remarkable excursions along the Appician Way. By midnight, my capacity would have been reached. Meanwhile, please thank him for me; he has brought me a lot of cheer. I often sit with a modest dish composed by myself, a cup of coffee and a cigarette, wearing slacks and sandals, while my Imagination dines royally with him in some night spot whose head waiter would certainly look at me with a chilly un-recognition.

Appreciatively,
Whitman, Mass. John D. Swain

VARGAMANIA

The letter, in your January issue, from a drip who calls himself Haroun-al-Raschid, is enough to make any normal person urp. O.K., so he doesn't like Varga. Then why the devil doesn't he stop being so fulsome, quit gazing in imbecilic ecstasy at the words he is writing with such abandon. I'll bet his "collecting of beautiful women" has consisted of collecting nasty pictures and movies.

Personally, I think Varga does a colossal job. Usually I'm hot for Petty, too, but this hag he contributes to the January issue is no crowning achievement.

Santa Rosa, Calif. Geo. Kimball

ALABAMA GOES MODERNE

We, the students of the University of Alabama, do hereby bestow on Mr. William Pachner our superlative praise and encouragement. We find his cartoons completely characteristic of modern times.

Realizing that the military sketches of Mr. Pachner have a tremendous allure in these troubled times, and further realizing that Mr. Pachner is equally appealing in his portrayal of the 1940 version of Venus, we suggest a more balanced diet of his definite skill. The boys of the University, and other universities (let us hope) prefer brunettes to bullets, and would like to balance the scale by having artist Pachner concentrate on his "moderne" rather than the current preponderance of military portrayals. The smartly attired sophisticate by means of which Mr. Pachner has entered the ken of our admiration is new, captivating, charming in her freshness and youthful vitality. Her prototype can be found pan-America, in colleges and finishing schools. "We got military; we want women, WOMEN, WOMEN!!!"

Pray do not "type" Mr. Pachner to military sketches simply because his Coldstream Guards venture was such an overwhelming triumph. His "moderne" is just as loudly acclaimed by college boys here at 'Bama, and I imagine, by college boys on every campus in America.

Yours truly,
Lawrence Clement,
Chairman of the Arts Committee
University of Alabama,
University, Alabama

VARGA-LORN

It's the night before Xmas
And I ain't seen her yet.
What's keeping the hussy
She's two-timed me I bet.

I wanted that dame
In twelve different poses
To hang on my tree
Along with my hoses.

It's dark and it's dreary
There won't be no cheer
For me now or Christmas
'Cause that wench just ain't here.

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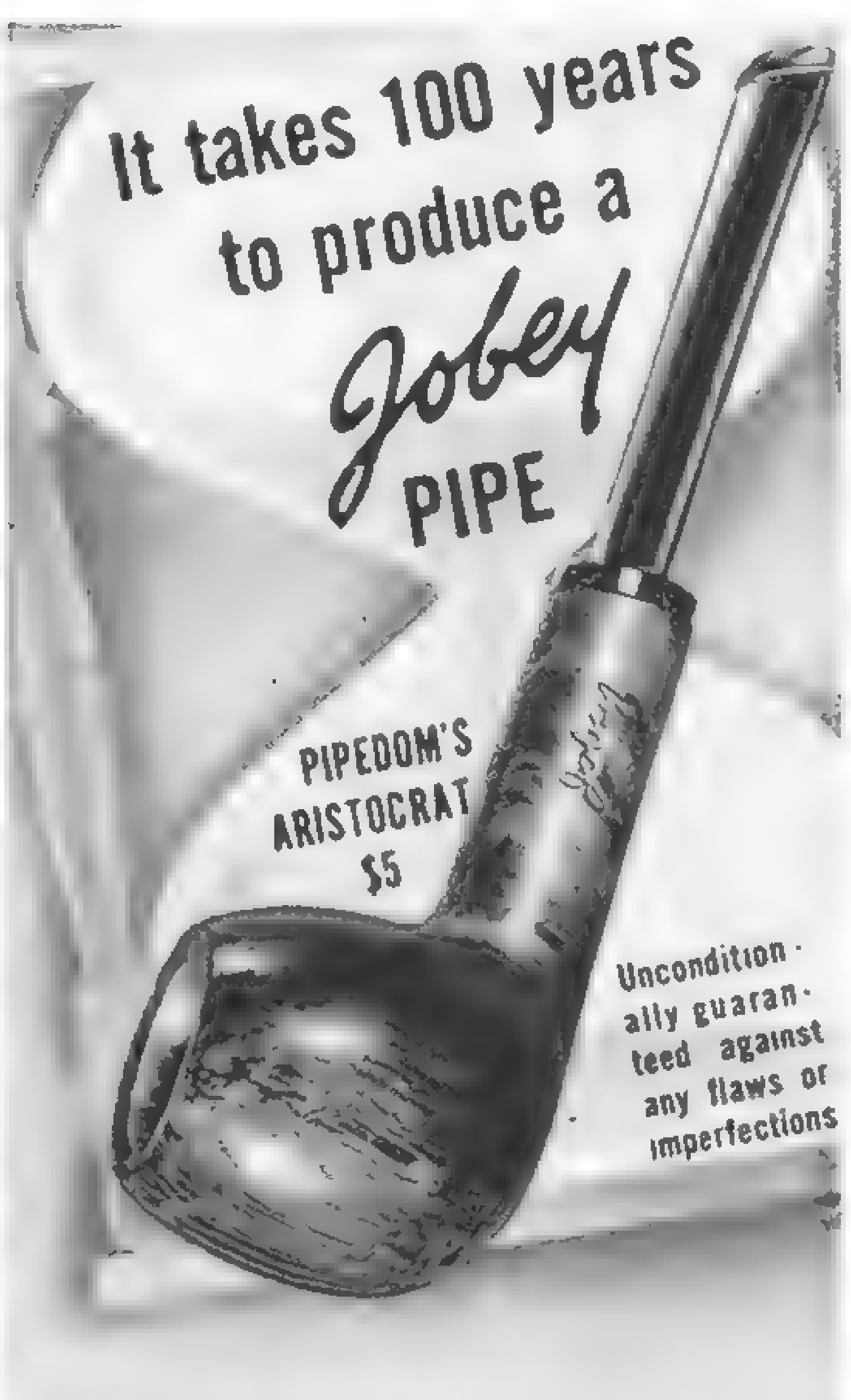
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The Two-Thirds Masterpiece

Continued from page 89

out. But the special thing about this little episode is the photoelectric cell; the automatic opener and shutter of garage doors; the way the murderess can't bear to look a garage door or a photoelectric cell in the eye after the event; all that's the same story as *Bordertown* where it was more than an episode. Added now are the woman accusing Raft of the murder, and finally a mad scene which, they tell me, proves Miss Lupino a great actress. She's a good actress at that.

A lot of people have objected to this shift in the story because it kept the picture from telling its own tremendous story of the truckers. I object more because melodrama is never tough; it isn't tough because it isn't real. And the phony murder and courtroom business was a letdown; it was meaningless and tasteless and the acting went to pieces. There was an appointed end to the story—whether the original one or a happier one doesn't matter. But the injection of another story was all wrong. It indicated something wrong: lack of imagination, lack of energy—and, of course, it may have indicated some sort of mental corruption. You must say which.

The best picture I've seen in many months is another tough one which stays longer but wobbles internally. It's *The Great McGinty* (Paramount) and you can roll all the credits into one bundle and deliver it to the address of Preston Sturges. I seem to recall a lot of ballyhoo some five years ago about Mr. Sturges and his development of a new technique, as important to sound pictures as montage *à la russe* was to silents. (Probably it was *The Power and the Glory.*) Well, it didn't work then, and now without ballyhoo, Mr. Sturges has really worked out a new technique, which has passed unnoticed because the other things in the picture are so fresh and good. It does wobble amidships; it's uneven; but man and boy I've seen thouands of pictures, and highly-praised ones at that, which weren't a patch on this one.

The toughness and the charm are all given to Brian Donlevy, the Great McGinty, who begins as a tramp voting thirty-seven times or so in an election and rises to being governor—at which point he reforms. And that isn't too incredible because he has married; there are some good ideas about sex and marriage implied in the simple and attractive conversations between Donlevy and Muriel Angelus (wife in name alone because she was his secretary and he married her only to win the election, but finally he discovers her!). Also he has become human. One of the most comic, and at the same time most enchanting scenes in recent movies is the one in which McGinty reads a Peter Rabbit sort of story to his stepchildren; the mother signals to him that he can stop as the children have fallen asleep; but McGinty brushes her aside because *he* wants to know who it was that was coming down the road. Sometimes it is encouraging to see how effective simplicity can be.

The Great McGinty obviously started out to be two other pictures. I'd bet that a complete six-reeler lies on the cutting room floor. The opening—I hope I'm telling you something you already know—showed two men in a tropical bar; one had been honest all his life except for a single moment of temptation; the other had been a crook all his life until he turned honest—and his crook-pals rounded on him so he fled the country. Of course the original intention was to tell both stories; perhaps to inter-cross them. Thank Heaven this didn't happen. The picture runs away with the theme; it just tells the story of a reasonably attractive scoundrel who becomes not too unreasonably honest. There's a trick O. Henry payoff, by the way. Don't give it a thought.

But you might give a thought to the fresh way Sturges has produced the picture. The tough dialogue is matched by short snappy scenes; the picture seems to have wasted no time, no money. It flashes from small scene to small scene, with an occasional spread for variety; the incidents are brief; the story skips years when it wants to, making bridges by technical devices; it snaps along, never bogging down; it has real pace, the pace that its harsh and comic story requires.

There are a dozen light bright comedies running now, which have smart dialogue and are amusing and intelligent; they haven't the tough fiber which is so typical of the best American movies and of the theatre of the 1920's. But toughness isn't a peculiarly American virtue; the American part is only the things we are tough about. There was, in England, at about the time of Napoleon, a spinster who was tough about people; particularly about snobs and fools; particularly about women. She wrote a book which was tough, not only for her era, but for ours. When the movies came to it, they gave it into the hands of an Englishman who had been plenty tough himself—but Aldous Huxley sneered a little and snarled a little, and Jane Austen had mocked and laughed. I don't blame the softness of *Pride and Prejudice* on Huxley; his is merely the most distinguished, not the most effective, name on the credit list. But I blame everyone concerned for not discovering what the book was about. There are a hundred good touches in the picture; but the essential character of the book was far better movie material. And even pre-war American movies never were quite so sickly as to ruin characters just for spite.

I mean what was done to the

Continued at top of page 176

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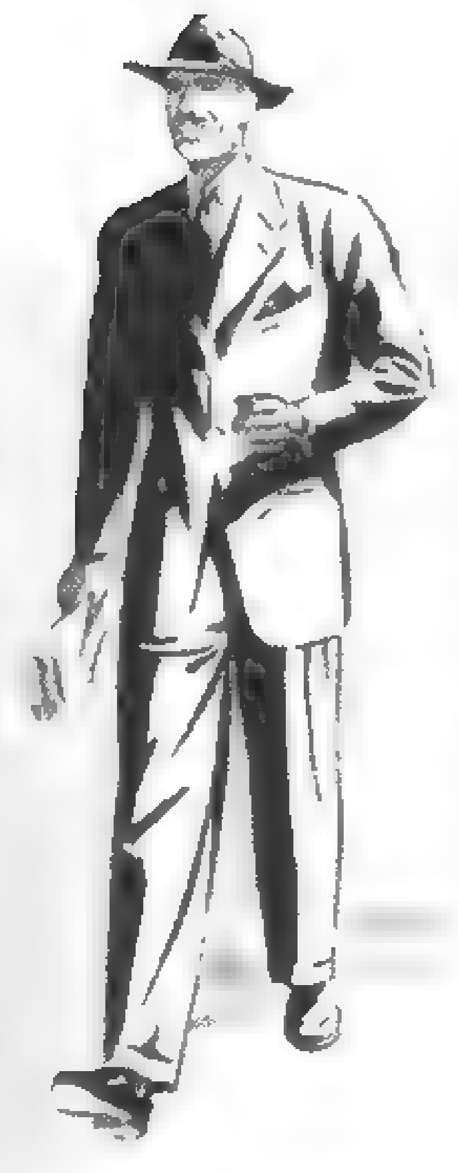

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The Two-Thirds Masterpiece

Continued from pages 89-175

Countess de Bourgh. This is a masterly creation of titled bitchery and Edna May Oliver does it mighty well for the most part; moreover the movies supplied a young woman to play her daughter who appeared to look exactly like her. The second-best scene in the whole book is the tyrannical outburst of the Countess to Miss Bennet; the defeat of her snobbery is almost as important as the comeuppance of our hero. And after the scene has been played, a gratuitous insult is offered; out sweeps Miss Oliver and announces that she hasn't been trying to break up the marriage, she has only been testing the girl's constancy! Rubbish is the word of that era; worse than rubbish I say. Bloody stupidity. When you're tough, stay tough. And learn to recognize toughness of mind, which runs through the two pictures I've praised just as certainly as it runs through Jane Austen. #

A Key to Coaching

Continued from page 84

it should be pointed out, have to be handled with great reserve; they were used with the same looseness that names of body styles are used today in the auto industry—and one year they mean one thing, another year something else. Sometimes the same name was given, in different places, to two or three totally different types of carriages; sometimes two or three different names were variously tacked on to the same carriage.

Suppose we look, for the moment, at some of the more important styles, and their points of departure:

The prototype of all styles of carriages was the four-wheeled coach, in which four people sat in pairs, facing one another. This was not only the earliest practical form of the carriage; it was the basis for all later design, just as the box-step in ballroom dancing is the basis for all other steps.

When the moment came for a new design, the carriage architect seemed to ask himself, "What can I take off the coach, or add on to the coach, to make something new and better and different?"

And in this connection, the first step was to cut the big family coach down to a two-seater. This was accomplished by slicing off the front half. The result was the *coupé*—a word we still make use of. Other names given this two-seater coach include *Berlingot*, *Carosse*, *chariot* and *diligence*.

The two-seater, in turn, was split lengthwise and made into a single-seater, and then appropriately named a *disobligeant*. Somewhere in *The Sentimental Journey*, Laurence Sterne describes with great regret how he had refused a ride to a handsome lady hitchhiker because his vehicle was a *disobligeant* and he, thereby, an unhappy *disobligé*.

* * *

Coaches were also attacked from the top down, creating families of open carriages and convertibles. The four-seater coach with a convertible top was variously called a *calèche*, *landau*, or *barouche*. A barouche with a dickey-seat in the back for footmen—as in the excellent Brewster design shown on page 85—was called a *Victoria*.

The two-seater coupé, when reformed as a convertible, was often called a *demi-landau*, or *landaulet*—although these terms seemed to be bandied about pretty freely. Another truncation—which became especially popular during the nineteenth century—was the *phaeton*, which is hard to describe. If you will take a look at the illustration of the Ackermann phaeton, on page 85, you will see a particularly delicate example of this design, which depends for its beauty on the lines of perches and springs, and which is nothing if not the old coach with everything shorn away but the driver's seat. (This seat, incidentally, when on a coach, is in the picturesque argot of coaching, the "Salisbury Boot." The trimmings it carries are called the "hammercloth.")

Sometimes a phaeton carried an extra dickey-seat in front—for the sporty owner's coachman. The phaeton was then known as a *Mylord*.

* * *

All of the vehicles considered so far were four-wheelers—no matter how much body was lopped off. But for lighter and more amateur uses, a whole procession of two-wheelers came into being. And many of these, like sandwiches, Salisbury steaks, and peach Melbas, took their names from celebrities of the day. The basic forms were called *gig*, *sulky*, *curricle*, *shay*, or *cabriolet*. But fancy progressions soon led to the *Tilbury*, named after its designer; the Stanhope, after the Earl of Stanhope, one of Tilbury's customers; and the Dennet.

The Dennet, designed by a Mr. Bennett (with a B) was named after the three Misses Dennet (with a D), who were popular entertainers, of the day, something like our Bennett sisters. It seems, though, that some kind of pun was intended, for the three Dennet sisters were dancers, and the distinguishing feature of the Dennet carriage was that it joggled on three knock-kneed springs.

* * *

A couple of "firsts" should be mentioned in passing. The blue and hooded carriage, exposed on page 85, was perhaps the first sleeping coach of comparatively modern times—almost a forerunner of our trailers, and-now-you-too-can-go-to-sleep Nash sedans. Called a *Dormeuse de Ville*, it was properly

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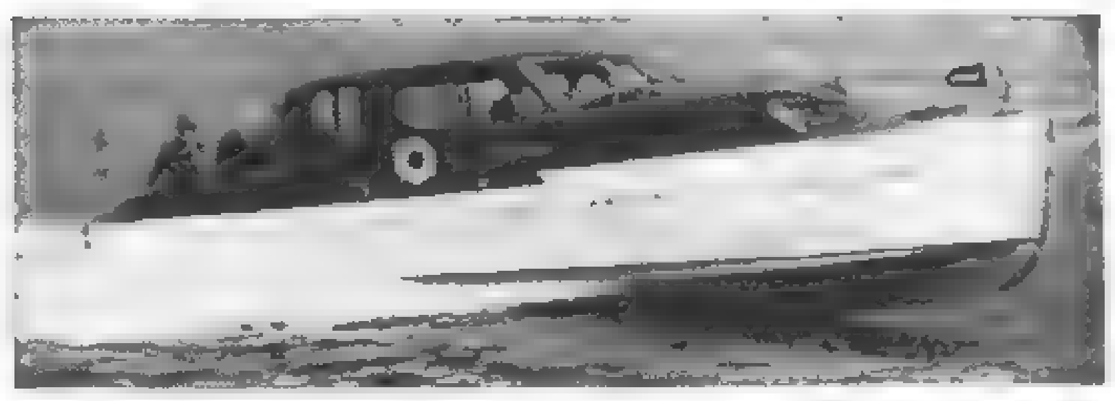

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a simple calèche fitted up with mattresses, pillows, canopy and side curtains. In winter it probably froze you to death; and in summer offered you up as a toast to the mosquitos.

The first hackney coach—as every history-conscious taxi driver will be glad to know—was introduced in Paris, one January day in 1650. A certain Nicholas Savage was given credit for the idea, and an exclusive charter for its use. (The term "hack," however, was already in use, and meant a horse let out to hire.)

From the start, these coaches were called *fiacres*—as they still are, in France—unless the Germans have already renamed them *Hermann-Goering-Zugmachines*. Some say that the name derived from the fact that an image of St. Fiacre was painted on the coach's panel; others that it came from the Hotel St. Fiacre on the Rue St. Martin—where Savage lived. St. Fiacre, incidentally, was an Irish monk credited with inventing the first ambulance; and it is interesting to note that taxi-cabs and ambulances were linked together, even in the seventeenth century.

The 30th of August has always been celebrated as St. Fiacre's day by the Parisian hackmen, many of whom, in former times, were ex-priests. Perhaps it still is being celebrated—on the sodden roads of the concentration camp.

* * *

For four centuries the carriage fought a courageous battle in the face of brutal roads, limitations in mechanical knowledge, and primitive metallurgy. Costs were necessarily high, and performance low. Wheels constantly were coming off, straps breaking and passengers spilling out.

The nineteenth century knocked the traveling coach into a cocked hat with the introduction of the Iron Horse. The twentieth century delivered the *coup de grâce* to all carriages with the mass-production auto—which, in spite of all the early jokes, proved that it could do everything a horse-drawn coach could do—and more cheaply, more often, over greater distances, and with greater comfort.

The coach then silently slid into the realm of purple ghosts, whence it smiles at us today, graciously and perhaps a bit mockingly—along with the galleon, the halberd, the periwig, and the *ceinture de chasteté*. #

Snifter Satisfactions

Continued from page 93

proper aging. The reason we didn't become acquainted with it until recently was that ship traffic between South Africa and America was scarce. Now, however, with the South Africans buying all sorts of American wares, especially steel and machinery, the shuttling back and forth is more frequent, and return cargoes include this interesting item.

Good neighbor feeling toward our hemisphere cruise friends, the Latins of Peru, is readily heightened with the aid of Pisco, an exotic brandy which has punch characteristics in all senses of the words. Distilled from wines of the Ica Valley near the town of Pisco, it is matured in porous clay jars instead of the conventional wood. As one who has met it aboard ship, I can't testify that its powers of persuasion are exceptional.

As for the U.S.A., prestige in brandy-making has been perhaps most notable in the apple division. Fruit of the orchard has been "jacked" these many generations, with Plymouth Rockers putting the hard cider barrel down into the ground to freeze, and disinterring it in the spring at one million proof or thereabouts. No wonder those worthy guys could plow a furrow, letting the rocks and stumps fly where they might. Just an old American custom.

But applejack, made in that fearsome fashion, is strictly for the horny-throated. Apple brandy is something entirely different—genuinely distilled, from cider of special grade, and matured in oak which gives it its color. The distinct apple taste is subtle, delicate, yet definite. While true fanatics insist on it neat, most fanciers use it as the keel of such concoctions as the well-known

JACK ROSE COCKTAIL

1½ oz. Apple Brandy
½ oz. Grenadine
Juice of ½ lemon or lime
Shake with cracked ice; strain.

And our fluffy friend, the

PINK LADY

¼ oz. Apple Brandy
¾ oz. Dry Gin
½ oz. lemon juice
½ oz. of Grenadine
White of one egg
Shake valiantly with cracked ice; strain.

For those who feel outraged at the skimpiness of Apple in the above, there's the

APPLE BRANDY COCKTAIL

4 parts Apple Brandy
1 part Grenadine
1 part juice of lemon or lime
Agitate coolly and sieve.

And have you tried an Old Fashioned made with Apple Brandy of reputable brand? No? Then may I suggest that you catch up with what's going on in the world?

But the dressiest is the

GOLDEN DAWN

⅓ Apple Brandy
⅓ Apricot Brandy
⅓ Dry Gin
Dash of orange juice
Shake well, strain into cocktail glass; top with barspoon of Grenadine, which will submarine to the bottom of the glass and there stage a sunrise effect.

When it comes to grape brandy, America hasn't distinguished itself until recently. Much was produced and consumed—in fact, vastly more than was ever imported—but it was one of the

Continued on page 178

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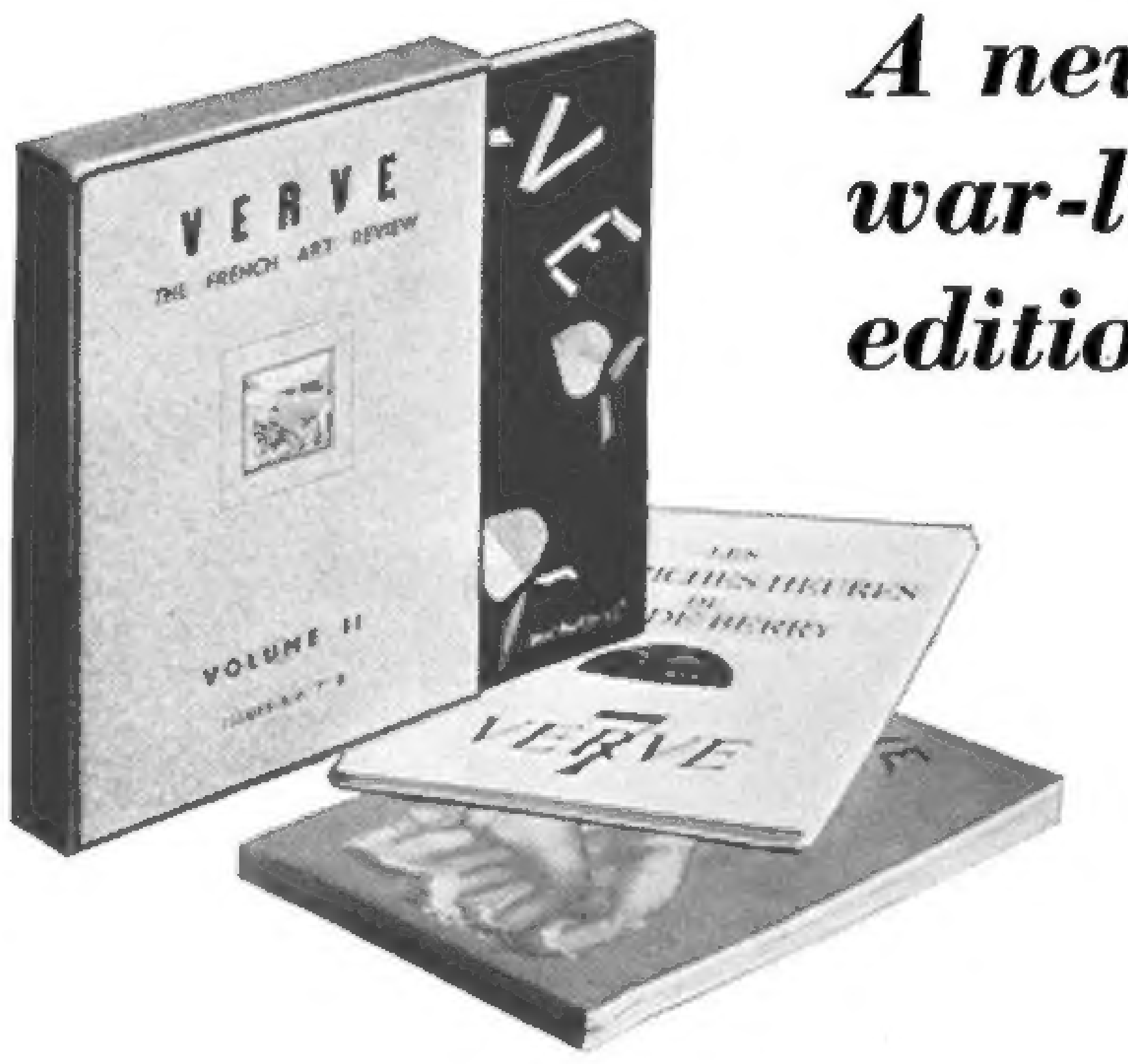

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Those persons who have already purchased the earlier volume of Verve, and all others who appreciate the rare and the aesthetic, will be pleased to know that a newly-compiled edition of Verve is now available . . . containing the double issue five-six, and issues seven and eight conveniently grouped in a durable slip case.

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Snifter Satisfactions

Continued from pages 93-177

"popular" rather than of the de luxe grade. Since Repeal, however, concerns with enough foresight and the necessary financial resources have been laying the groundwork of an industry of truly fine brandies of the Cognac type. This has involved:

1. The selection and cultivation of the right grapes. For while brandies can be made out of any and every sort of wines from any and every sort of grapes—the particular breed doesn't matter when you are dealing with high-proof spirit for fortifying purposes, because at such proof levels, very little of the personality of the grape comes through the vapor—while you have that leeway with "booster brandy," you *don't* with the solo, toy-on-the-tongue kind. Because *this* kind is distilled at *lower* proof and *does* embody the virtues or vices of the grapes.

2. Equipment. As far as slowness and expense are concerned, it's the old horse and buggy outfit of potstills—a journey through two of them in succession. But the exact control of operation is modern to the last degree, and typically American in its ingenuity. One plant, for example, starts off, as preliminary, by eliciting 144 gallons of wine from each ton of grapes, and then by double-cooking these 144 gallons, ends up with about 42 gallons of brandy—the "heads" and "tails" of the run having been sloughed off as "unfits." Why does a distillery bother to make its own wine? For two reasons: (a) It wants to make sure of the breed and condition of the grapes when crushed; and (b) it wants to distill the result at the right moment, namely, when fermentation has been completed but freshness is unimpaired. (The maturity you appreciate in a wine when you drink it, involves a loss of the keenness which brandy prospers on in distilled version.)

3. Liquid reserves. From 1934 on, the concerns which have gone in seriously for high quality have been steadily distilling and putting away huge gallonages in their California plants, recognizing that fine brandy can't come into being overnight. Now, with the benefit of these great stocks, they are blending bouquets which will be a sensational surprise to anybody who has been unaware of what has been going on behind the scenes. Just recently I have been doing some pre-tasting — eying, sniffing, and sipping certain lovely numbers booked to make their debut any day now. And I hereby slip you the whisper that you and your palate are going to tumble in amazement. Call me commercially infatuated if you will. Say my judgment has been bribed or bought outright, or that I'm dead intoxicated on sales patter. Yes, go ahead. *But* taste what I'm shouting about—and boy, will you beg pardon and say it was all a misconception; you just couldn't imagine that American-made brandies could be *that* good. *That* authentic.

Well, did you ever hear about Camembert and Brie cheeses that "could only be made in Europe"? And didn't this not-so-dumb America fool you? Why, even pâté de foie gras, which "we'd be too crude to understand the making of," is being merrily produced.

But we're more than duplicating. Not only has America contrived (with no monkey business—our government doesn't allow it) a swell equivalent for the brandy we've been robbed of, but in addition, there is also a lighter oomphed type specially designed for mixing, which you'll be intrigued to encounter in, say, a

BRANDY SOUR

1½ oz. Brandy
Juice of half a lemon
1 teaspoon sugar
One to three dashes of Angostura

Shake with cracked ice. Strain into glass, preferably Delmonico. May be cargoed with orange slice and a cherry.

The Sidecar (equal thirds of brandy, Triple Sec, lemon juice), which has been slowed up lately by the scarcity of imported brandy, travels beautifully when powered with American—either the light or the full-fashioned.

Less familiar but hardly to be slighted is the

NETHERLAND COCKTAIL

1 oz. Brandy
1 oz. Curaçao
1 dash Orange Bitters

Stir amid cracked ice; strain.

And from that same part of the world comes its piny cousin, the

EAST INDIA COCKTAIL

1½ oz. Brandy
1 teaspoon pineapple juice
1 teaspoon Curaçao, preferably the red
3 dashes Angostura

Ice and shake; strain onto a cherry.

Florida baskers longing for something longer, can pluck themselves

BRANDY DAISY

2 oz. Brandy
½ oz. Grenadine
Juice of one lemon

Emote in shaker filled with finely cracked ice; pour unstrained into ample highball glass; decorate with fruits ad lib. Harpoon with straw.

And so on—including your own proud inventions. There is hardly a drink structure that good brandy won't cornerstone.

But if you're of the Old English school and cleave to the practices handed down from days when Sir Traveler rolled out of a chilly stagecoach into the warm hospitality of an inn and had himself some brandy-and-water while the horses were changed, you'll resent any "outside flavors." It'll be either hot water or cold water (sparkles permitted, if not encourraged), but nothing else.

However, when the demi-tasses are being tinkled and snifters arrive gleaming, there is no chagrin at the omission of water. For it is then that brandy really speaks its piece. ⧺

Smart
like a DUCK!

Some call it instinct . . . anyway, a duck has the right idea! . . . When Winter's icy blast grips the North the duck heads South! . . . and don't forget that he takes risks in flying down . . . hunters and guns "dog" his trail . . . yet he is not as much afraid of them as he is of the bitter cold!

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"I have to know good leaf—that's why I smoke Luckies!"

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CIGARETTES
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Before the auctions open, Lucky Strike analyzes tobacco samples—finds out just where and how much of this finer, naturally milder leaf is going up for sale—then pays the price to get it.

That's worth remembering, especially if you're smoking more today. For the more you smoke, the more you want such a genuinely mild cigarette.

Among independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—Luckies are the 2 to 1 favorite. Next time, ask for Lucky Strike.

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